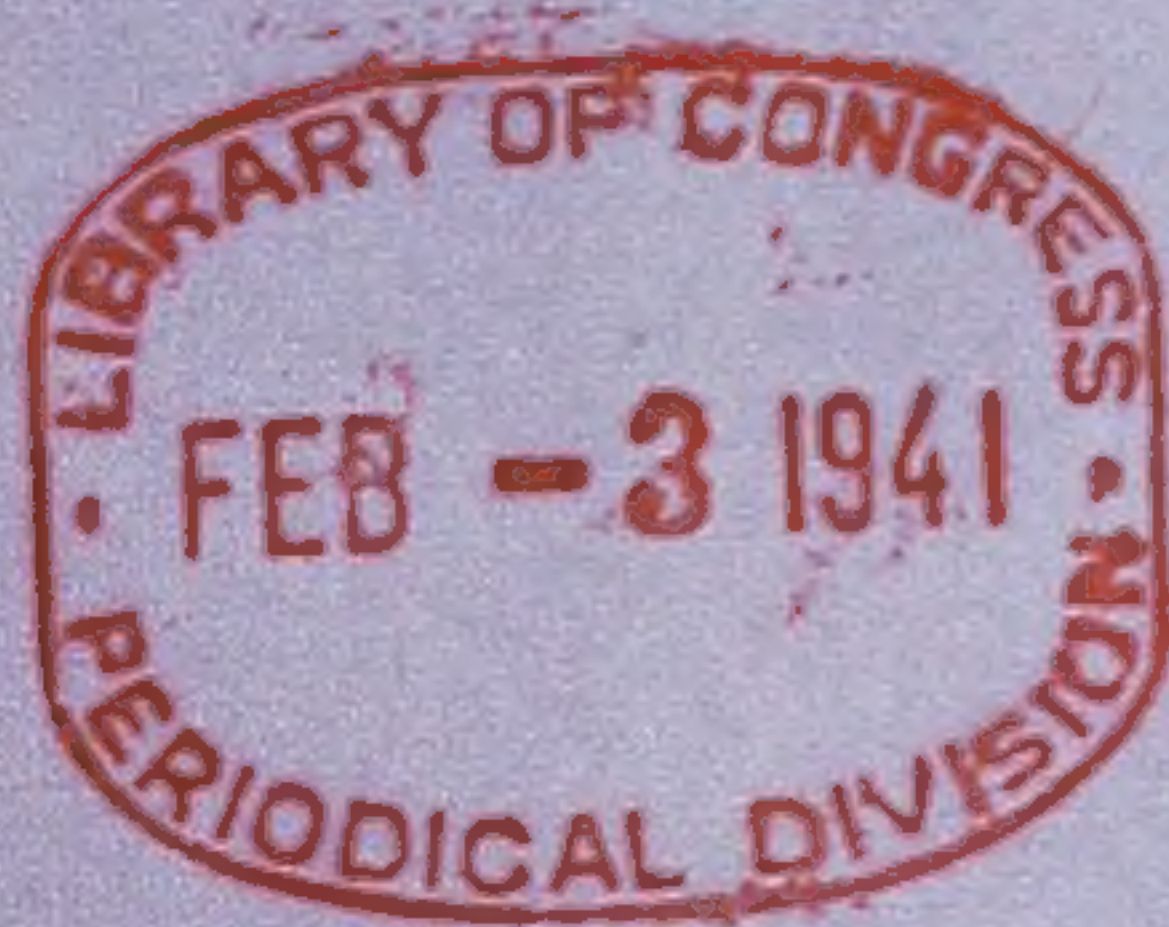


The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

February



LIFE
and
LOVES
of
BETTY
GRABLE!

10¢

5 Cents
Canada

ty Grable

YOU MODERN GIRLS LACK ROMANCE!" BY HEDY LAMARR
Real Truth about ROBERT PRESTON'S Surprise Marriage
What Does 1941 Hold for You? Read Norvell's Predictions!

**Joe!...in the
HOSPITAL?...**

**why, he only had
the sniffles when
we went dancing
Saturday!**



YOU have probably known several cases like that . . . the medical records report lots of them. And they all lead up to this warning:

Don't take a cold lightly. Don't neglect it. Take care of it at once.

HELP NATURE EARLY

If you feel a cold coming on, or your throat feels irritated, go to bed. Keep warm. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly. Gargle full strength Listerine Antiseptic every two hours.

All of these simple measures are aimed to help Nature to abort a cold quickly. Rest and warmth build up reserve. Juices and water aid elimination. Food restores strength. And Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces . . . the very types of germs that many authorities claim are the cause of many of the distressing aspects of a cold. Tests showed germ reductions on tis-

sue surfaces ranging to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

9 YEARS OF RESEARCH

And in tests conducted during 9 years of research, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it. This success we ascribe to Listerine's germ-killing action on the mouth and throat surfaces.

We wish we could say that Listerine Antiseptic so used would always head off a cold, but we cannot. We do say that as a first aid it is deserving of your most serious consideration.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**At the first symptom of a Cold or Sore Throat
LISTERINE . . . QUICK!**

Offer good
only in
Continental
U.S.A.

**Bargain
Offer!**

**TO INTRODUCE
LISTERINE THROAT-LIGHT**

DUPONT LUCITE ILLUMINATOR

**75¢ SIZE LISTERINE AND
75¢ LISTERINE THROAT-LIGHT
\$1.50 VALUE**

BOTH FOR

98¢

At all Drug
Counters, now!



HE THOUGHT:

"YOU'RE LOVELINESS ITSELF!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—help protect your own bright smile with Ipana and Massage!

FROM ACROSS THE ROOM her beauty was flawless—almost unreal in its perfection of form and color. He thought, above the swift pounding of his heart, "Why, she's the loveliest—the most exciting thing I've ever seen in my life! I *must* meet her at once!"

And when he did, his eyes held hers and whispered, "You're loveliness itself!" But then—right at that breathless moment—she smiled. And in just that instant his eagerness faded.



POOR TEETH—DINGY GUMS ARE A TRAGEDY. A ruined smile is a tragedy to anyone. But it is a particularly tragic handicap to a woman. So don't YOU be as foolish as this poor girl, and ignore the warning



mean serious trouble ahead. It may simply mean that today's soft, creamy foods have robbed your gums of work, left them tender, sensitive, weak. And, often, your dentist's advice will simply be more work and exercise for those lazy gums—"the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is especially designed not only to clean the teeth but to

of "pink tooth brush"! To do so is to risk your winning smile—your charm.

NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH." When you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist and see him promptly.* It may not

aid the health of the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Feel that delightful *tang*—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It flashes the news that gum circulation is improving—strengthening gum tissues—helping to make gums healthier. So get an economical tube of Ipana today. Join the charming women who have found Ipana and massage one way to a more attractive smile.















WHEN YOU BUY IPANA, ask your druggist for the new D. D. tooth brush. Designed with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, the D.D. brush is more effective for gum massage, more thorough cleansing.

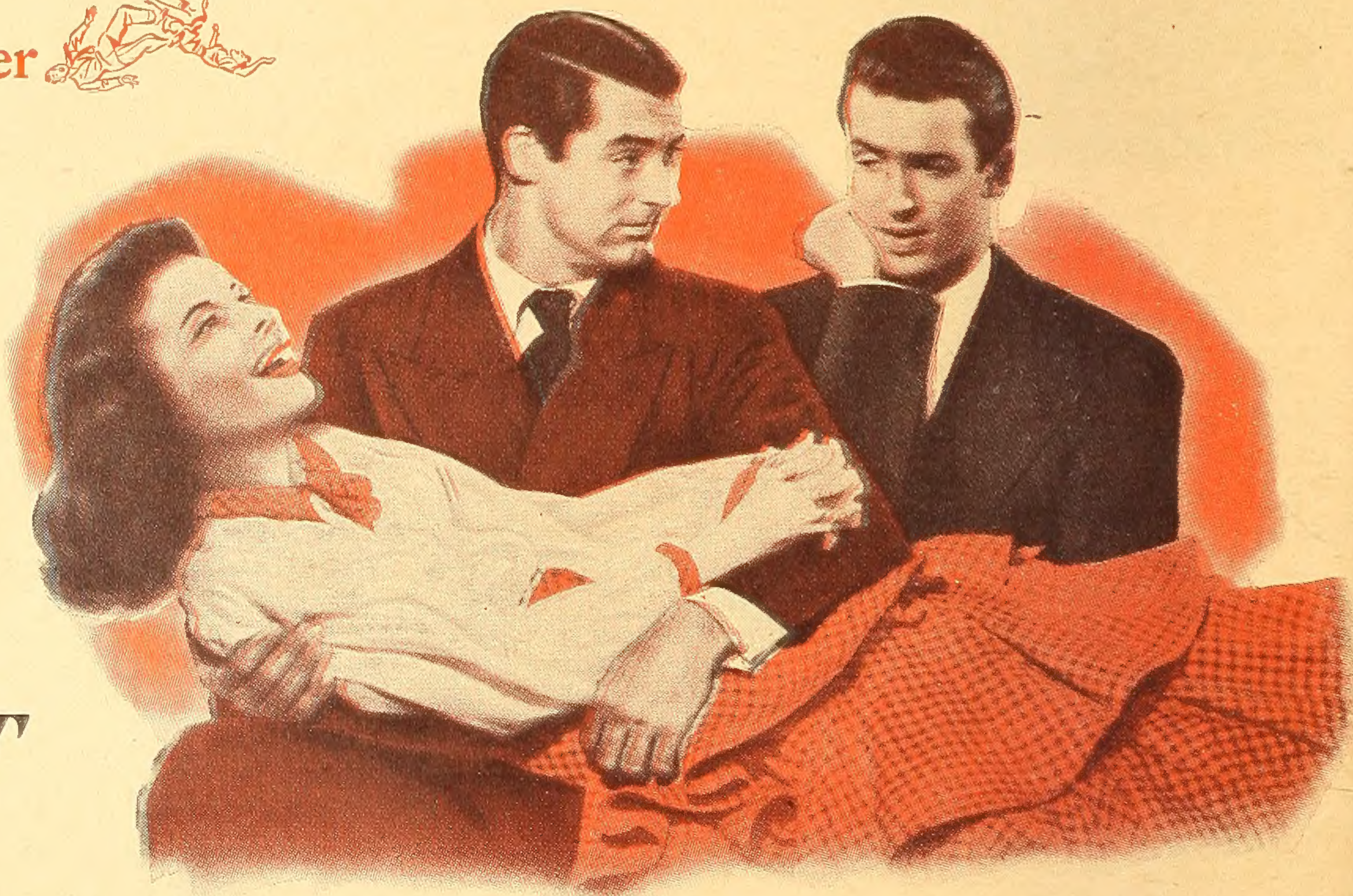
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREENLAND

Once upon a cockeyed time...

there was a ravishing **redhead**  who was very, very elegant and fancied herself as a kind  of goddess. (*Imagine!*)... And she was all set to marry a truly **stuffy** guy  ...when her ex-husband showed up. Now *he* was a regular fellow  with many human frailties such as  and  and you-know-what. **This** time he brought with him a handsome reporter with  candid camera and candid **girl friend** by means of which he hoped to snare many snappy morsels for his **Scandal sheet**.  So-o-o-o things got **hotly** mixed up. There was a **midnight** bathing party for two  ... and a fight  ... and a wedding  ... and how it all comes out makes THE PHILADELPHIA STORY the funniest film in years... which should cause **you** to roll in the aisles with **laughter** 

Cary
GRANT
Katharine
HEPBURN
James
STEWART



THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

with **RUTH HUSSEY**

JOHN HOWARD • ROLAND YOUNG • JOHN HALLIDAY • MARY NASH • VIRGINIA WEIDLER

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart • Based on the Play by Philip Barry

Produced by The Theatre Guild Inc. • Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

There's more about
"The Philadelphia Story"
in the Lion's Roar column
on Page 5.



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

February, 1941

Vol. XLII, No. 4

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V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer
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SCREENLAND

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

Good morning! We hope you've had a Happy New Year.

We bring you a recipe to start 1941 off right.

It's "The Philadelphia Story". Let us tell you about it.

Once upon a time (are you sitting comfortably on my knee?) there was a girl who was good in the Three R's.

She was Rich, Rare and Racy. *The 3R's*

She also was a Ravishing Redhead.

She was claimed by three men. They were the Three H's. Hero, He-man, and Heel.

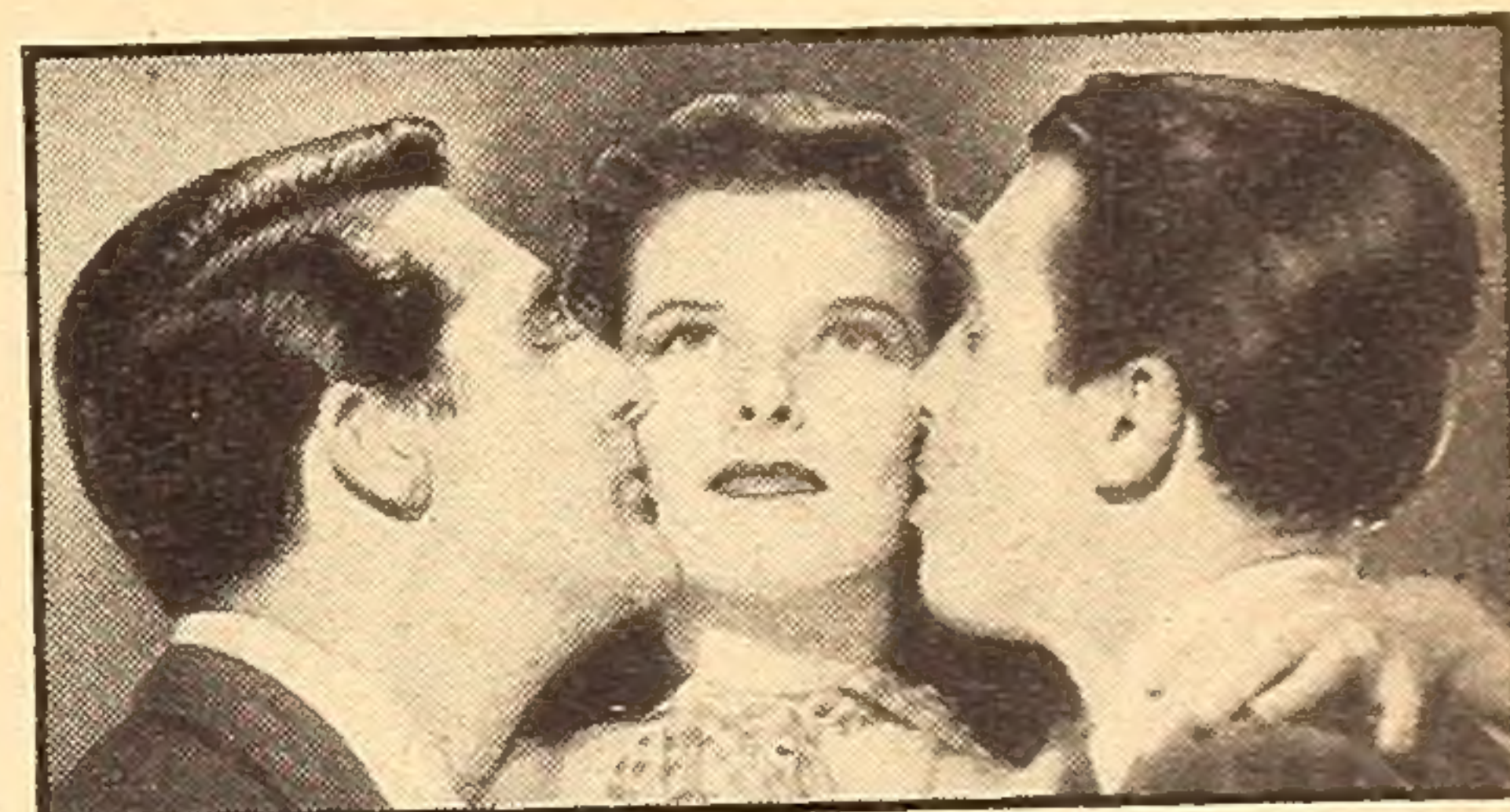
They were all Handsome. *The 3H's*

The Three H's loved the Ravishing Redhead. They wooed her on horseback, in swimming pools and at champagne parties.

They Fought for her, Flew to her and Framed her. It all happened in Philadelphia. *The 3F's*

Now that's just a hint of the most delightful New Year's gift you or your friends or your family ever got.

We cannot open the book further on "The Philadelphia Story". You must see it, not hear about it. You cannot afford to miss Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart.



Paraphrasing the well-known poem, only God can make a trio like that.

"The Philadelphia Story" (shh!) is directed by the incomparable George Cukor. M-G-M's own Joseph Mankiewicz is the producer.

Now there are many plus values—think of adding to Grant, Hepburn and Stewart—in the cast.

For example—in fact, for six examples—Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash and Virginia Weidler.

Endowed with a script by Donald Ogden Stewart from the well-known Broadway hit by Philip Barry, M-G-M proudly, buoyantly, happily presents—

"The Philadelphia Story"

—Lea

Another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer advertisement for "The Philadelphia Story" appears on page 4.



Fred's Best Yet...!
'Cause He's
Got Paulette!



FRED ASTAIRE • PAULETTE GODDARD

"SECOND CHORUS"

with Artie Shaw and His Band

Charles Butterworth • Burgess Meredith

Produced by BORIS MORROS • Directed by H. C. Potter



**THE
PARAMOUNT SEAL
IS YOUR SEAL OF
ENTERTAINMENT
THIS WINTER**

YOU CAN TELL A PARAMOUNT PICTURE BY THE APPLAUSE!



Conrad's Great South
Seas Love Thriller!

FREDRIC MARCH • BETTY FIELD

in Joseph Conrad's

"VICTORY"

An Island Tale

with SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

and Jerome Cowan • Sig Rumann

Directed by John Cromwell



The Year's Most
Beautiful and
Exciting Picture!

MADELEINE FRED
CARROLL • MacMURRAY

in

"VIRGINIA"

(in Technicolor) with

Stirling Hayden • Helen Broderick

Marie Wilson • Carolyn Lee

Produced and Directed by Edward H. Griffith

Director Mitch ('Arise,
My Love') Leisen Brings
You First Drama of
America's New Air
Defense Forces!



"I WANTED WINGS"

starring

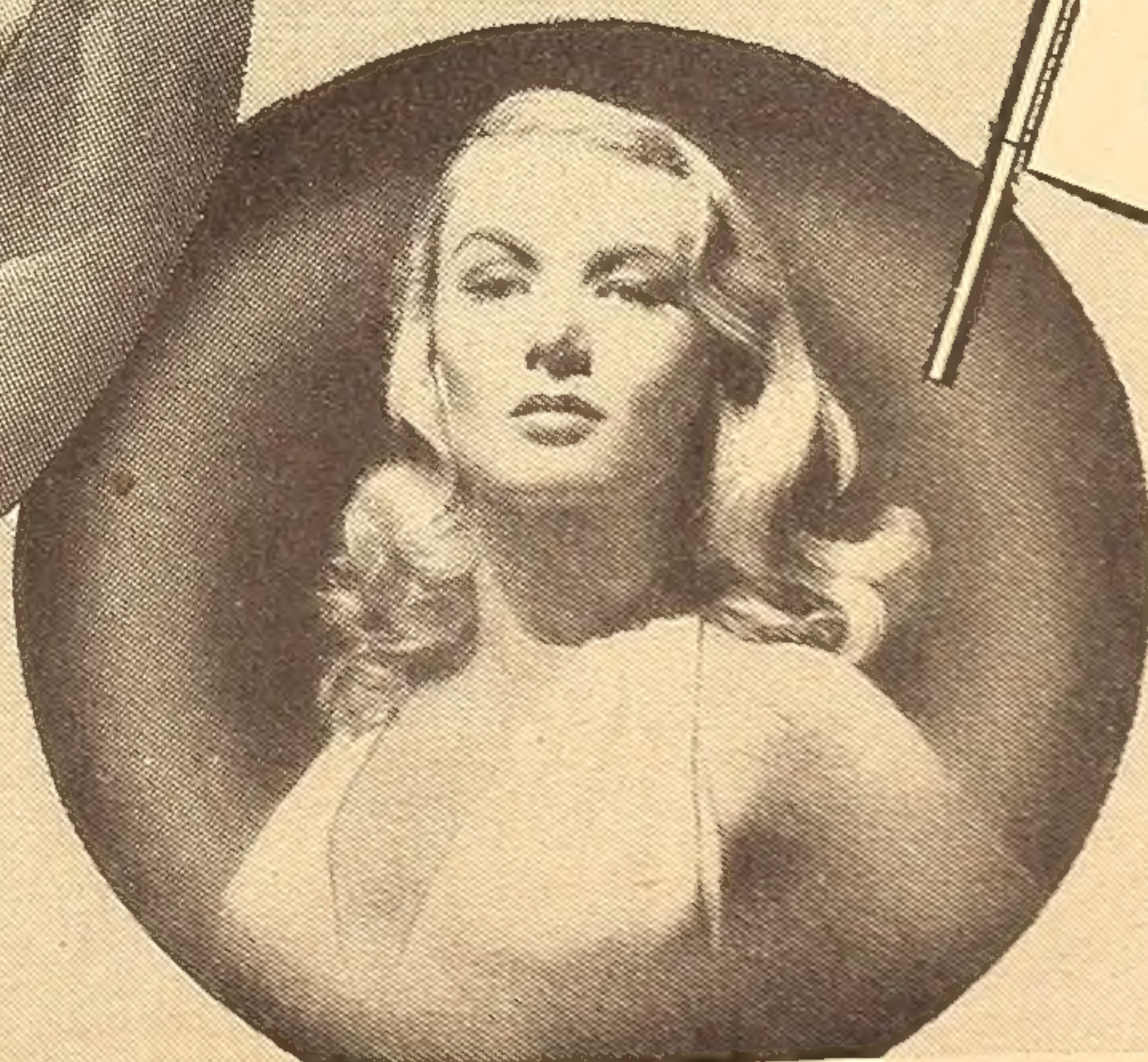
RAY MILLAND • WILLIAM HOLDEN

WAYNE MORRIS • BRIAN DONLEVY

with Constance Moore • Veronica Lake

Hedda Hopper • Directed by Mitchell Leisen

Paramount's
Glamorous New
Star Discovery
VERONICA LAKE



Screenland Honor Page



To Walt Disney for his superb daring in producing "Fantasia," movie marriage of great music and imaginative cartoons

"Fantasia" copyright by Walt Disney

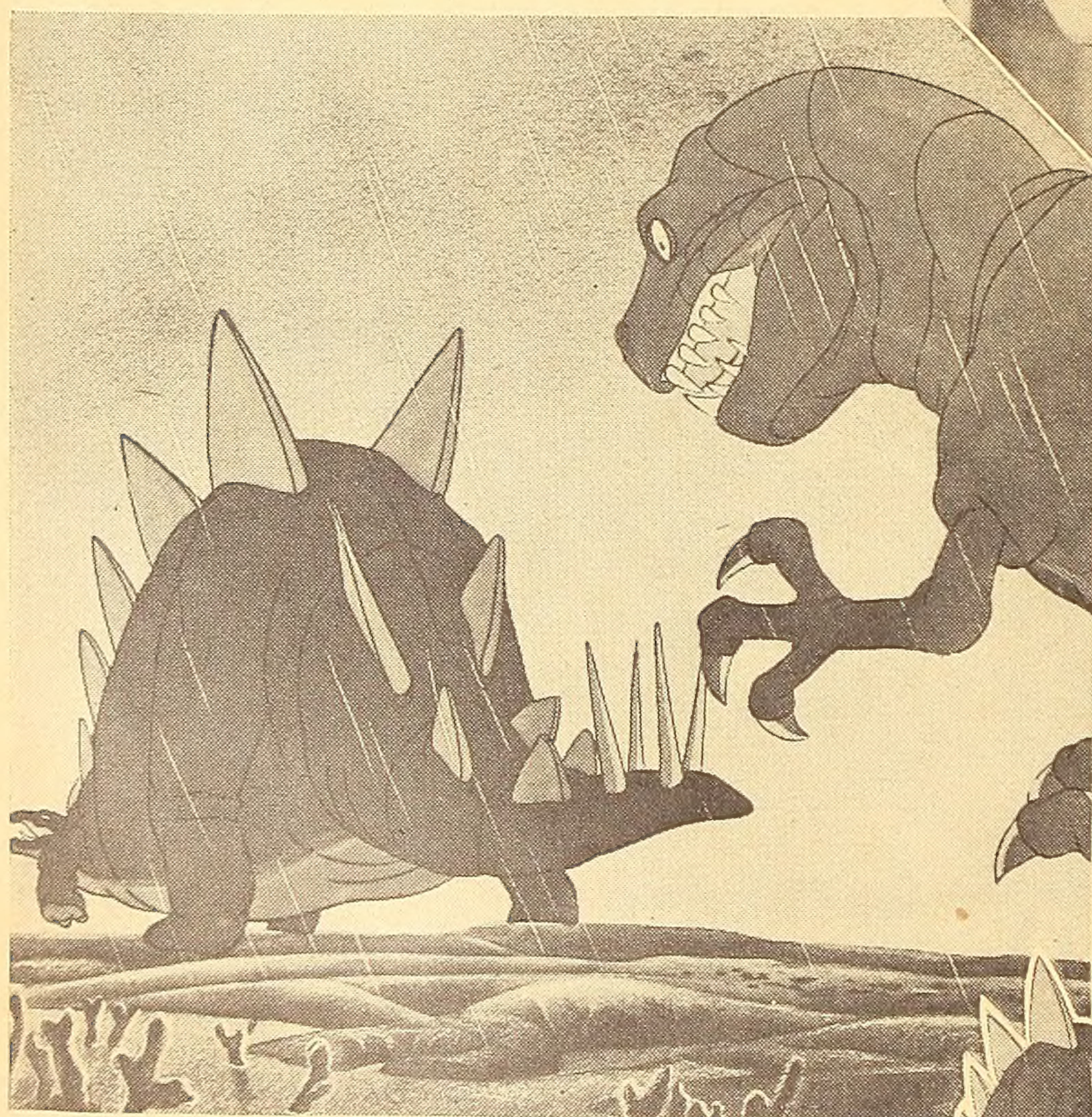
Hollywood's one authentic genius—Disney—has surpassed himself with this new and most amazing achievement



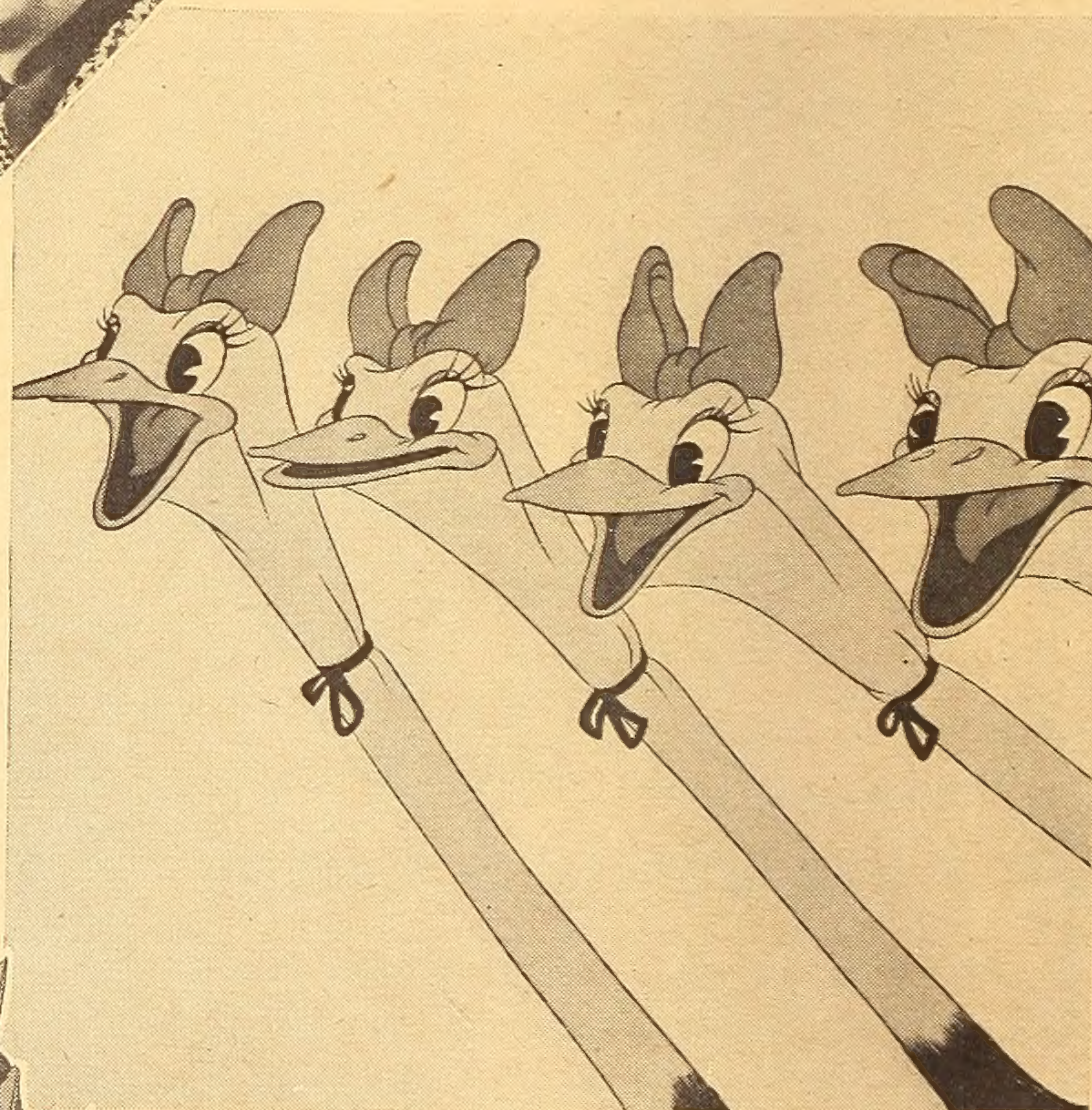
Scene from "Fantasia" inspired by Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," created by Walt Disney and his staff of fine artists.



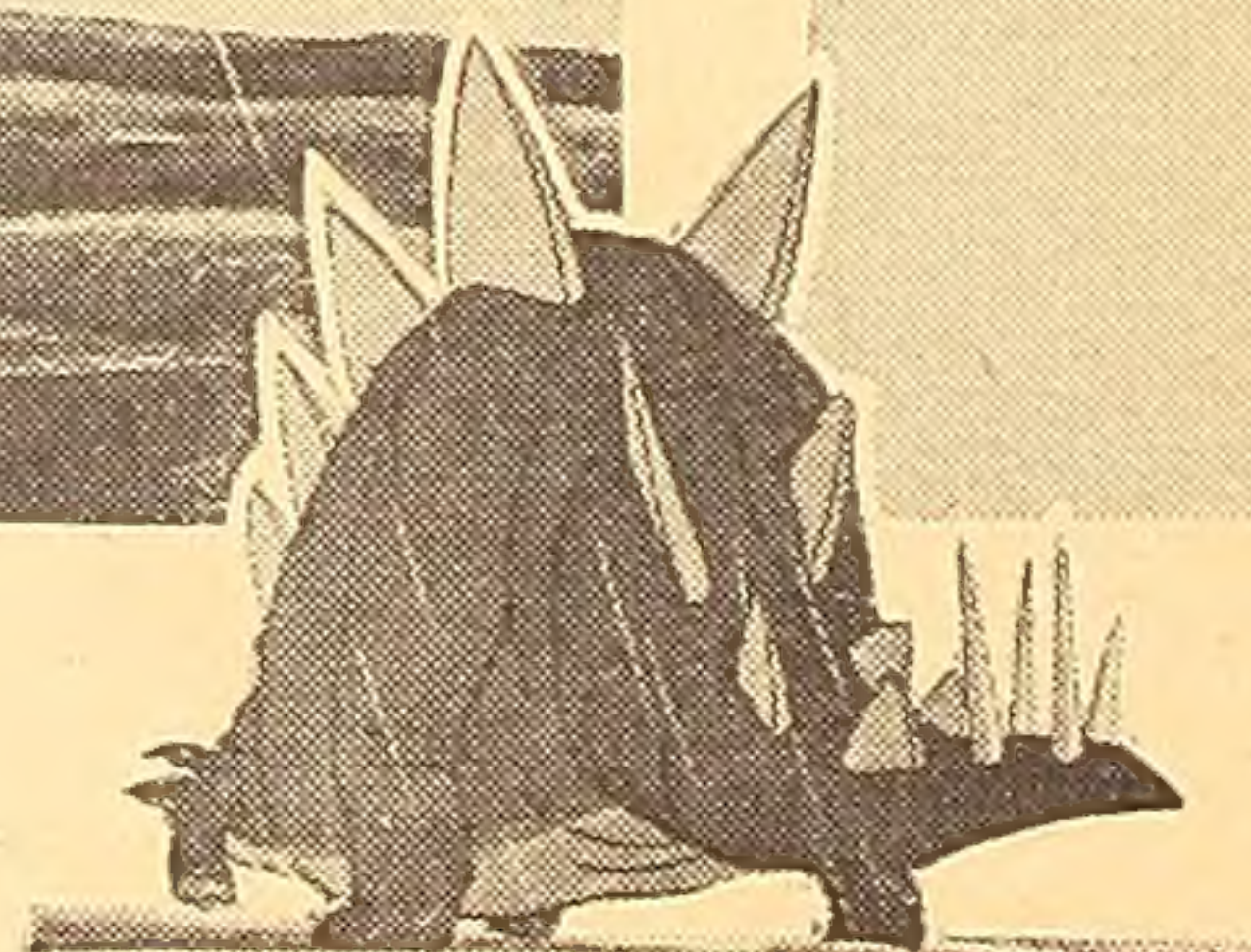
To Beethoven's music, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Stokowski, charming centaurettes are seen cavorting.



Weird prehistoric monsters fill the motion picture screen as the weird music of Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" is played.



The Disney version of Ponchielli's familiar "Dance of the Hours" is a gentle satire on classic ballet. "Ballerinas" shown above.



This is the most exciting story I know!"

says Newspaperdom's ace story-teller
MARK HELLINGER

HIGH SIERRA

by
W. R. BURNETT
Author of 'Little Caesar'

THEY call him 'Mad Dog' Earle, enemy of all that is decent and good. Yet his dreams are every man's dreams: a fireside on a friendly farm, and the arms of the woman he loves . . . Then there's Marie, deep down just another woman with a hungry heart—but to the world a hard-boiled taxi dancer and Killer's companion . . . (Now her man is trapped alone, still fearless and defiant, on the highest peak of the terrifying High Sierras. He hasn't bowed to any law on earth. He's trapped only because Man can climb no higher . . . Is this the end for the most dangerous criminal since Dillinger—or is it only the beginning? *It's all blazingly told in the new film success, 'High Sierra', hailed far and wide as 'the peak of screen excitement'!* . . .

HIGH SIERRA' is the sensational new success produced by WARNER BROS. . . . For both their brilliant performances it skyrockets to the top-most star ranks

IDA LUPINO

The star whose startling performance in 'They Drive by Night' made her an overnight sensation! Here's the big role she earned!



HUMPHREY BOGART

RAOUL WALSH,

DIRECTOR

No characterization within memory has packed the power of this, the greatest performance in the career of Humphrey Bogart!



Of all his screen successes, from 'What Price Glory' to 'They Drive by Night', this film stands supreme!



MARK HELLINGER'S high tribute to 'High Sierra' is a rare one, and mighty well-deserved!

with ALAN CURTIS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JOAN LESLIE • HENRY HULL • HENRY TRAVERS
Screen Play by John Huston and W. R. Burnett • From a Novel by W. R. Burnett

Hot

from Hollywood

A HOLLYWOOD wag, after witnessing some torrid love scenes between Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr (that never got to the screen in "Comrade X") suggested flippantly that the title be changed to "Comrade Sex." . . . In case it should interest you, a "must have" on Orson Welles breakfast menu everyday, without fail, is piping hot orange juice. . . . Philip Dorn is, without a doubt, the town's most serious and sane newcomer. He lives in a tiny frame cottage with a pet dog and doesn't know the meaning of the word pretense. . . . The real reason Rudy Vallee cut short his engagement at the Victor Hugo was because of the insistent protests of the stockholders of the "Pirate's Den." Rudy is president of the "Den" and was drawing too much of the glitter trade into a rival night club.

THE most incessant and amused buzzing about town concerns Betty Grable's attempted ultimatum to the big bosses out at 20th Century-Fox. "Legs" Grable makes it known that she is sick and tired of showing those shapely limbs of hers, and demands that she be given a vehicle that will uncover not a mite of her 100 proof allure—but only give her dramatic ability a showing. As you can guess, there were quick questions of *which* dramatic ability, and rightly so. It is much too early in Betty's career to try to disregard those legs. As you remember, they got her into pictures in the first place, were responsible for her New York success, and actually made her a star at 20th Century-Fox right now. Betty might try dramatics when her legs have become less of a national institution. I warn you, Miss Grable, you cover up those beautiful gams and try to go dramatic and every college man, tired business man, in fact, every man, will drop you quicker than an accidentally picked up Saturday night check at Ciro's.

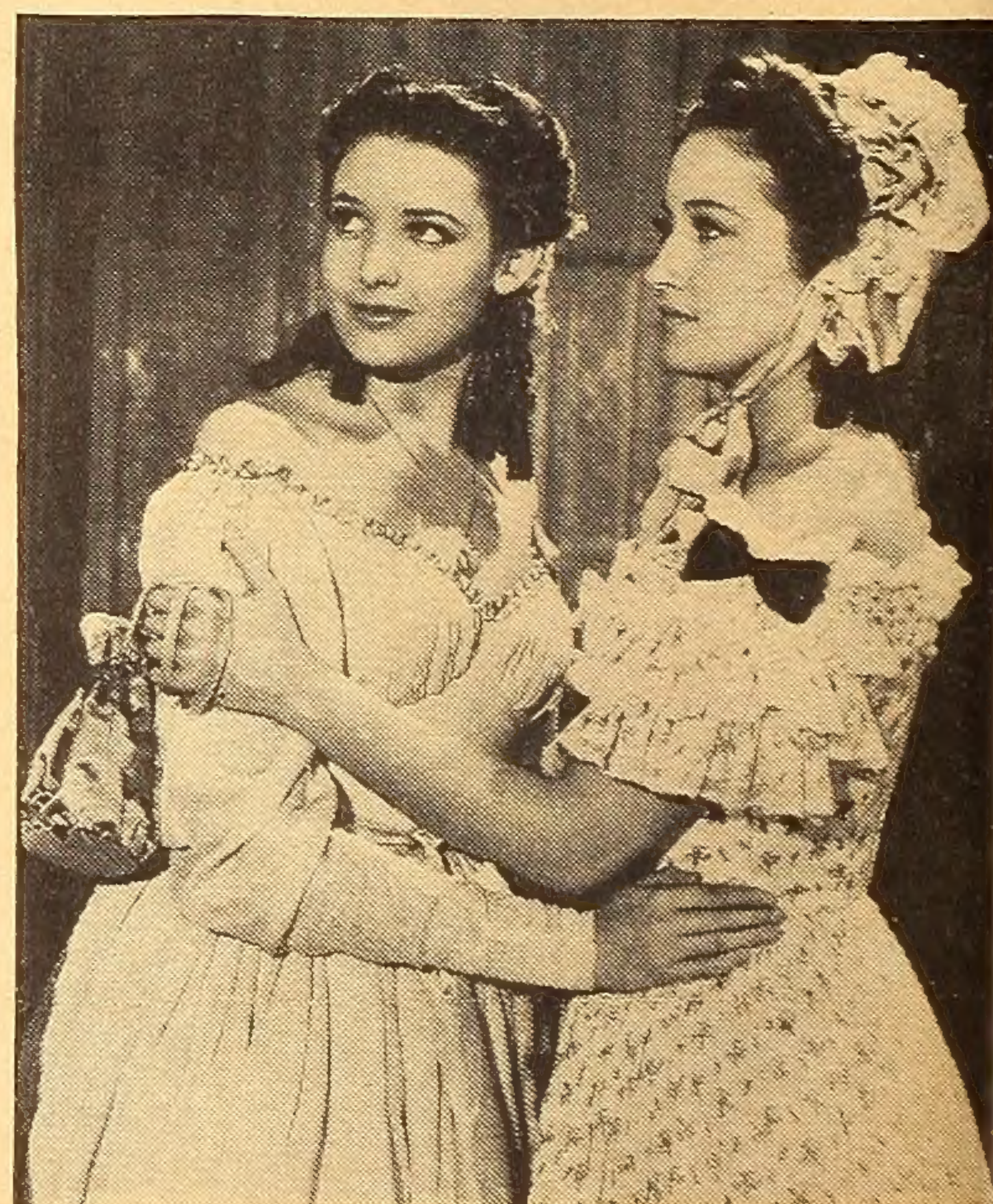
THE TOWN is really touched at the reconciliation and friendly overtures between the brothers of the most glamorous theatrical family of stage or screen—the Barrymores. Now that John's matrimonial high jinks are less prominently highlighted, and he is virtually a recluse from insistent feminine interference, the two great actors have been seen frequently together. None of the most dramatic moments in either of their acting careers was as touching as a small scene they played together in real life one night not long ago. It was back stage at the Embassy Auditorium. Lionel's beautiful and interesting orchestra! suite, "Tableaux Russe," had just been played by a full concert orchestra, his first musical opus ever to have a public rendition. Visibly deeply touched, John came back to congratulate his older brother. Without a word he walked over to him and the two exchanged an awkward male embrace, then they shook hands simply. An unmistakable glitter welled up into Lionel's eyes. It was a most gratifying scene.



WHETHER it is Garbo or not who is rumored to be taking those awful spills on a practice ski run here (pine needles are used in place of snow) she is definitely taking up the sport. She will, however, *not* ski at the fashionable resorts. The only spot she's tried so far is a tree-filled slope in an unfrequented snow field which is one of the very closest to Hollywood.

FRIENDS who should know, insist that the reason Errol Flynn backed out and wouldn't accept that fancy, high-powered motor car in trade for the privilege of using his name in an ad, was because he found that a society Beau Brummell here was to get a similar model, for a similar trade. Errol's fussy about his automobiles and boats. He owns an exclusive job or none at all. . . . There is a lot of conjecture, undercover tittering and taking of sides over the talk of who turned down who in the picture that was to have had Bette Davis and Joan Crawford vie for acting honors. Their respective studios gave out statements that other commitments made the deal impossible, but it was the girls themselves, both of them, who furiously shouted "No!" the quickest and the loudest.

Dorothy Lamour, above, looks like she's riding high in the high-rider outfit which she wears in the Technicolor film of circus life, "Chad Hanna." Contrast it with the prim pose of Dottie, below, in the scene with Linda Darnell, who plays a bareback rider in the picture.



WHY DOESN'T that big name actress use the box-office entrance instead of sneaking in the back door of a Wilshire Boulevard theater when she arrives to sit out almost an entire day watching "The Letter" unfold over and over again? . . . A sight to make you shiver these chilly mornings is to see Barbara Allen (Vera Vague) slip into the ocean off the rocky coast at Portuguese Bend with a sharpened tire tool in each hand and emerge, momentarily, with a hulking abalone. *Actually* she's an expert at prying these determined shellfish from their homes. . . . All over town the tongues are clicking in admiration and awe at Shirley Temple's mama's determination not to be left out in the cold. Her *separate* and much argued deal with M-G-M, it is rumored, will return her a pretty personal penny.

MICKEY ROONEY has never known anything but kindness from his audiences. No matter how loud and ridiculous his antics, he has always gotten a tremendously flattering and encouraging hand. At the "Pirates' Den" the other night I think Mickey, for the first time in his life, saw how cruel and how fickle crowds can be. There was never a more deeply puzzled, hurt, and dismayed person than he was when he was loudly booed after being called to the microphone amid friendly cheers. Mickey let his audience down, undoubtedly for the first time in his life, because he refused to play the piano with the band. No one, of course, remembered the thousands of times that he has given himself, and his talents, unselfishly.

THE LATEST laugh at Garbo's expense again comes because of her strange taste in clothes. It is rumored that for the first time known to anyone, Garbo fell madly in love with a frivolous gown of lavish, rich material. It was at a party (she's appeared at a few lately, to everyone's surprise). The gown so affected her that she was moved to ask if she might have it copied. The lucky owner was only too flattered. When the pattern for the dress, done in heavy tailor's working cloth, arrived at Garbo's home, she took one look at it and reverted to type. "I like this," she said—"better." And she kept the working model for her wardrobe.



Vivien Leigh attended the second premiere of "Gone With the Wind," in Atlanta, Georgia, held recently to start the picture on its popular-priced-engagement. The admission prices have been cut—not the film.

It's always August underneath your arms!



**Underarms perspire in Winter as in Summer.
Use Mum daily to guard your charm!**

OUTDOORS, winter may bluster. But outdoors or indoors, it's always August, always 98 degrees, under your coat and dress, underneath your arms.

So don't let winter fool you. Remember, even when you see no moisture, odor can and does form, and winter clothes especially, are apt to carry tales about any lack of daintiness.

That's why Mum is so important to you right now. Just smooth Mum on and you're safe from odor, sure of your popularity, for a full day or evening.

Use Mum daily, for even daily baths

can't prevent risk of underarm odor. But Mum's effectiveness *lasts*. Winter or summer, Mum is the word for charm.

FOR CONVENIENCE! Smooth Mum on in 30 seconds and you're fresh for hours.

FOR SAFETY! Is your skin sensitive? Mum won't irritate even *after* shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

FOR CHARM! You're dainty always, when you make Mum a daily habit. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has faded, Mum goes on guarding your charm.

WINTER AND SUMMER...MUM'S THE WORD FOR CHARM!



For Sanitary Napkins
Napkins need Mum, too. For this important purpose, thousands of women use Mum because it is always so gentle, so dependable.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Goldilocks was brightening up her smile with delicious Dentyne the day she found the home of the three bears. Of course she tried their chairs, their beds and their porridge—and you've never seen three madder bears.



But Goldilocks flashed her lovely smile and said "Anyway, porridge won't make your teeth shine."

"But it's nice porridge," wailed the big bear.



"And not chewy enough," said Goldilocks. "Now Dentyne has an extra firmness that helps polish teeth and makes them gleam. It strengthens jaw muscles—firms up your gums. Here try some."

"M-M-M," said the little bear. "It's delicious. That nice cinnamon taste is different—and extra good."

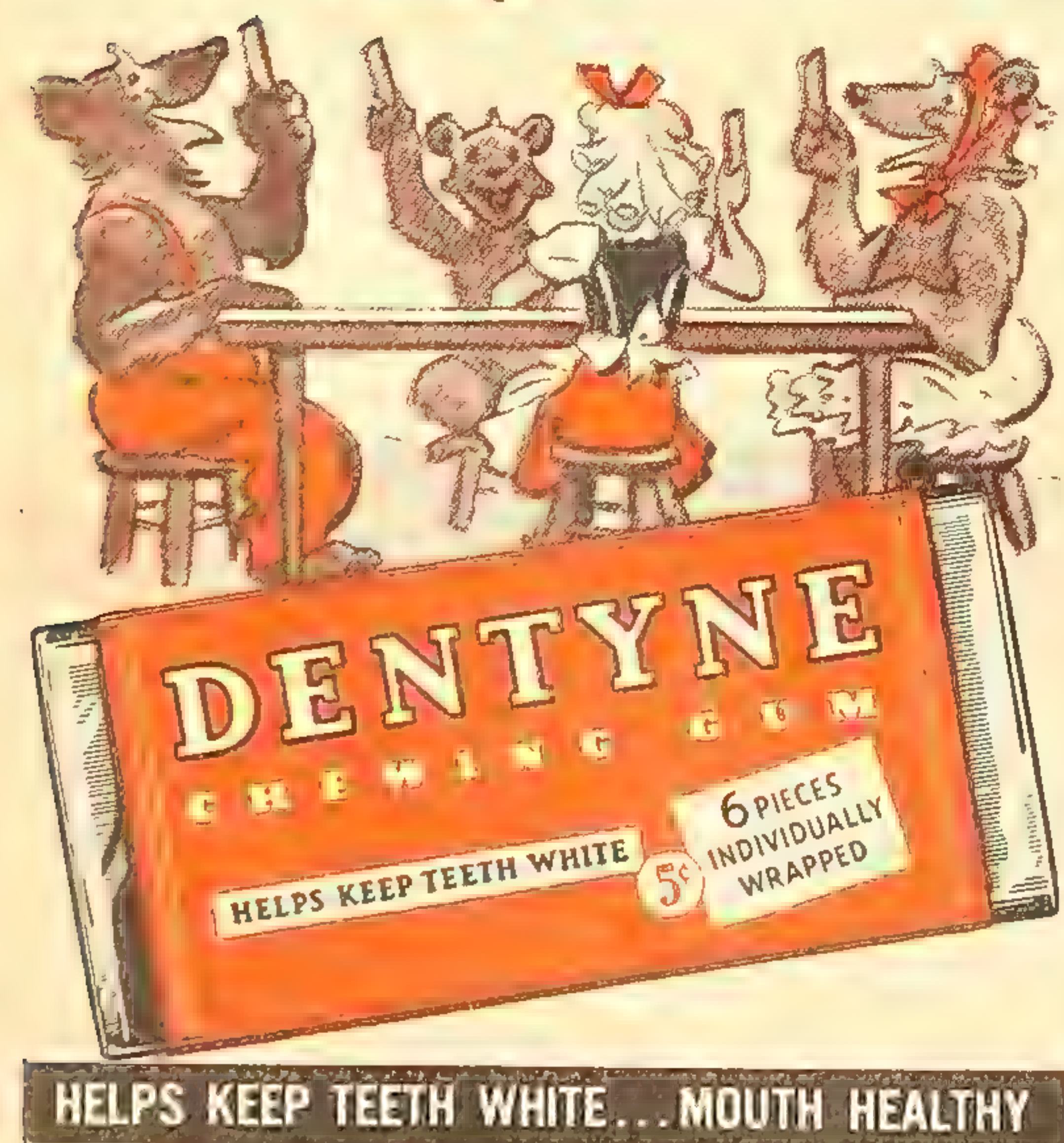
"Right-O," laughed Goldilocks, "and note the flat handy package. It slips neatly into purse or pocket. More smiles to you and brighter ones—with Dentyne."



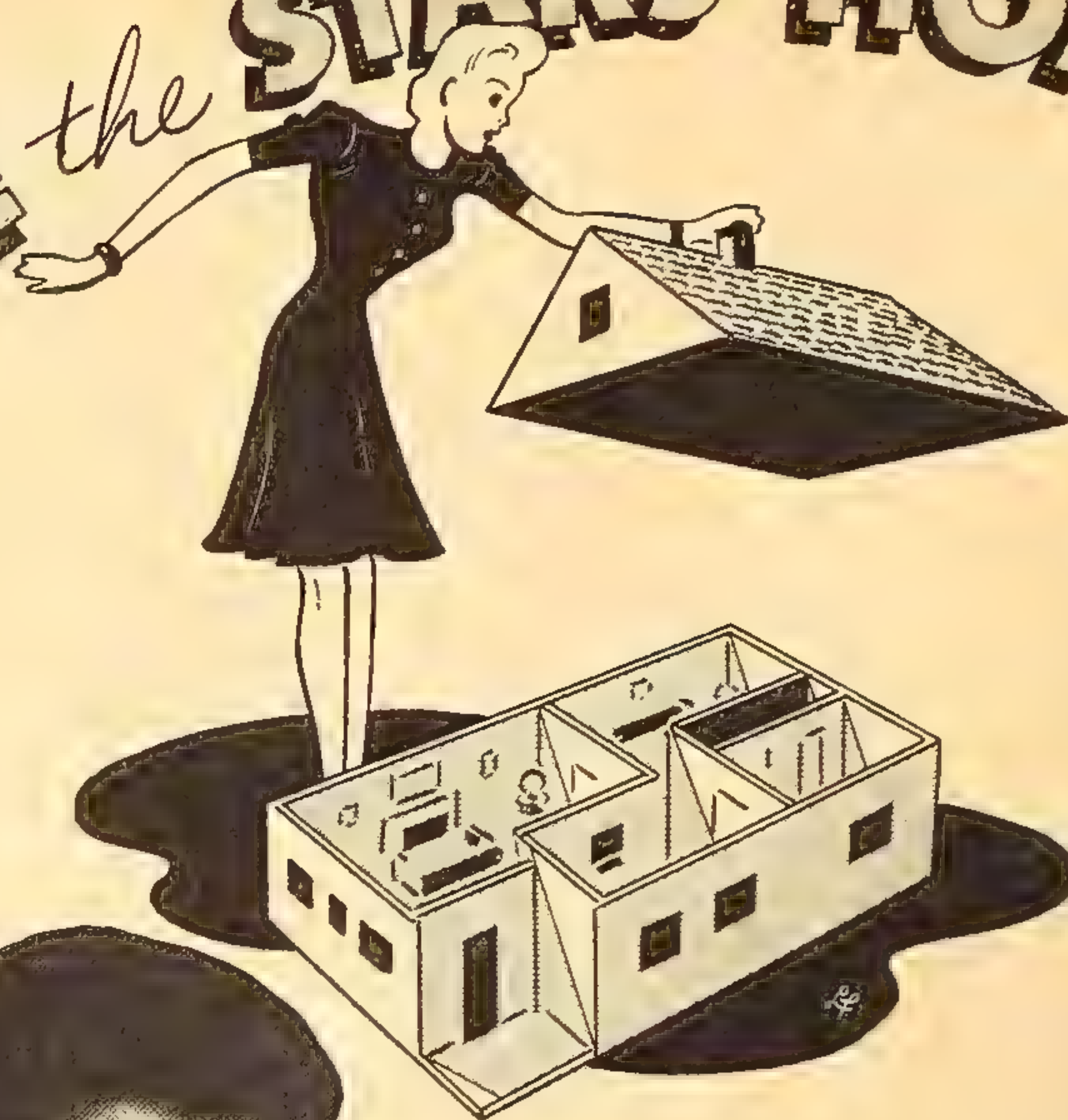
Moral: Help your teeth stay lovely and sparkling by chewing Dentyne often. Get a favorite package today.



6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



INSIDE the STARS' HOMES



Photos
by
Len
Weissman



February can be a festive month what with Valentine's Day and Washington's Birthday, if you follow Olympe Bradna's suggestions for gay parties with grand food and colorful decorations

By
**Betty
Boone**

Lovely Olympe takes special pleasure in celebrating a great American's birthday this year because she and her parents are about to become citizens of the country fathered by Washington. The sweet little French-American girl is pictured at left and below arranging her table decorations.

OLYMPE BRADNA, who used to be a sweet round butterball of a girl, is slimmer than a windlily, lighter than a cream puff, now. She darts about like a humming-bird, seeming to skim the ground rather than walk.



When I saw her last, her studio had just ordered a strenuous diet to take off childish pounds and Olympe was raving: "I'll starve! I'll starve! Say goodbye now, because soon I shall not live to see you!" as she waved a cookie in one hand and a sandwich in the other, taking the condemned girl's last full meal.

But today—"See my nice slim figure! No hips, see? No stomach. No bulges. My face is not so round as it was." This last hopefully, as though she couldn't quite believe it. She swirled around to prove her assertions, her black-and-white print dress showing all the good points she boasted. Her new pompadour, she was certain, made her look more sophisticated.

"Do you know something?" she prodded me, "some of the girls have their wisdom teeth and the tooth next to the wisdom teeth extracted so they can have hollow cheeks like Marlene and Carole? But I do not."

This isn't going to be a story for people on diets, however. Food in the Bradna home is luscious as ever, as cosmopolitan and as appetizing. Olympe's mother, who apparently never gave a thought to hip-lines or hollow cheeks and is all the better for it, is in charge of menus.

"My father would not eat any food if my mother did not cook it," Olympe assured me. "He thinks nobody else can cook—and nobody else can, either! She is WONDERFUL. Mommy—oh Mommy!—tell Betty about your goulash. Tonight we are having meat loaf for the party, but goulash is the dish we served last time, and all the boys were mad about it."

Olympe of the elfin figure eats both goulash and meat loaf and all the grand things that go with them. "Diets are not so bad," she confided. "If I worry about what I don't eat, I look in the mirror and I don't care any more."

Who *would* care, if she could eat this?

GOULASH

½ lb. pork
½ lb. beef
½ lb. veal
1 large onion
2 tablespoons chili sauce
Red pepper, paprika, marjoram, salt,
pickle, garlic and a little flour
Can of mushrooms

Fry the onion in lard or Crisco and add the meat, pepper, paprika, marjoram and salt. Stir in the chili sauce and a tiny piece of garlic. Cover lightly with flour and cook over a slow fire for two hours. When it starts to brown, add a little water for gravy and cut a dill pickle very fine and add that with a can of mushrooms. Let it cook fifteen minutes more.

Serve with macaroni or rice.

"With goulash, we like *nyokie* as a garnish," suggested Mrs. Bradna.

Olympe looked so sad that I gather *nyokie* is against the diet. However, you and I aren't on diets.

NYOKIE

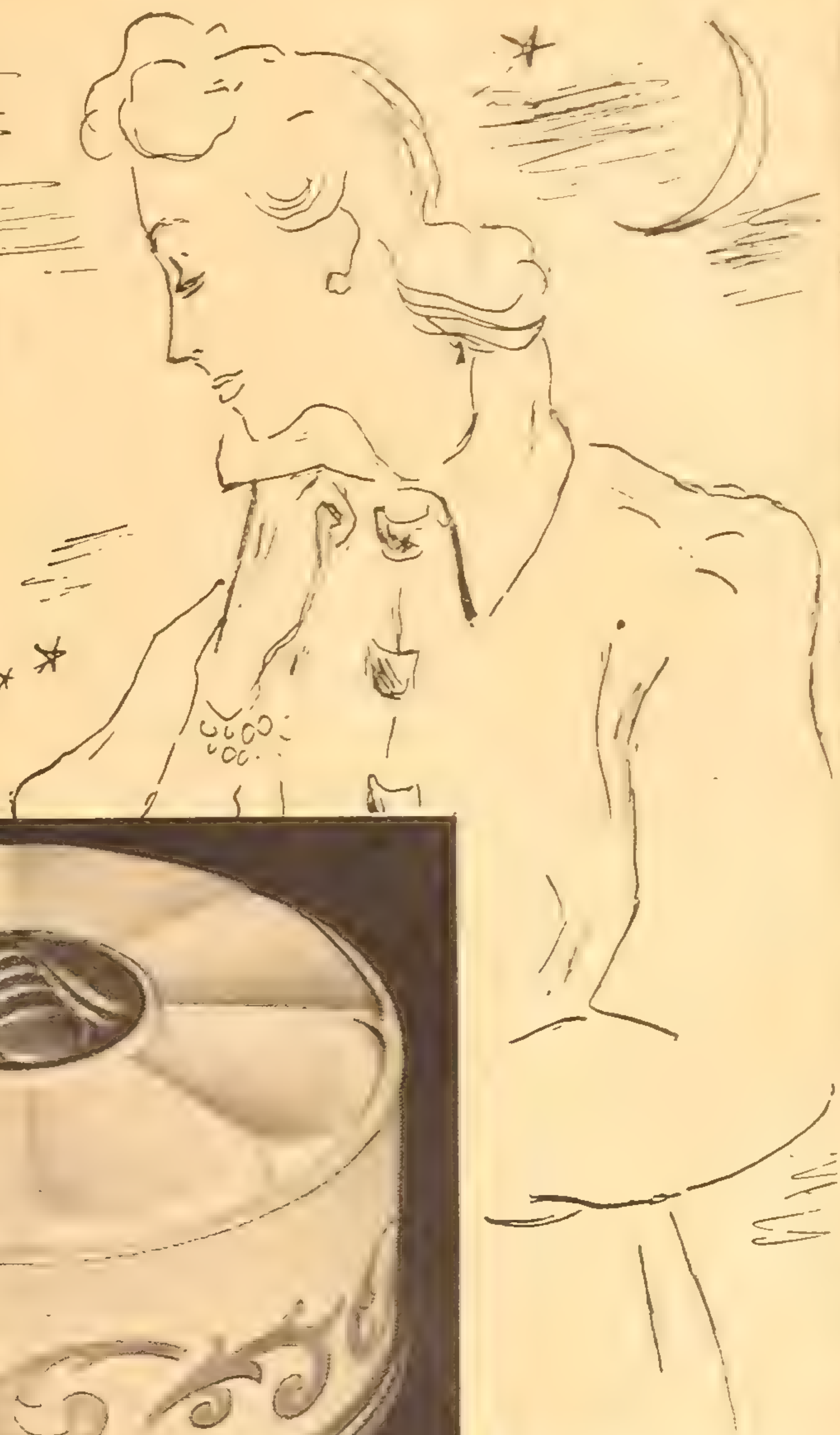
2 eggs
½ cup milk
1½ cups of flour
Piece of butter the size of a walnut
Salt

Mix thoroughly in Mix-master into a thick paste. Have boiling water ready and wet a teaspoon before dipping into the paste to fill it and drop the contents into the boiling water. When the tiny nyokies are done, they will rise to the surface of the boiling water.

The meat loaf, which will be the main dish at Olympe's Washington Birthday Buffet, is a concoction of the Bradnas and famous throughout that ancient clan.

(Continued on page 76)

SHADES OF NIGHT



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Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



Bitter Sweet—M-G-M

The popular combination of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, a great supporting cast, plus luxurious sets and costuming beautifully photographed in Technicolor, make this film version of Noel Coward's musical romance about the love of a girl who's been reared in luxury for her voice teacher, rank high in entertainment qualities. A sweet love story with a sad ending, telling of their struggles. Jeanette and Nelson in fine voice.



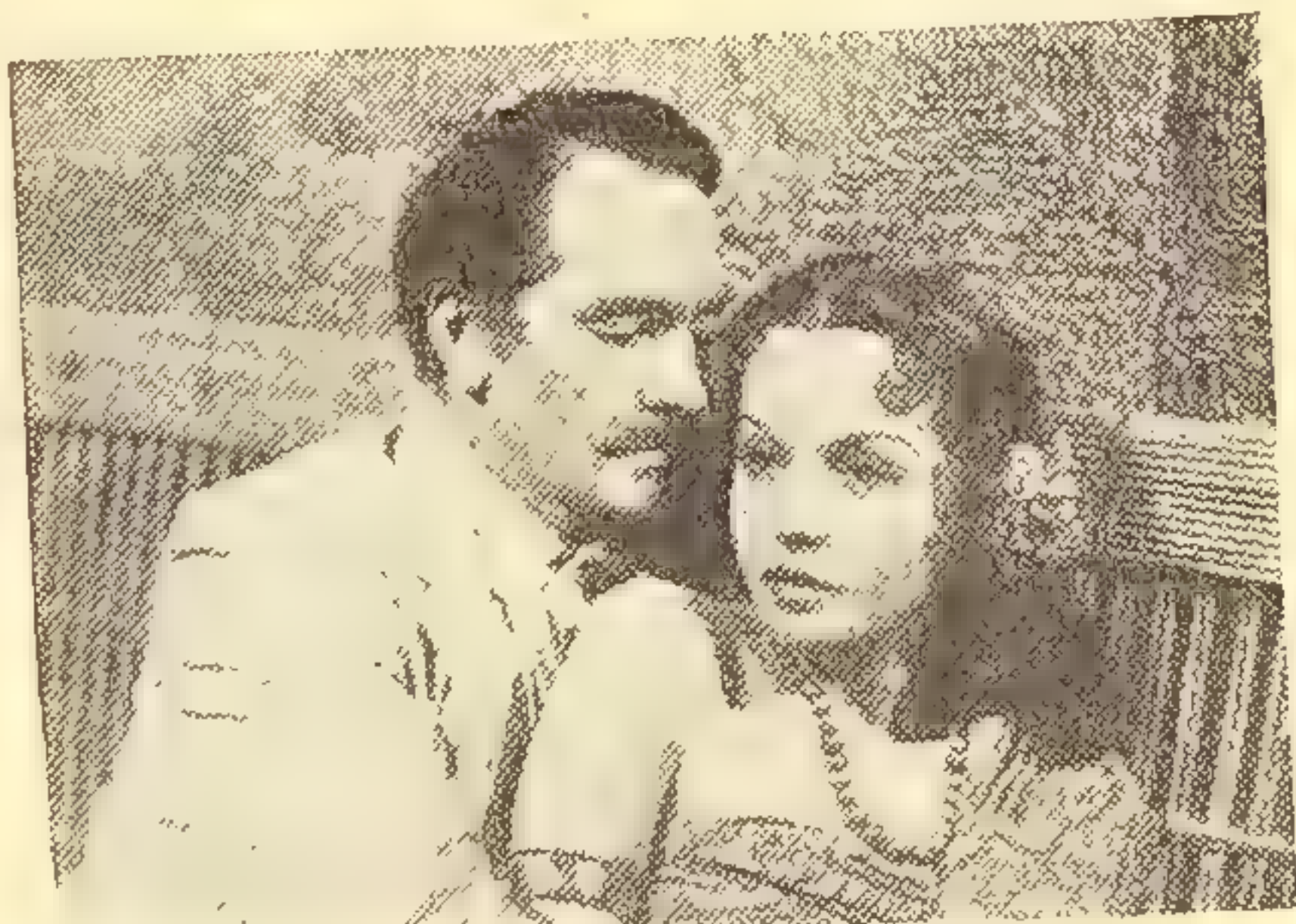
The Son of Monte Cristo—United Artists

This romantic and adventurous story takes place in a mythical kingdom for whose *Grand Duchess Zona* (Joan Bennett), the *Son of Monte Cristo* (Louis Hayward) overthrows a dictator (George Sanders). Hayward is excellent as the daring and dashing *Cristo*, and Sanders is good, too, in his villainous rôle. Joan looks beautiful in her gorgeous costumes. It's a swashbuckling film with tender love scenes and plenty intrigue and swordplay.



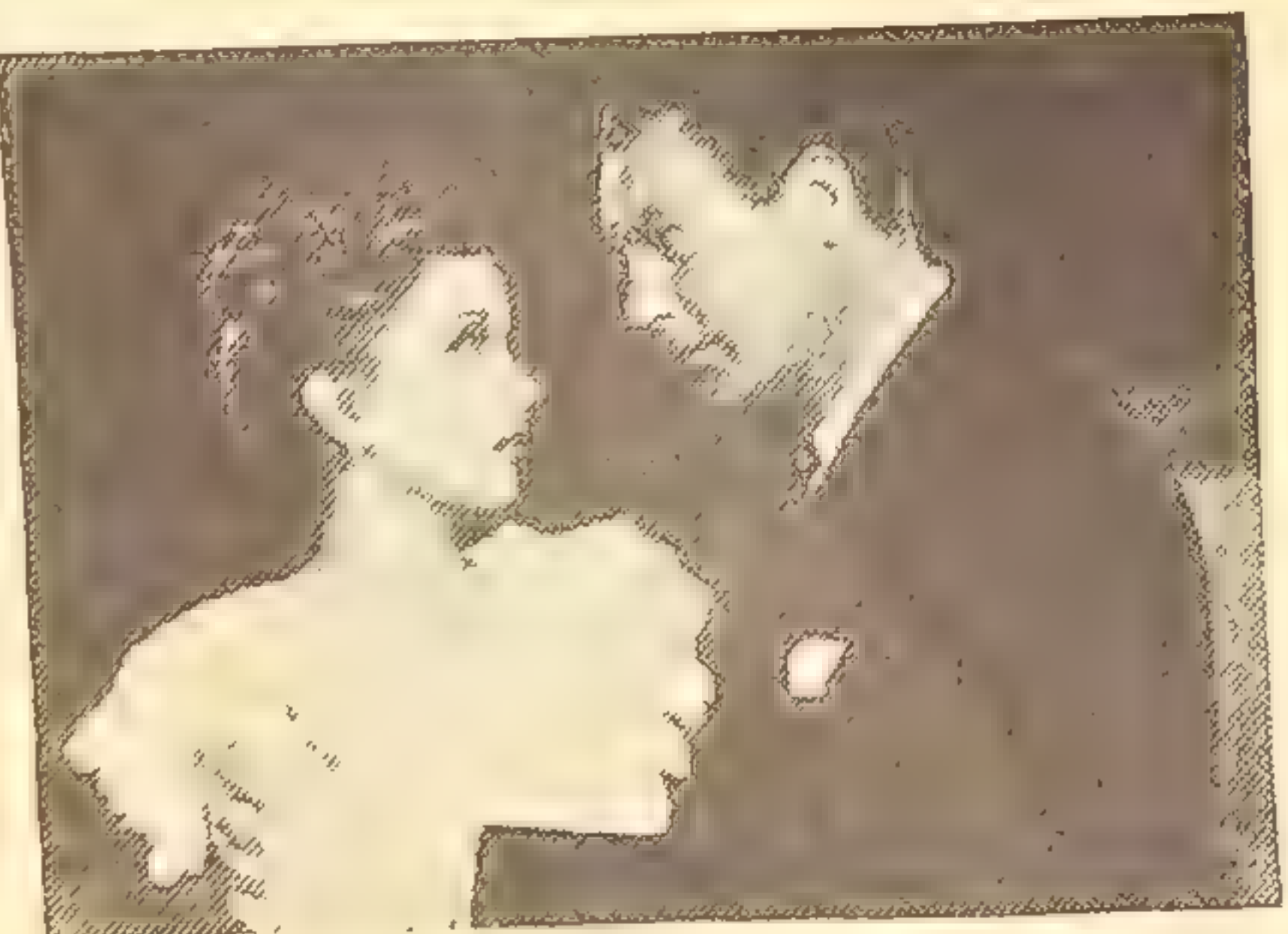
You'll Find Out—RKO-Radio

Melody, mystery and mirth are combined in this lively picture with Kay Kyser and his zany troupe, and the Kyser band, which features Ginny Simms, supplying the melody and laughs. They come to the aid of an heiress (Helen Parrish) when attempts are made on her life. The mystery stuff is handled by the screen's horror experts—Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre. If you can enjoy your swing mixed with jitters, don't miss it.



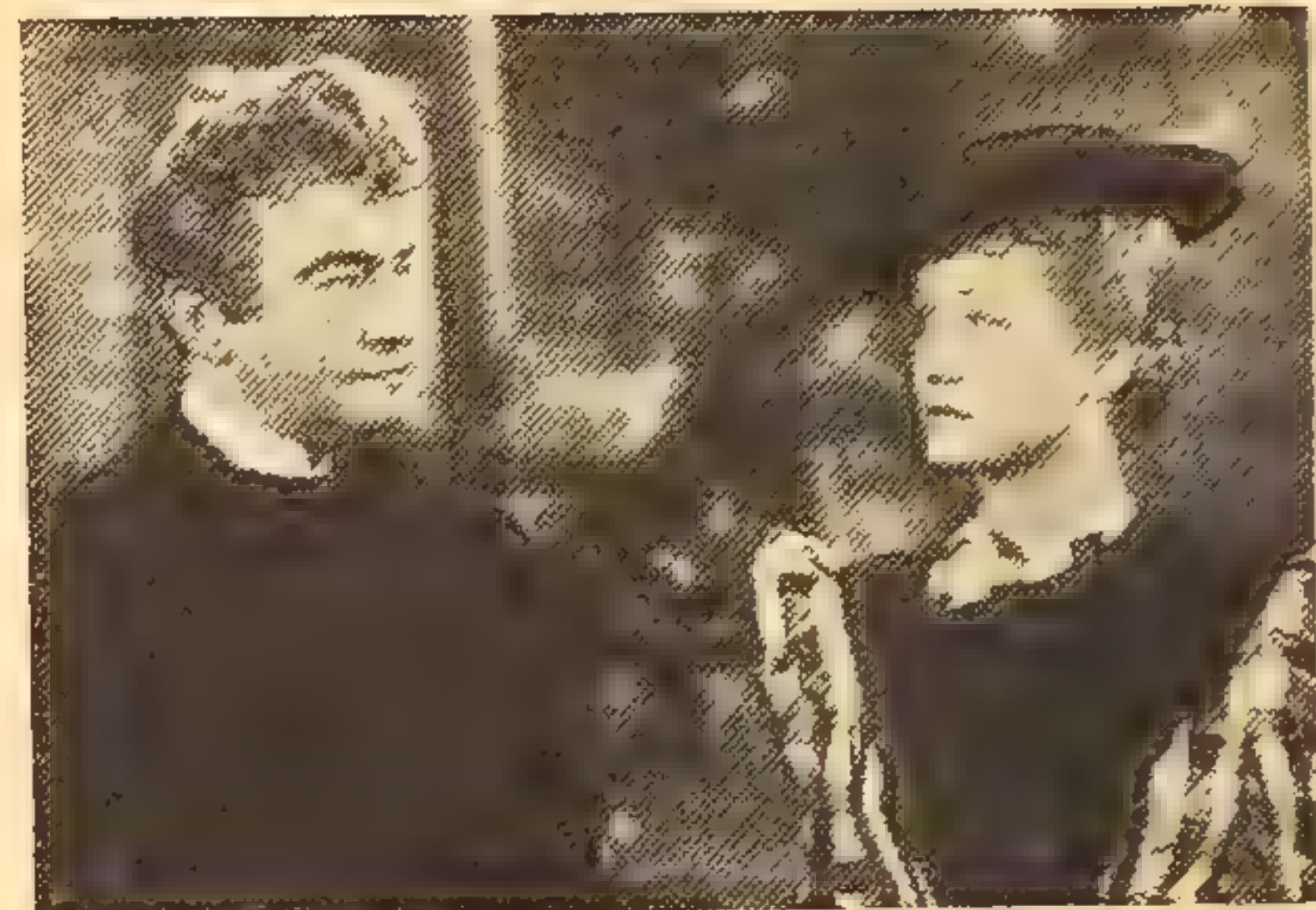
Victory—Paramount

Here's a romantic drama which is laid in the jungle islands in the Java Sea where *Axel Heyst*, who's been trained in the development of an aloofness toward life and a belief in the futility of effort, encounters experiences which change his ideas. Fredric March gives a smooth performance as *Heyst*. Betty Field is fine as Alma, the girl he befriends and takes to his island retreat. The simple love story is charming. Has suspense and thrills.



Dulcy—M-G-M

A lively comedy of errors, with Ann Sothorn ably playing *Dulcy*, the beautiful, well-meaning, but awfully dumb blonde, who gets herself and all those around her involved in the screwiest situations. It revolves around *Dulcy's* attempts to help her boy friend (Ian Hunter) sell his invention to Roland Young, wealthy plane manufacturer who suffers most from *Dulcy's* blunders. The zany episodes will evoke much laughter and put you in a merry frame of mind.



The Lady With Red Hair—Warners

This is the biographical screen story of *Mrs. Leslie Carter*. It tells of the famous divorce trial and *Mrs. Carter's* determination to become a great actress in order to regain the custody of her child, and her rise to success under *David Belasco's* guidance. Miriam Hopkins, cast as the great actress, gives a good account of herself in a difficult rôle. Claude Rains, capable as *Belasco*. Helen Westley, excellent as a theatrical boarding-house keeper.



Little Men—RKO-Radio

Louisa May Alcott's famous novel is brought to the screen with Kay Francis, George Bancroft and Jack Oakie in the featured rôles. It's a sentimental movie and tells of the regeneration of a confidence man who adopts an orphan and sends him to a boarding school conducted by understanding teachers. Jimmy Lydon is good as the boy who finds it hard to adjust himself to boarding school life. Has grand comedy scenes with Oakie.

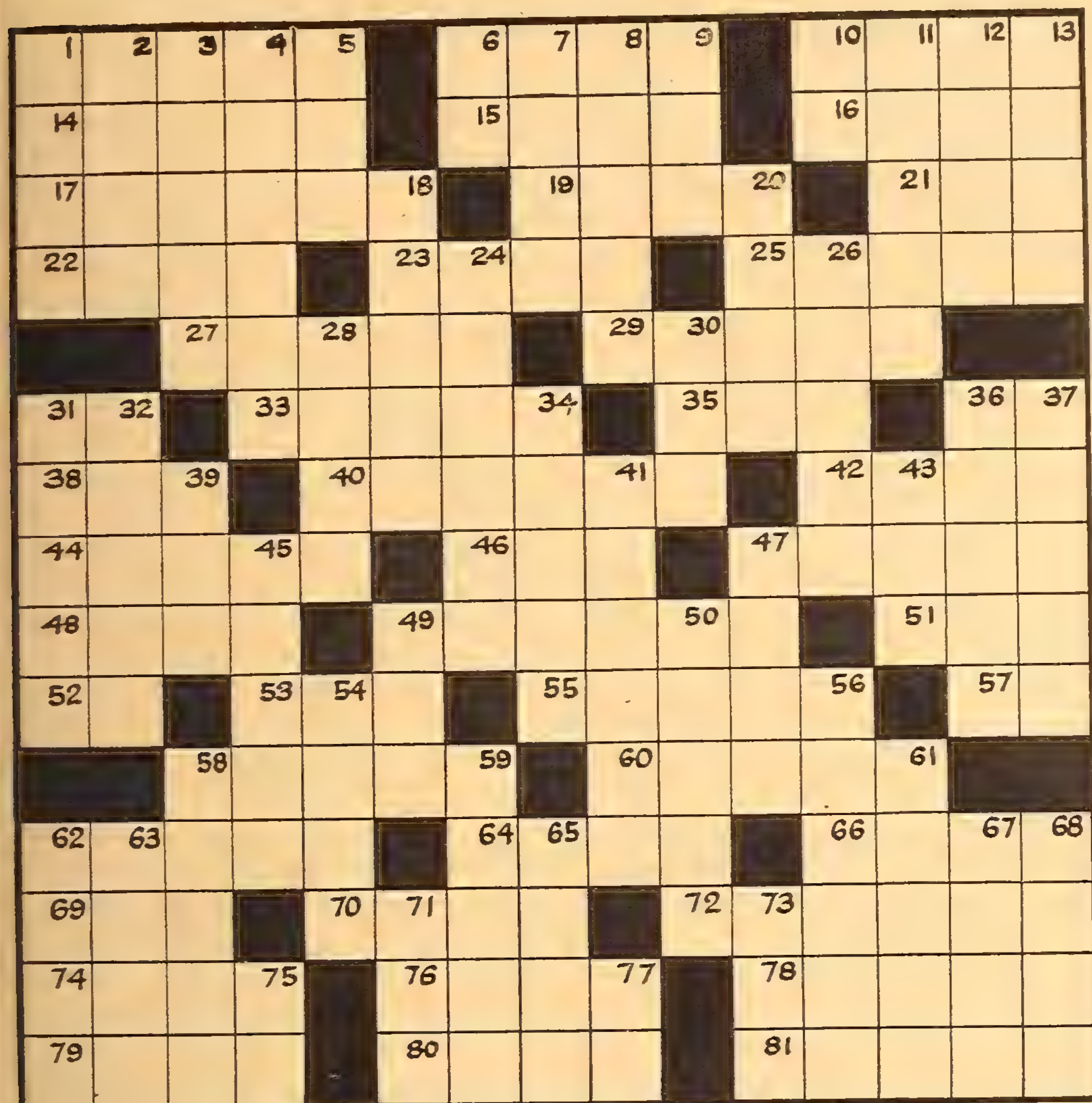


Blackout—United Artists

This timely romance has the present-day London as its dramatic background and takes place during twelve hours of a London blackout. It tells of the exciting adventures of a neutral ship's captain, a rôle expertly handled by Conrad Veidt, and his encounter with international spies. Among them is Valerie Hobson, a British espionage agent. Despite blackouts and spies, there's a sweet love story woven through it and it has good suspense.

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

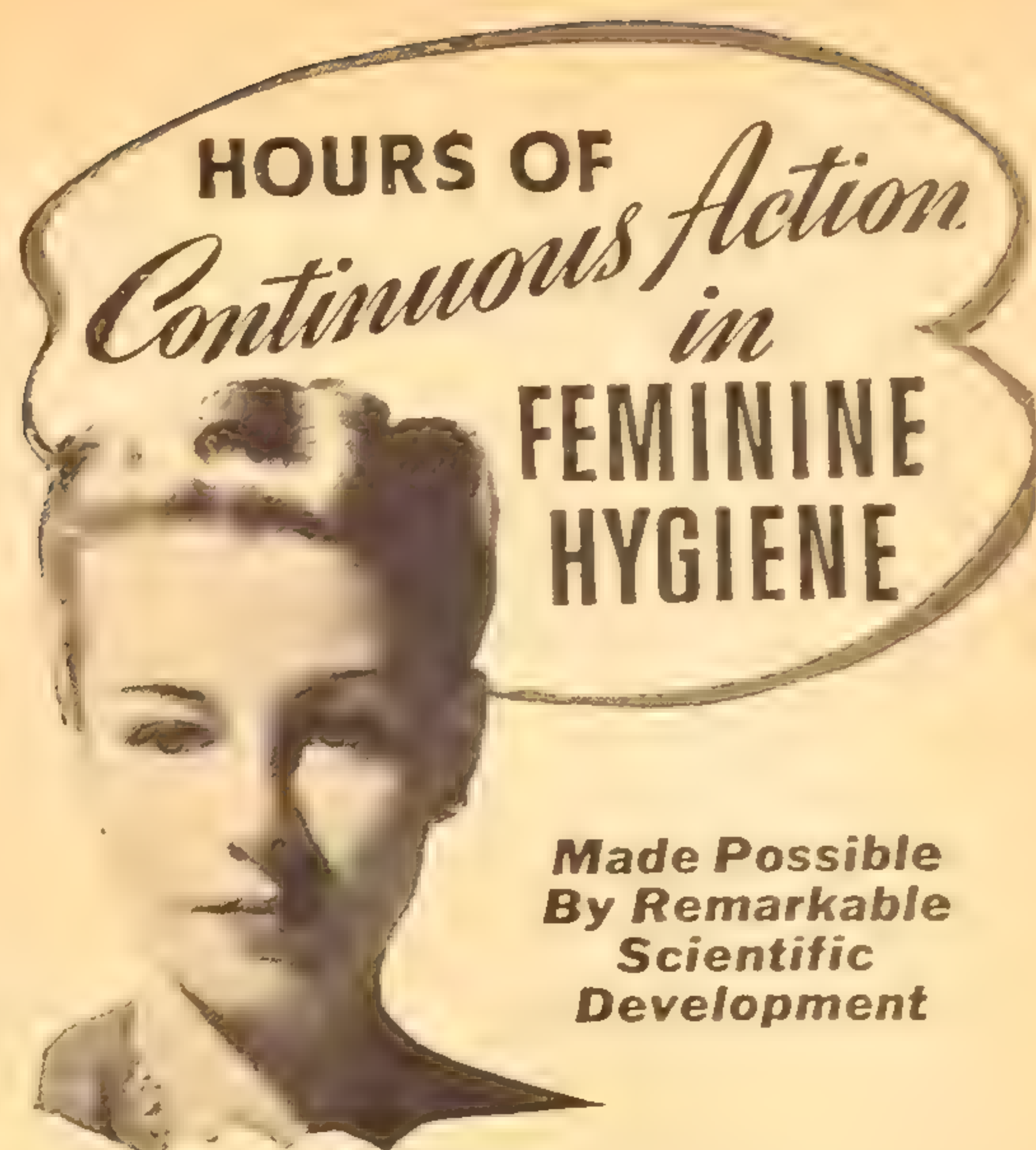
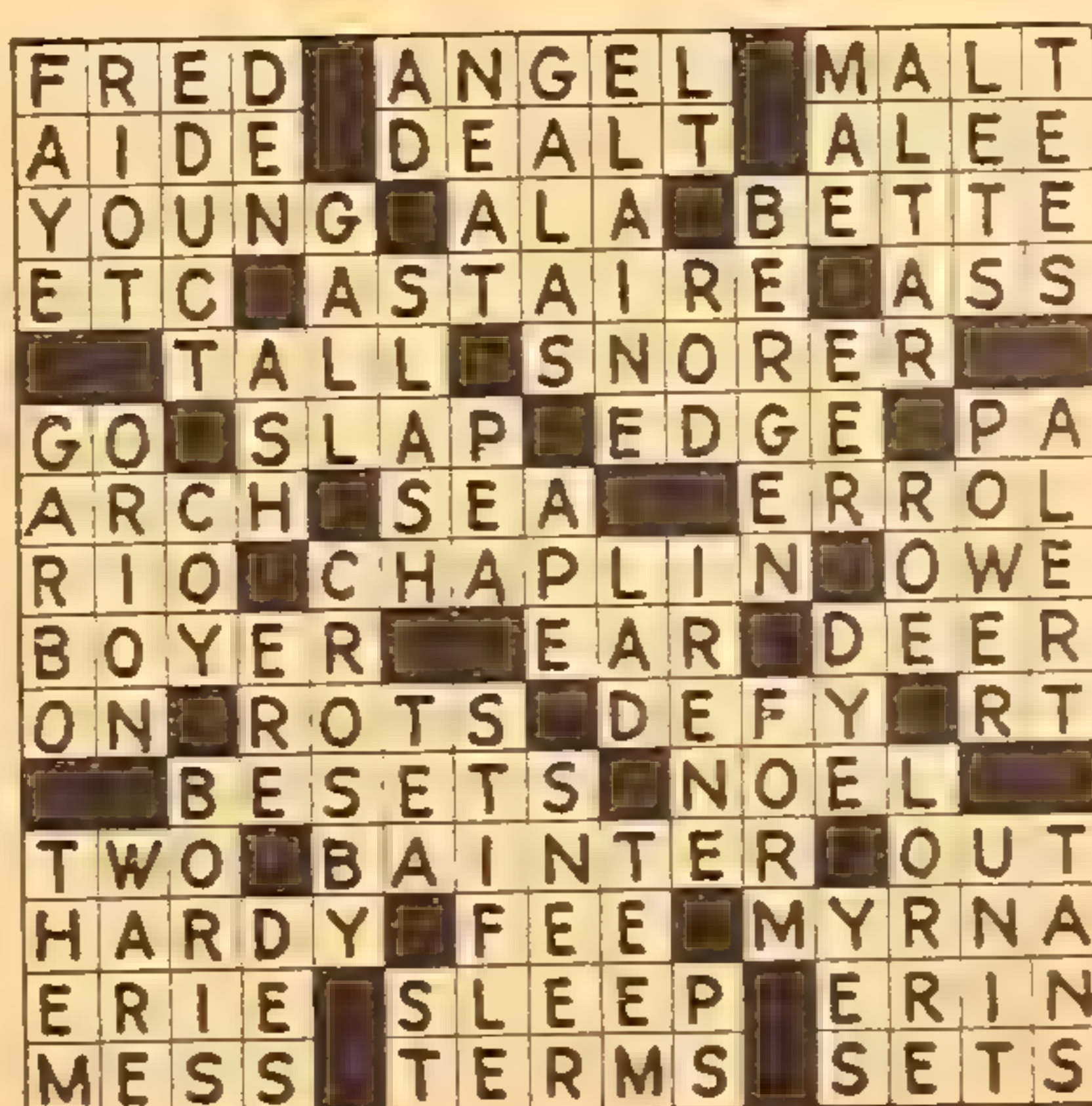
1. His new one is "Comrade X"
6. Verbal; spoken
10. Co-star of "My Little Chickadee"
14. Indian weapon
15. Her new one is "Tin Pan Alley"
16. At any time
17. Military attacks
19. Dancing star of "Second Chorus"
21. Part of to be
22. A sudden sharp pain
23. Top of the head
25. A rajah's wife
27. High male voice
29. Stalks of flowers
31. Exist
33. David Belasco in "The Lady with Red Hair"
35. Reverential fear
36. Before noon (abbrev.)
38. Silk worm
40. To scowl
42. A number
44. Snares
46. Cover
47. He's married to Ida and has five daughters
48. Joan Crawford's ex-husband
49. Acknowledges
51. Siamese coin
52. Swedish janitor in "Gallant Sons"
53. Prefix meaning three
55. He plays Judge Hardy
57. Like
58. Withers; burns
60. To choose by vote
62. Star of "Chad Hanna"
64. The ocean's rise and fall
66. He's in "Sailor's Lady"
69. Prefix meaning eggs
70. Parts of the head
72. He plays Andy Hardy
74. Orange seeds
76. She played Mrs. Knute Rockne
78. Royal

79. Otherwise
80. Watched or observed narrowly
81. To worship

DOWN

1. To breathe convulsively
2. Operatic solo
3. Star of "South of Suez"
4. Lumberman
5. Female sheep
6. "The Mark - - Zorro," a movie
7. Co-star of "They Drive By Night"
8. He plays Dr. Kildare
9. Star of "Millionaires in Prison"
10. "The Ramparts - - Watch," a patriotic film
11. The editor of this magazine
12. Wither
13. One of the slum girls in "Girls Under Twenty-one"
18. To mar; decay
20. Co-star of "Texas Rangers Ride Again"
24. He's featured in "Meet John Doe"
26. To revise
28. Pesters
30. Viscous liquid
31. Her new one is "The Letter"
32. Star of "The Santa Fe Trail"
34. Moves through water
36. She's featured in "Glamor for Sale"
37. Encounters
39. He's featured in "The Long Voyage Home"
41. Prepared for publication
43. She's featured in "High Sierra"
45. One of the bad men in "You'll Find Out"
47. A hireling; serf
49. Atmosphere
50. He plays Charlie Chan
54. Wide-mouthed comedienne ("The Boys from Syracuse")
56. Resounded
58. Breaks suddenly
59. To wander
61. An Argentinian dance
62. Star of "The Road to Singapore"
63. Bad
65. An island (poetical)
67. Shakespearian king
68. Film actor now appearing on New York stage
71. "That Certain - - -," with Deanna Durbin
73. Anglo-Saxon money of account
75. Compass point (abbrev.)
77. Man's nickname

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



HOURS OF
Continuous Action
in
**FEMININE
HYGIENE**

Made Possible
By Remarkable
Scientific
Development

A remarkably advanced method in feminine hygiene is now creating a sensation from coast-to-coast. For this amazing method is not only dainty and safe—but gives continuous action for hours without use of poison. And actually kills germs at contact.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow-white suppositories spread a greaseless, protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful continuous-action suppositories. Yet entirely gentle to delicate tissues. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn. Even help promote healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Come 12 in package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors at druggists. Follow this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene women are raving about.

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GRAY HAIR

and DON'T LIKE a
MESSY MIXTURE....

then write today for my
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

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ORIGINAL
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any subject for immediate consideration. Don't delay—send your poem at once to—

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BE CONSTIPATED
UNLESS—**

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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HERALDING YOUR *Greatest*
ENTERTAINMENT YEAR!



GLORIOUS ROMANCE IN
GLORIOUS *Technicolor!*

HENRY FONDA
DOROTHY LAMOUR
LINDA DARNELL

CHAD HANNA

by Walter D. Edmonds

featuring
Guy Kibbee • Jane Darwell
John Carradine • Ted North
Roscoe Ates • Ben Carter

Directed by **HENRY KING**
Associate Producer and Screen Play
Nunnally Johnson

Printed in
**THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST**
as "Red Wheels Rolling"



PAUL MUNI

... in a role unlike any
he's ever had!

HUDSON'S BAY

with
GENE TIERNEY
LAIRD CREGAR • JOHN
SUTTON • VIRGINIA FIELD
VINCENT PRICE • NIGEL BRUCE

Directed by Irving Pichel
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Lamar Trotti

Adventure! Action!
Drama! Emotion!
ENTERTAINMENT!

From
20th CENTURY-FOX
... the hit-makers who've
already begun to make it a
very happy 1941 for you!

The Editor's Page

DEAR SCENE-STEALER:

It's about time somebody slapped you down. For years now we've watched you cutting your fellow thespians' throats—men, women, children, Chaplin—and between belly laughs we've decided to start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Other Actors by Jack Oakie. Something has to be done, they can't defend themselves against you, you great, big merciless mugger, you ham in sheep's clothing. Shame!

The latest examples of your unbridled egomania occur in "Tin Pan Alley," where you almost push Alice Faye, Betty Grable, John Payne and Allen Jenkins right out of the picture; and in "Little Men," where you absent-mindedly give a few of their own scenes back to the little men and their "mother," Kay Francis, but the next minute are up to your usual low tricks.

Why, you don't even need a watch-chain to play with. Yes, you should certainly be slapped down. But *I* can't do it. I'm laughing too hard. I'm right with the Roxy audiences who, though you may not be so billed, plainly considered you the star of "Tin Pan Alley" and gave you their undivided attention—and on the way home were chuckling, "That Oakie, he kills me." You do it to everybody.

I know you're a good audience yourself, though, I happened to sit near you at Al Jolson's Broadway hit, "Hold On To Your Hats," and you were giving Al the same flattering attention you get yourself. And afterwards I was surprised to see that, though surrounded by fans, you were very quiet and well-behaved. At least you weren't trying to steal *that* show. Can it be there's a heart of gold beating beneath the brass?

An Open Letter to Jack Oakie

Delight
Evans

Below, Jack Oakie up to his usual tricks stealing a scene in "Little Men." At left below, Allen Jenkins' expression indicates his opinion of Oakie's art in "Tin Pan Alley."





Naughty, naughty little movie boys and girls making faces at the nice cameraman! Alex D'Arcy, his beautiful red-headed wife Arleen Whelan, pretty blonde Mary Beth Hughes and her current beau Robert Stack, are at the Pirates' Den to see and to be seen. The D'Arcys recently completed a most successful personal appearance tour.



HOLLYWOOD

All the acting isn't done in the movie studios! The stars enjoy making faces for our party photographer even if they don't get paid for it

Roy Rogers, Republic Pictures' cowboy star, and his wife, left, at big Barn Dance given in Roy's honor in the Coconut Grove. Bales of hay, wagon wheels, checkered tablecloths, ten gallon hats, and everything. Below, is it a headache, or is Bette Davis descending a highly emotional scene to sympathetic Roz Russell, at Edgar Bergen party?





At last the long-rumored, oft-denied Deanna Durbin engagement has been officially announced by Deanna's parents, and so there's a good reason for the broad grin on Vaughn Paul's boyish face. He's an associate producer now and may some day be Deanna's boss at the studio as well as at home. Sophisticated couple are Dietrich and Remarque.

WHIRL

It's Len Weissman's pleasant job to trail the cinema pets, and he always gets his pictures, whether they like it or not. (They like it!)

Now you see them—together—and now you don't! We wish Jimmy Stewart, or Olivia de Havilland, or both of them, would make up their minds about romance. Franchot Tone and Buzz Meredith have been other recent escorts for the fair Livvy. At right, puppy love at its cutest: Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper, in costume for the Roy Rogers shindig.



The Real Truth About



**ROBERT
PRESTON'S
LAST
DATE!**

Bob, above, with May Mann, in the garden of his home—on his last evening of blessed singleness!



**24
HOURS
LATER!**

Bob with his beautiful bride, Kay Feltus, whose stage name is Catherine Craig, after their elopement.

*International
News Photo*

AND so he married the girl!—which sounds like the end of a story instead of the beginning.

Perhaps none of Bob Preston's friends was more flabbergasted than I to read of his surprise elopement to Las Vegas with Kay (Feltus) Craig. For just two nights before, I'd been with Bob over to see his new house, meet his mother and go dancing. Then he'd said, and I'd known, that he was very much in love with Kay—had recently given her a ring and hoped to marry her one day. But he didn't say *the very next day!*

For four years Bob and Kay have been "going together"—notwithstanding his dates with Alice Faye and Dorothy Lamour. Bob told me all about her—and explained: "When I can convince her that marriage will not hurt my career—maybe she'll marry me. I've

been ready to get married for over a year. Would have liked to, in fact, when I first met her. But then I was having a tough time supporting myself—let alone a wife. And things weren't too easy for Kay either.

"I was in stock at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Kay was, too. Kay had come out from Indiana and was learning to be an actress. She was modeling on the side to pay her apartment rent which she shared with another girl from the midwest, Kay Stewart, who came from Iowa.

"Kay's such a very attractive girl, I was hesitant in asking for much of her time. For a girl like that could have dates with fellows who could take her to the Grove or the Trocadero. Most of the time, all I could do was take her for a walk in the park. I didn't have a car—and several of us fellows at the playhouse shared a bachelor light-housekeeping room together. Some of us had odd

ROBERT PRESTON'S

By
May
Mann



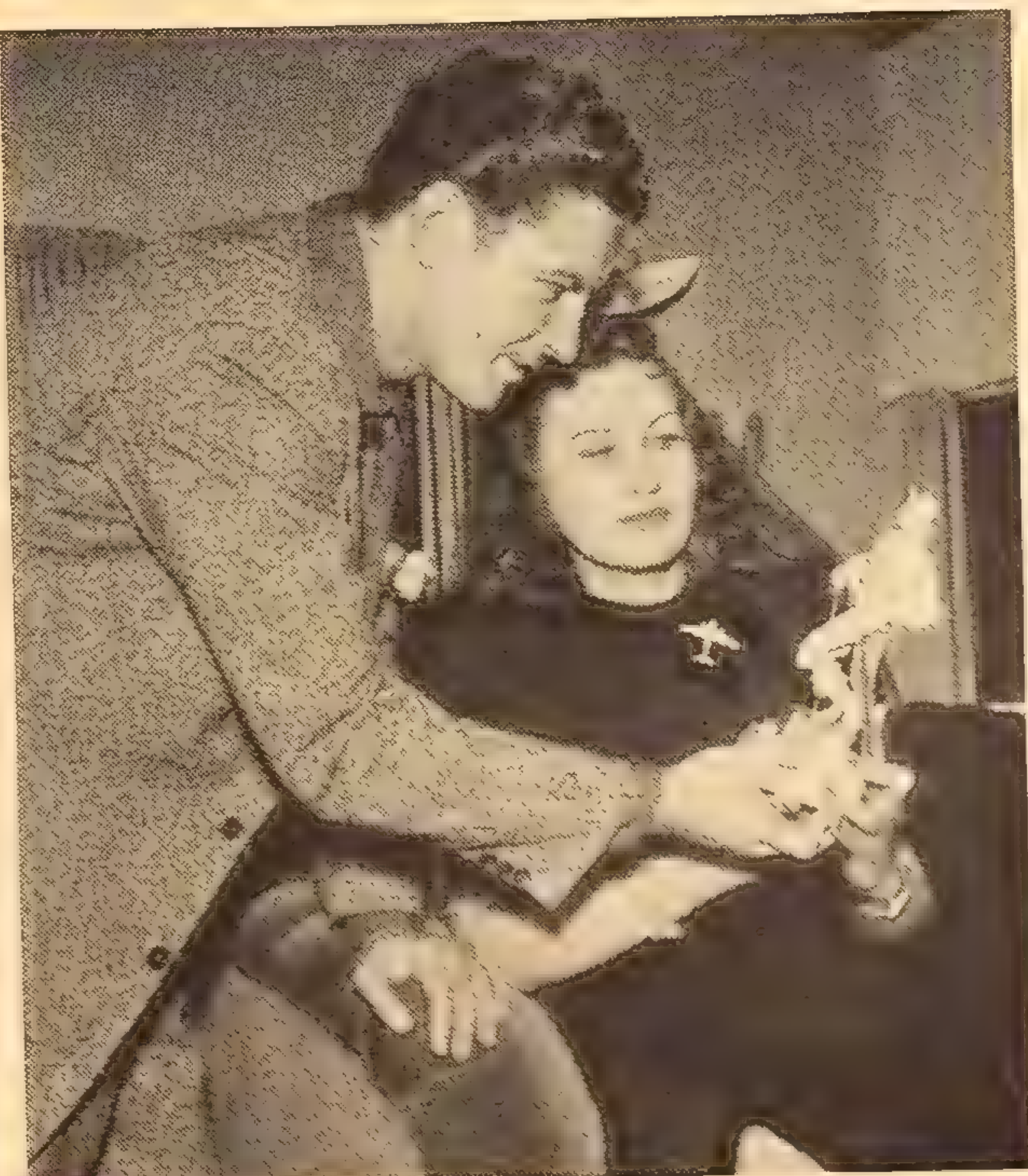
The last girl Bob Preston "dated" before his elopement tells the story of that last date—when she shared Bob's confidences about his future bride

jobs. We pooled our funds to buy food and took turns cooking. You can see I was hardly in a position to court a girl.

"But Kay was cute about it and very clever. She'd invite me over to her apartment for dinner and we'd spend long hours listening to the radio and reading plays aloud to each other. I told her then that if the day ever came when I got a break I'd take her to places like *Ciro's* every night in the week if she'd go. She'd just laugh.

"Then when I *did* get a break and was signed by Paramount, Kay was in San Francisco with a stock company. Every time I stepped out to have a sandwich with a girl it would be in the columns. It used to worry me. I was scared stiff I'd lose her. For a girl has to have a lot of understanding to understand that sort of thing."

"Like your headline romance with Dorothy Lamour," I mentioned. (Please turn to page 84)



Betty, at right, with "the finest gentleman I've ever met": Alexis Thompson, social-registerite who has been Miss Grable's devoted escort. Across the page, with Jackie Coogan when they were kid sweethearts, before their ill-fated marriage. Far right, top, Betty in a scene from "Tin Pan Alley," with Jack Oakie and Alice Faye.

Acme



LIFE and LOVES

**By
Jack
Holland**

She has packed a lifetime of thrills into a few years, yet Betty Grable's emotions are no more muscle-bound than her noted legs

THE surprising thing about Betty Grable today is not that she has finally conquered Hollywood and begun her first real career. Nor is it that she is able to slap Hollywood back for the slaps it gave her. The surprising thing is that Betty has found LIFE for the first time! She has just started to *live*.

Such a statement is, on the face of it, a bit perplexing, for past stories of Betty Grable have usually pictured her as a girl who always had pretty much what she wanted, a girl who went out and fought for what she has gained. But Betty has not lived a life of ease and comfort. It has been a life of discontent, of loneliness. *And* she has never fought for what she has gained—until now.

Betty was born, it is true, into a firmly established security. Guarded carefully by her mother, she lived in almost complete seclusion. Her friends were few, because she had few occasions to meet any. From the time she was old enough to go to school, tutors and private schools were her lot. And to this day, she has never gone to a public educational institution.

When her mother and father separated, more than ever her life became a guarded thing. The one redeeming feature of her existence was that she was brought so close to the one woman who has made Betty Grable what she is today—her mother.

I was talking to Betty in her lovely, rambling home in Brentwood recently. She was dressed carelessly and comfortably in slacks and contentment and peace seemed to surround her. An unusual contrast to the girl who left Hollywood broken in spirit and in finances just a year ago, a girl who thought she wasn't needed and wanted to get away from memories.

"For the first time in my life," Betty told me, "I'm able to live as I always wanted to. When I left private school and started to work on my career, mother and I lived in apartments and hotels continually. And how I hated them! They were so cold, so desolate. Always I would dream of the day when I would have my own home. Then three years ago, mother and I bought this place. It's been sort of a symbol to me, for it has been my security when everything seemed lost. It's like the answer to a dream."

Three years ago, Betty and her mother decided that what fortunes that were theirs lay in Hollywood. Tired of roaming, they made up their mind to buy a home. For days they looked for just the right place. Then, across from Henry Fonda's spacious home, they found it. Life began in earnest for Betty Grable.

Betty's life for the last few months has consisted of rushing to the studio and rushing back home to go to bed.



Her social activities have, as a result, been definitely curtailed. But that doesn't bother her any. She still has a home that is hers.

Before her marriage to Jackie Coogan, Betty was on the go all of the time. She and Jackie never spent an evening at home more than once or twice in a month. Even though she was living in the same house then, it didn't mean very much to her. Her interests were centered only in Jackie—and in having a good time. She wasn't working very steadily, and the more she stayed home the more she thought about her life as it was. Besides, she was in love.

It's only been since she returned to Hollywood from her hit performance in New York in "Du Barry Was a Lady" that she has begun to live the life she has always wanted. She takes great pride in everything about her home now. Her mother can't even get her to go out for dinner any night, for Betty insists upon getting home-cooked food. That might sound rather corny if one didn't consider how many times she and her mother ate in restaurants in the unsettled days.

Betty, of course, does entertain a little now. But not in any big way. She's no Elsa Maxwell. On Sunday evenings, she usually has her few friends over for a buffet supper and then for a card game. At all of her parties, her closest friend, Anne Shirley, is the efficient manager; the one who keeps things going. If the guests are bored with bridge, charades come in for play during the evening. You know, the game that asks you to act out advertising slogans and the like. Well, Betty and her gang play this by the hour, such parties often going on until the wee sma' hours. Betty's mother, you see, has never set a time limit on the parties, not even when Betty was younger. She feels that her daughter has enough good sense to know the reasonable time to quit. And she knows and trusts Betty's friends. So the kids do what they like and stay as long as they like. This isn't as alarming as it sounds since Betty is (*Please turn to page 88*)





Decorations
by
Leonard
Frank



Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

THE bombers flew over Los Angeles that night as they had flown over Madrid and Helsinki and Rotterdam and Paris and London. "There go the blackout sirens now!" the radio warned. "Turn your lights out! Pull down your blinds! Automobiles please switch off your headlights! Stand by your radios for further instructions!" Entire sections blacked out as if they had been catapulted into darkness by a single master switch. The attacking bombers were so close now that the drone of their engines sounded overhead like a lullaby of death. Searchlights streamed across the sky like gigantic ribbons catching the planes in their shifting light. There was fear in the sky that night as there had been fear in those other skies too.

Pursuit planes came soaring over the city and still in formation began their attack. A falling bomb fell on the railroad tracks and another on the city gas tank silhouetted starkly against the falling bombs and the moving searchlights. Then almost as suddenly as it had begun, it was over. (Please turn to page 66)

For The Love Of One Man!

Every American must read and thrill to this stirring story based on Paramount's fine film dedicated to the officers and men of the United States Army Air Corps. Starring Ray Milland with cast including William Holden, Brian Donlevy, Wayne Morris

For complete cast and credits please turn to page 67.



YOU MODERN GIRLS

Only from another woman—one as lovely as Hedy Lamarr—would you girls take this sizzling advice, and like it! Ask yourselves: is it true what Hedy says, that we've sold our feminine birthright for a pay check and a time-clock?



Watch Hedy's technique in love scenes: at right, with Jimmy Stewart in "Come Live With Me." Above, with Spencer Tracy.

PLEASE, don't think that I am so conceited that I consider myself an authority on romance, a sort of glorified Emily Post of *l'amour*. Heaven forbid. And please, don't think that I feel all smug and superior, and am peering down through a lorgnette as I hand out advice to you modern girls. Or dish it out, I believe, is the American expression, and I like American expressions. Personally, I loathe advice-givers. They always seem such affected fuddy-duddies. And whatever I am—no, no, don't tell me—I am neither affected nor a fuddy-duddy.

So when I say "You modern girls lack romance" I am not saying it with a superior smirk. Nor am I saying it just to the Betty Grables of Hollywood, the Brenda Fraziers of the Stork Club, and the Susie Glutzes all over the country. (When I first came to Hollywood I kept reading in fan magazines and newspaper columns about Susie Glutz. She seemed far more interesting than the glamor girls, and I longed to meet her. Since then I have met dozens of Susie Glutzes—in department stores, in buses, in offices, and in restaurants—and still think she's more interesting than the glamor girls, even though her make-up is nearly always wrong.) No, I am saying "You modern girls lack romance" to myself, just as much as I am to anyone else. And if I give myself advice, along with the other mod-



LACK ROMANCE!

When Lamarr looks at a man, he falls! Strong guy Gable, left below, falls in "Comrade X," a romantic comedy. Left, so does James Stewart.

BY

Healy

Lamarr

(As told to Liza)

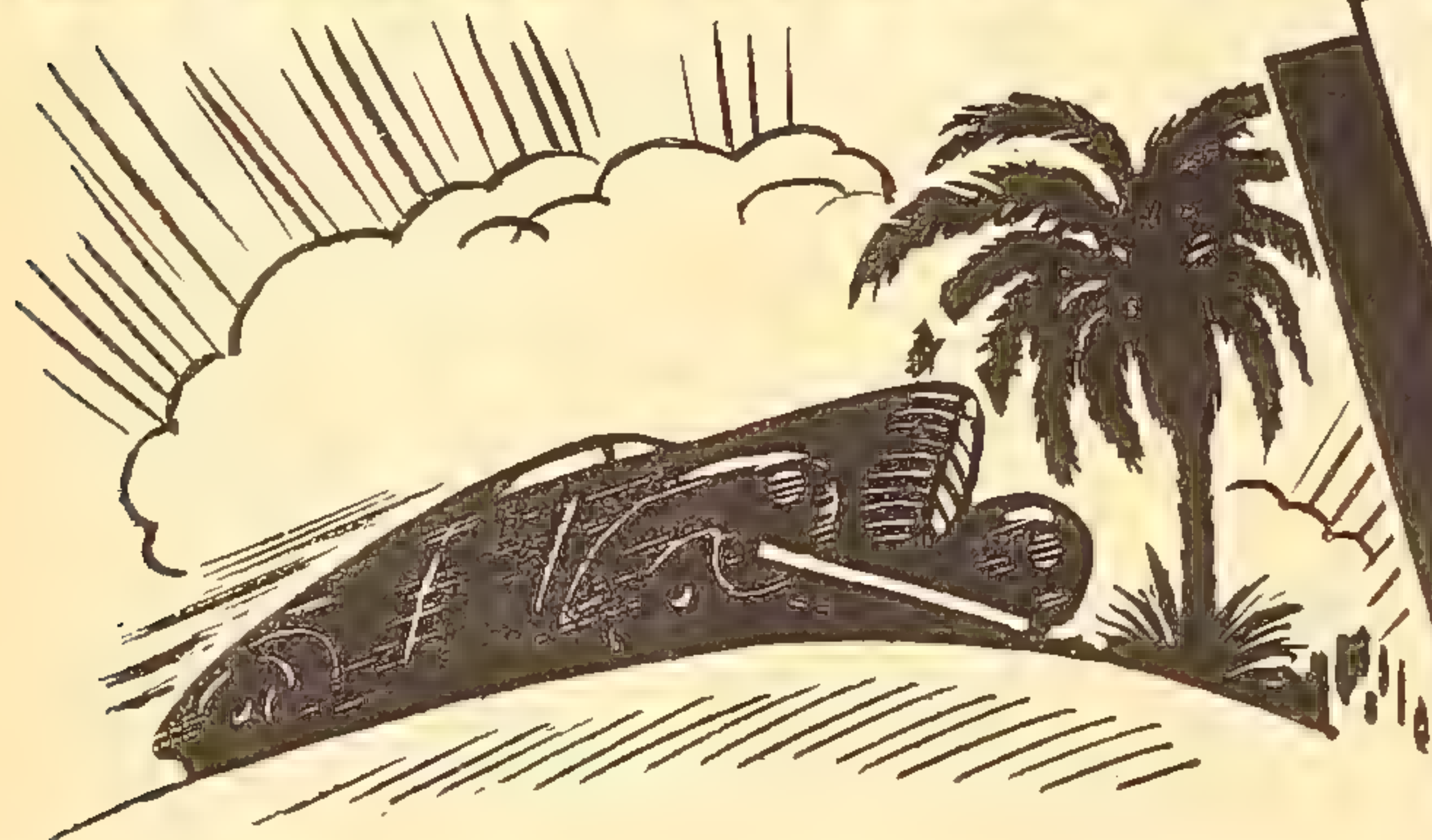
ern girls, you can't call me conceited, can you? Please don't.

After my lucky break in "Algiers" I received a great number of letters from fans raving about my glamor and mystery (they should have raved to the cameraman, not to me) and what with writers writing lovely, enchanting stories about me I was well on my way to being sort of an embodiment of romance. Two-thirds of my mail came from men proposing marriage. I was fast becoming as romantic as orange blossoms and foamy veils, as moonlight nights on tropical South Sea islands, when what did I do but ruin it all. And with something as horribly human as an appetite. I should have wrapped myself up in an aura of mystery and tucked myself away high on a Hollywood hilltop, and have people say, "She's so beautiful and mysterious (again thanks to my cameraman) she must be the very quintessence of romance. Ah, dreamy Ah." Then I could have run down the hill every few months, disguised in dark glasses of course, and given out advice on romance with all the *savoir faire* of an Authority. But I don't know—maybe I am inherently honest, maybe I am just lazy, or maybe I am what the boys on the set call a dope. Anyway, I got hungry and I ate. It completely spoiled my romantic atmosphere. Writers who had formerly written of me as something (Please turn to page 91)





**FROM THE
MAKE-BELIEVE
OF HOLLYWOOD...**



*Maureen
Sullivan
writes a*

Letter from Canada

TO GLADYS HALL



DEAR GLADYS:

I should have answered your letter long before this. I haven't because (a) I have been so busy; (b) have thought, momentarily, that I might be coming back to Hollywood and now I AM coming back to play in "Maisie Was A Lady"; and (c) I have felt almost in a new world up here, so *quiet*, strange as it seems, so far away from any talk of the war, so far away from radios. Strange, as I say, because, although the war is so close up here, there *is* no talk of it. Only hope and pride and courage which seem to need no words. So it has been a period of readjustment for me and one doesn't seem to write many letters during periods of readjustment! But I'll try to make up for my long silence by referring to your letter as I write and answering every question you asked in some sort of chronological order, in detail and in my own rambling way.

You know all about John's coming to Ottawa, I think. You know that he left some few months before we did, the baby and I. Of course he gave up a great deal to go. His contract at RKO and a way of life he loves—John *does* love Hollywood, you know, as I do. He loves the climate, loves pictures, loves the people and always will. But he went to Ottawa because, simply, he wanted to go more than he wanted anything else. And I wanted him to go. I don't feel I could love a man who didn't feel that way. (*Please turn to page 95*)



Wide World

**...TO THE
GRIM REALITY
OF WAR!**



TO OUR
READERS:

WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT
THIS VITAL HUMAN DOCUMENT
OF A MOVIE ACTRESS BRAVE
ENOUGH TO PUT LOVE OF COUNTRY
AND FAMILY ABOVE HER CAREER!

WHAT DOES

Tyrone Power, below, must avoid interference in his marriage, and Alice Faye should wait before contemplating marriage again, says Norvell. Far right, Eddie Albert's chart reveals he may be married.



THIS year the snappy comeback to New Year's greetings will probably be: "Well what's happy about it?" As your astrologer, I want to assure you that such pessimism is unwarranted. It is true, as even those of you who only study the international situation in the newsreels must know, that all is not well with the world. As long ago as 1933, I predicted the present European crisis because I knew that in 1939 Mars would go into severe affliction with far-reaching results, but I am happy to report that 1941 will see the beginning of the end of the war and that a period of long peace is due.

How will the world's changing drama affect you and your life? For this gala opening of the New Year I would like to turn the stellar spotlight on you and your life's drama. Will the future bring you the fulfillment of your innermost ambitions or are there warnings and pitfalls that you should know about? Will romantic happiness come to you in 1941? Are your finances going to improve or get steadily worse? To find out this information I have set up an individually different horoscope for every

sign in the Zodiac. This chart covers your life and activities for 1941, and is as thorough and complete as those I do for Hollywood's stars.

Remember that our lives are individual dramas which we must perform "each in his separate star," as Kipling says. World events are just the backdrop of those dramas and just incidental to them. You must find your own happiness, love and success, regardless of the rise and fall of nations, and you will never forgive yourself if you do not explore the full possibilities of your own life in 1941, because history was being made on such a large scale and you were frightened or depressed by it.

Read your horoscope over carefully below and use it as a guide during 1941. I have also prepared predictions for your favorite stars which you will find below in the signs in which they were born.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

This should be one of the most outstanding years of your life. A year in which you may expect change,



John Payne, above, smiles as he listens to Norvell tell his friend, Jack Oakie, that he faces no domestic dangers in 1941.



Madeleine Carroll, left, learns that she'll find love happiness in 1941. Ann Sheridan, above, had better look to her laurels in 1941.

HOLD FOR YOU?

Will the world's changing drama affect you? Will romantic happiness come to you in 1941? Are your finances going to improve? Norvell, the noted Hollywood astrologer, turns the stellar spotlight on YOU and answers these questions in his biggest feature of the year

NORVELL

P-R-E-D-I-C-T-S-!

turbulence, and moments of great happiness. Mars, planet of war, brings you some upsets in love and marriage. Being born in a sign that often has two marriages you must be especially cautious of broken promises in 1941. If still single the great opportunity of your life may come early in the Spring. Marriage is vitally important to your future happiness and if you make the decision this year try to choose someone born in Leo, Sagittarius, or even in Taurus. The month of February brings a new love affair, and a decision you may have to make about someone in your life at present. The months of May and June are excellent for travel, business changes, or moving to another city or state. Watch the health in March, June, September and November of 1941, for aspects of Saturn and Mars might bring dangers from colds, accidents, or stomach disturbances. Use the creative ability that comes to you in July and August, and if you have an interest in music, acting, writing, art, or dancing by no means give up for this year brings rare opportunities in those fields. All during 1941 finances may be slow in shaping themselves, but you will have new goals to reach and your personal happiness will not depend so much on money as on love happiness. The year ends on an optimistic note and brings you inner riches and mental peace.

Our Hollywood Aries friends share the good fortune due this sign in 1941. Congenital Academy Award winners, they have not been up to par in 1940, but this year

will bring the gifted Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy back into their rightful places on top of the heap. Marriage is indicated for Davis this year, and if she marries someone born in Sagittarius or Leo she will know the happiest cycle of her life. Bill Holden will marry, too, not to escape the draft but for love of Brenda Marshall. Bill's career will be most brilliant this year. Joan Crawford has delayed marriage plans indefinitely it seems, and her mind is still vacillating between the charms of former hubby Franchot Tone and (*Please turn to page 77*)

A 1941 HOROSCOPE FREE!

Let Norvell, the man who guides the destinies of the film great, tell you what to expect in 1941. Perhaps his guidance will prove as inspiring and helpful to you in your problems as it has to many of Hollywood's glamorous screen stars. In order to obtain your own FREE birthdate reading merely fill out coupon below and send it to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. X, Hollywood, Calif. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for an immediate reply.

Please send me NORVELL'S Horoscope. I enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.

MY NAME IS.....

MY ADDRESS IS.....

CITY

MY BIRTHDATE IS.....

Mary Martin's

She's still Hollywood's gayest bride—even though her wild adventures while furnishing the Halliday dove-cote did almost land her in the divorce courts! Here's a story to make you laugh and warm your heart

If a sense of humor, not to mention a mutual taste for fun, is a sign of a good marriage, then the union of Mary Martin and Richard Halliday will be as stable as the pyramids, says Elizabeth Wilson after visiting the Hallidays' honeymoon home. Top, facing page, handsome Dick Halliday and his pretty, if slightly wacky, bride. Center, Mary's specially built bed; below, her dressing table and, right below, the big divan built for two. More pictures of Mary's home on Page 72.

Home photographs of Mary Martin by Eugene Robert Richee, Paramount, exclusively posed for SCREENLAND. Miss Martin's newest films are "Love Thy Neighbor" and "New York Town."

IF A sense of humor, not to mention a mutual taste for fun, is a sign of a good marriage, the union of Mary Martin and Richard Halliday will be as stable as the pyramids, as unchanging as Cecil B. DeMille. The easy-going, laughter-loving Richard Hallidays refuse to take themselves and their careers seriously, which makes them practically unique in a town full of dull, disagreeable people bowed down with an Atlas complex.

I'm willing to bet my last dollar that Mary and Richard will be celebrating wedding anniversaries (much to the annoyance of their poor friends who have to shell out presents—"Honey," I can hear Mary say, "it's exactly what I wanted. What is it?") long after Hollywood's most publicized divinely happy wives have taken up residence at Reno. Unless—Mary decides to furnish another home. In that event all bets are off! I won't answer for the gruesome consequences. Furnishing her honeymoon home almost landed Mary right smack in the divorce courts. Her muchly cherished sense of humor got dismally tangled up in a mess of fringe.

Some young wives simply can't cope with in-laws (Mary loves hers) and some young wives simply can't cope with grocery bills (Mary doesn't even have to bother to get the pennies back on the milk bottles). With Mary it's furnishing a home. She simply can't cope with

Queen Anne, Louis Quatorze, piecrust tables and nice young men from the Edison Company. They do her in.

"Wouldn't you just know," she says with a frankness that's a pure joy, "wouldn't you just know that I'd marry a man who had cut his teeth on Duncan Phyfe, and done his homework on Chippendale! And I don't even know Duncan Phyfe and Chippendale from Barker Brothers! But I'm learning. Sometimes I think I must have started that old vaudeville gag, remember: You say, 'I have a chair that goes back to Louis Quatorze.' And then I say, 'Well, I have a chair that goes back to Macy's, tomorrow.'"

Mary isn't exactly what you might call a home body. Now I certainly don't mean to imply that she isn't feminine. She's as feminine as French perfume and curtains of ecru voile. And pretty too, with reddish-blondish hair, big brown eyes, and legs that were made for bathing suit art. When she used to sing *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* in the New York stage show "Leave It To Me" there was no holding the menfolk, they even tried to climb over the footlights. Yes, Mary is feminine all right, but all she knows about a home, as Richard found out, is how to arrange flowers. And you can't go about arranging flowers week after week when you haven't a stick of furniture to place them on.

Whether she liked it or not, (*Please turn to page 72*)

Honeymoon Home

By Elizabeth Wilson





Brod Crawford established himself as one of the screen's most important actors in "Seven Sinners," opposite Marlene Dietrich (above).



In Universal's newest big Western, "Trail of the Vigilantes," Broderick Crawford has another virile rôle. Above, scene with Peggy Moran.

He's No. 1 Crawford Now!



Once when you said Crawford, you meant Joan. Now Hollywood has another big Crawford: Broderick. Here's Brod's dynamic story

By
Gene Schrott

"HOLLYWOOD hostesses hate me!" said Broderick Crawford—and grinned. "The minute they see me crossing the threshold, they become panicky. The minute I walk into a room, they age ten years. They forget their own manners as they make a mad dash to where their treasured Sèvres vases are standing and fix themselves there with a vigilant and defiant air. Then as their eyes sweep across the room, first to the Wedgwood bowl on the piano and then to a Tang ginger jar on the mantelpiece, I can see a fresh worried look sweeping over their faces."

There wasn't the slightest hint of embarrassment or apology in Brod's voice. For a brief instant, he shifted in his chair. Then crossing his long legs and lighting a fresh cigarette from the stub of the one that lay smoldering in the ash tray, he went on with his explanation. "You know all about the bull in the china shop. Well, that's what Hollywood thinks of me. But remember. A few years ago some enterprising and disbelieving guy decided to see for himself. He must have been from Missouri. After hearing a lot of talk about bulls in china shops all his life, he still had his doubts. Then one fine morning, he decided to do something about it. He went out and got the biggest, clumsiest bull he could find. He led the animal down the most exclusive street in New


York and into one of the swankiest china shops. He was fully prepared to pay for every cent of the damage done. And what happened? That massive, hulking bull looked around at the glittering, fragile *objets d'art*. He blinked his bovine eyes in utter boredom. And then with a look of disgust on his face, he wearily trudged back to the door and out into the fresh air. Not a single vase, not one fragile finger-bowl, not even a tiny teacup was touched. Well—that's me!"

That's only one of the three reputations Broderick Crawford had to live down since coming to Hollywood. "Everyone thinks I'm destructive. They think I go around smashing things just for the fun of it. Maybe it's because I'm so big and hulking."

The movie colony is first beginning to realize that Brod's bark may be far worse than his bite. They still have to understand that he derives no sadistic pleasure from going around breaking material things.

"Sure," he admitted, "I *am* destructive. I want to break a lot of things. But not Wedgwood bowls or Sèvres vases. What I want to destroy are all the stupid and superficial shams that keep people from enjoying life!"

The blue eyes abandoned their mischievous twinkle. Deep furrows traced them— (Please turn to page 71)



FUGITIVE FROM "MAISIE" RÔLES

Ann Sothorn, pretty victim of Hollywood's "type casting," has the change of pace she craves in "Dulcy"—but now she's doing another in her popular series: "Maisie Was A Lady"



Little
Lessons
in
Loveliness!

Your lovely teachers are Paulette Goddard, representing the sultry sirens, and Marie Wilson, for buoyant blondes. Paulette, femme appeal of "Second Chorus," chooses a chartreuse and silver lamé dinner gown to bring out her brunette beauty; while Miss Wilson, of E. H. Griffith's "Virginia," suggests scarlet for the golden-haired charmers.



Eugene Robert Richee

New Girls In Town!

Hollywood's latest crop of lovelies includes these newcomers, picked by Warners' alert talent scouts. 1: Mary Brodel. 2: Lucia Carroll. 3: Alexis Smith. 4: Peggy Diggins. 5 and 6: Maris Wrixon.

Photographs by Elmer Fryer, Schuyler Crail, Hurrell

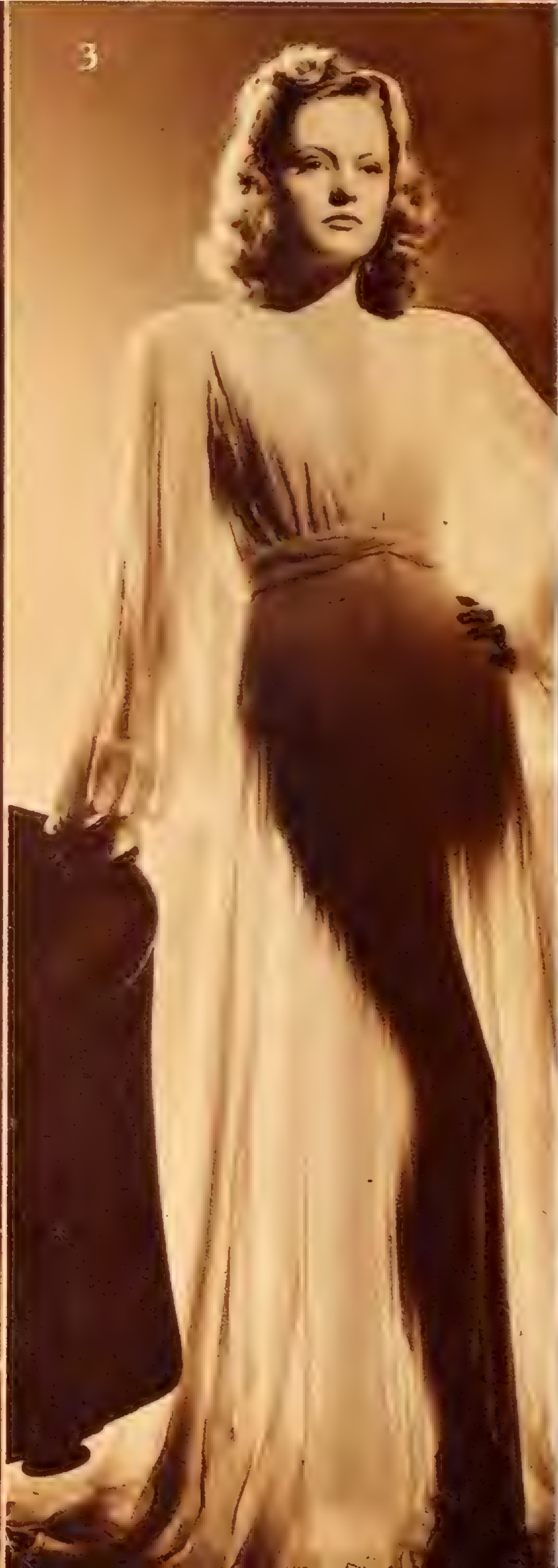
2



1



3





Gary Cooper



COLLECTORS' ITEMS!

Two more signed portraits for your movie star album: Gary Cooper, now in "Meet John Doe," and Carole Lombard, appearing with Robert Montgomery in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith"

Carole Lombard



and SHADOW



Errol Flynn, in modern dress for new melodrama, "Footsteps in the Dark"



Cobra skin, says Bette Davis, is smart and new. Above, her boxed coat for evening, in rich brown. Below, why not a coachman coat? Of natural camel's hair, it is double-breasted and accented with large gold disc buttons.



A

For informal Sunday nights in the semi-tropics, or an advance suggestion for Spring, try patio pajamas with striped trousers, topped with tailored white blouse and broad-shouldered bolero.

Fashion "Letter"



Blue fox for brief shoulder cape and muff, worn with a pencil-slim black dress, suggested by the star for girls with flair. Below, slim, slim gown of ice-blue satin with soft folds across the bosom and graceful draped skirt.



Picture gown for the picturesque girl who can look like her own portrait when she wears it: black net with fitted bodice, bouffant skirt, long, tight sleeves. She wears a jewelled rose.

From

Bette Davis



A Mansion the Movies Built



Glorious view of the hills is reason the Browns do most of their dining and entertaining in the Spanish patio, above. The valuable antique griffins and vases contribute to the decorative motif, with a huge awning which softens the glare of the sun by day and pulls back on fine evenings to permit a grand panorama of sky and stars.



Above, another fine view through the portals of the porch, with one of several fountains of old Spanish tile in the foreground.



Above, most streamlined room in the house is Clarence Brown's bedroom, with austere simple modern furniture and plain plaster walls. At left, a view of one of the guest rooms, of French inspiration.

First pictures of Clarence Brown's magnificent estate at Calabasas, California, where the famed director and his wife, the silent screen star Alice Joyce, entertain in the grand manner. "Come Live with Me," co-starring Hedy Lamarr and James Stewart, is Brown's latest picture



The Brown's collection of old Spanish furniture is one of the most complete in the country. Above, the large living room provides a setting for some of their finest pieces.



The dining room, above, is French, with the handsome chandelier, the chairs covered in antique velvets and brocades, and the particularly beautiful carpet of special note.



The picturesque building above is the stable which houses Clarence Brown's horses. The big trees on the estate are among the oldest in San Fernando Valley.



Above and at right, two views of the beautiful white mansion, part of the old Gillette estate, which is now the Brown home. Here Clarence and Alice cultivate their land, ride horseback in the surrounding hills, entertain their friends at barbecues. A model of Menlo Park, the home of Thomas Edison, was set up on Brown's estate, where most of the Spencer Tracy film, "Edison the Man," was made.



Photographs by Clarence S. Bull, M-G-M

THE MOVIES MOVE OUTDOORS!



20th Century-Fox

The call of the wide open spaces is answered in current cinema, "Western Union," with Randolph Scott and Virginia Gilmore (right). Other players in cast: Dean Jagger, Robert Young. Yep—an epic!







Clarence S. Bull, M-G-M

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Virginia Weidler, Ann Rutherford, and John Shelton
in "Keeping Company"

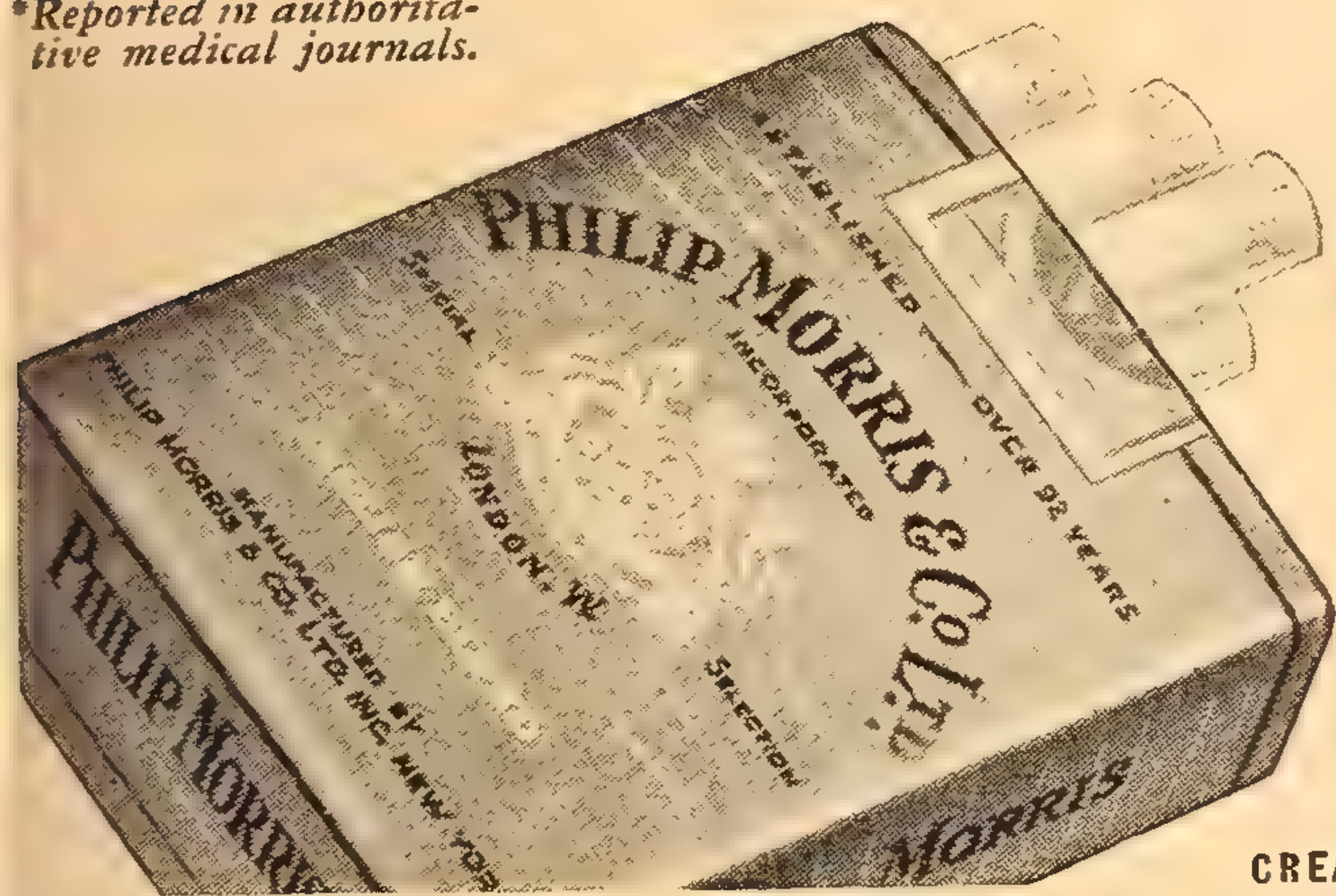
"MY JOB'S A PICNIC..

All I do is remind you... there's a vital difference that makes you want PHILIP MORRIS"

YES... a vital difference in manufacture... brings to you a vital difference, of smoking enjoyment without smoking penalties. For, as a group of distinguished doctors found*

—WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF THE NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—CLEARED COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED.

*Reported in authoritative medical journals.



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

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CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 92 YEARS, ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME

Screenland Salutes The Camera Artists!



A long-deserved and well-earned tribute to Hollywood's least publicized artists, the portrait and "still" photographers. Men of creative imagination and technical skill, they should receive the same attention from motion picture audiences as the stars and the directors. Give them your applause!

Our preceding pages represent Hollywood's finest photographers at their best. Nowhere else in the world will you find so many highly expert, sensitive artists of the "still" cameras as in the screen capital. They do not receive star billing on theater marquees; their names are never flashed upon the screens—yet it is their fine work which serves to interpret the scenes and the stellar personalities of American movies to you of the audience. No one art section in any publication can hope to include all the excellent photographers of the Hollywood scenes. In our sixteen pages this month we feel they are exceptionally well represented, from the first glamor-pose of Ann Sothorn by M-G-M's clever Carpenter, to "The Most Beautiful Still of the Month" by the same studio's noted Clarence Sinclair Bull.

Among the other camera artists represented you will find the famous Elmer Fryer of Warner Bros., pioneer in his field and still and ever one of the finest. Longworth, also of Warners, outstanding for versatility. Eugene Robert Richee, Paramount's imaginative artist, noted for his original backgrounds for feminine beauty, as is Hal McAlpin, also of Paramount. Gaston Longet of RKO-Radio is unusually effective in outdoor scenes. The unsung artist of 20th Century-Fox who made the stunning scene captioned "The Movies Move Outdoors" deserves credit. Others (not represented this month) include Universal's Ray Jones; Columbia's A. L. Whitey Shafer; Warners' Scotty Welbourne; Milton Gold whose outdoor scenes have special excellence—to all of them, our thanks and appreciation!



Your **GUIDE** at a **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"SECOND CHORUS"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GAY!

APPEAL: Strictly for entertainment, and why not?

PLOT: Adventures of two perennial college boys trying to make the musical big-time and the same girl at the same time with grand musical interludes of Artie Shaw's clarinet and Fred Astaire's stepping—and Charles Butterworth's guitar-playing of all things!

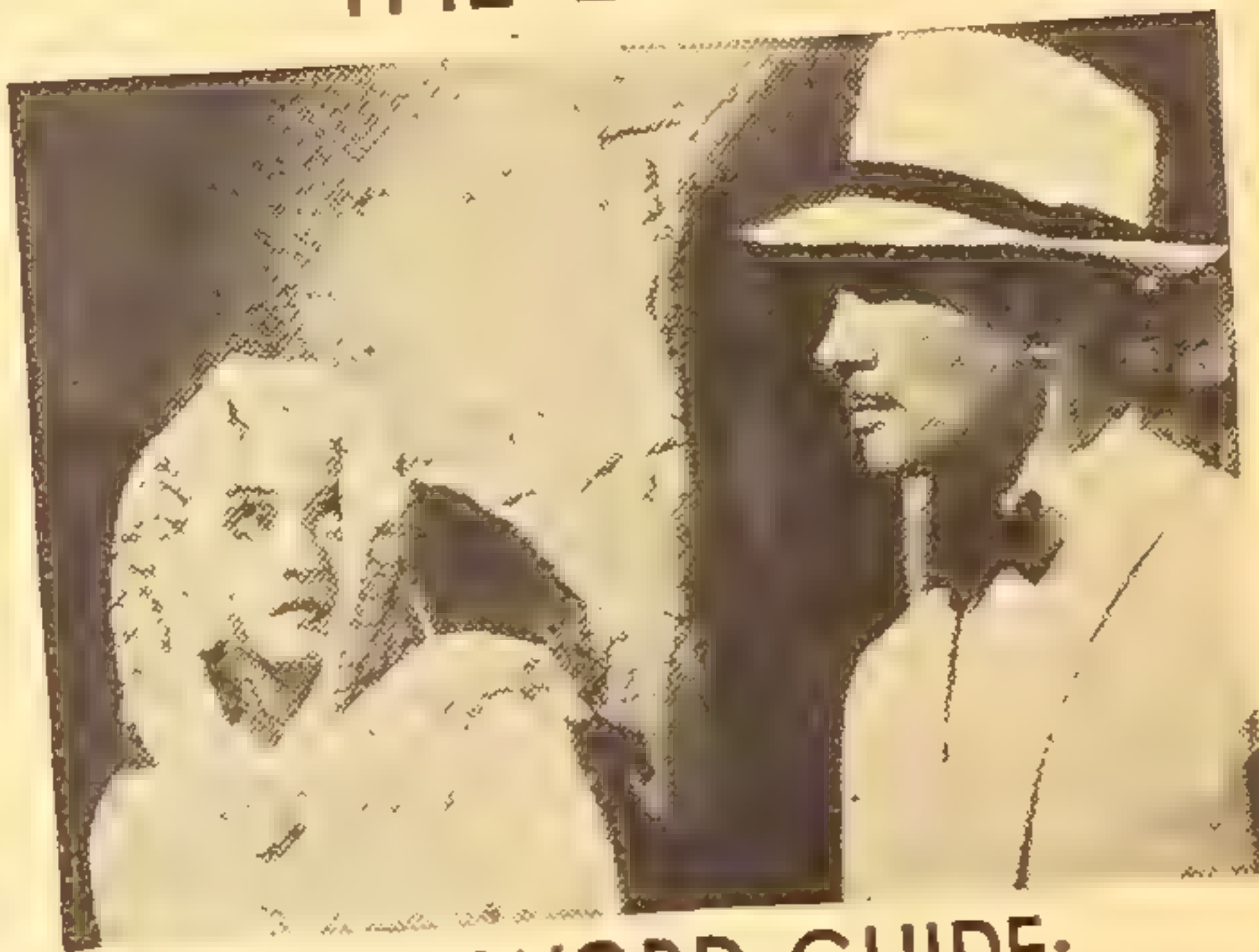
PRODUCTION: Slick and swift and swell—real stuff for the jitterbugs, sophisticated by-play for those who can't tell a trombone from a shinbone. Just the right spontaneous spirit in every department, good to the last prop.

CRITICISM: You might say it's too light and frothy, but you'd better not say it too loud.

ACTING: Sheer, sparkling fun, every performance! Fred Astaire is his old debonair self, dancing better than ever. Burgess Meredith will surprise you as a deft and delightful comedian, with that zany quality only he has. Paulette Goddard is another surprise in her fast dance with Astaire. Charles Butterworth, priceless.

Paramount

"THE LETTER"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GRIPPING!

APPEAL: To connoisseurs of adult drama.

PLOT: From W. Somerset Maugham's 13-year-old stage play of faithless wife, murdered lover, unsuspecting husband, smart attorney—scrambled destinies in exotic Malay setting.

PRODUCTION: Elaborate, authentic, though often too meticulously detailed for high dramatic effect. William Wyler's careful, dignified direction concentrates on suspense which sometimes wears thin.

CRITICISM: Let-down in the "big" scene where wife tells husband: "I still love the man I killed"—well-bred admission which should have been dramatic dynamite.

ACTING: Bette Davis superb in the repressed style which she chose to employ—but you may wish she had let her hair down just once. Herbert Marshall is wooden as the husband—but James Stephenson as the lawyer plays with such charm, conviction, and technical skill that he steals the picture, assisted by clever Oriental Sen Yung.

Warner Bros.

"THE PHILADELPHIA STORY"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
SMART!

APPEAL: For sophisticates only—be sure the kiddies don't sneak along.

PLOT: Philip Barry's Theatre Guild play which insured Katharine Hepburn's big stage comeback, now adapted to the screen by Donald Ogden Stewart, concerns the escapades of snooty suburban set, their amours and epigrams.

PRODUCTION: Very, very glamorous in a broad-A way, with George Cukor's silken direction, absolutely right settings, and an Adrian wardrobe for the star giving you an eyeful, with the racy dialogue giving you even more of an earful.

CRITICISM: A little too smart, a bit too brittle, too far removed from reality—but if you want bright escapist stuff, here it is done up in dynamic package.

ACTING: It is Hepburn's show, and she plays the girl with all her might, right down to the last moué. If you like her, you'll love it. Cary Grant is chief male in the case, good as always. But it is little Virginia Weidler who'll appeal to you.

M-G-M

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Swans

"ARIZONA"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
BIG!

APPEAL: To everybody who ever wore a cowboy (or girl) suit, with or without a pony.

PLOT: It's *Ride 'Em, Cowgirl*, this time—with the woman wearing the pants and winning her spurs from the bad men of old Tucson.

PRODUCTION: It's super, with something like two million dollars and two years' work going into the making of it, and showing right through all the dust, too. Wesley Ruggles directed with a keen eye to dramatic as well as scenic values.

CRITICISM: Too long, too much plot, and too much of it too unbelievable to play it as "straight" as Ruggles directed. 2 hours and 8 minutes is a lot of picture, mister.

ACTING: Jean Arthur is cute as a button as the hard-ridin', straight-shootin' lady terror of Tucson, and she *really* rides and *really* shoots. No doubles. Give the little girl a hand, folks. William Holden has the thankless rôle of the lad she loves and bosses and he plays it as manfully as any guy could, but it's still the toughest assignment of the month.

Columbia

"TIN PAN ALLEY"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
ENTERTAINING!

APPEAL: Remember *Sheik* of *Araby* and *K-K-Katie*? If you do, this is for you.

PLOT: The songs, soubrettes, and funny sayings of Broadway and environs in the days before and during the last War, with marching men and dancing girls to delude you that those were the happy days—but with comic complications to keep you amused.

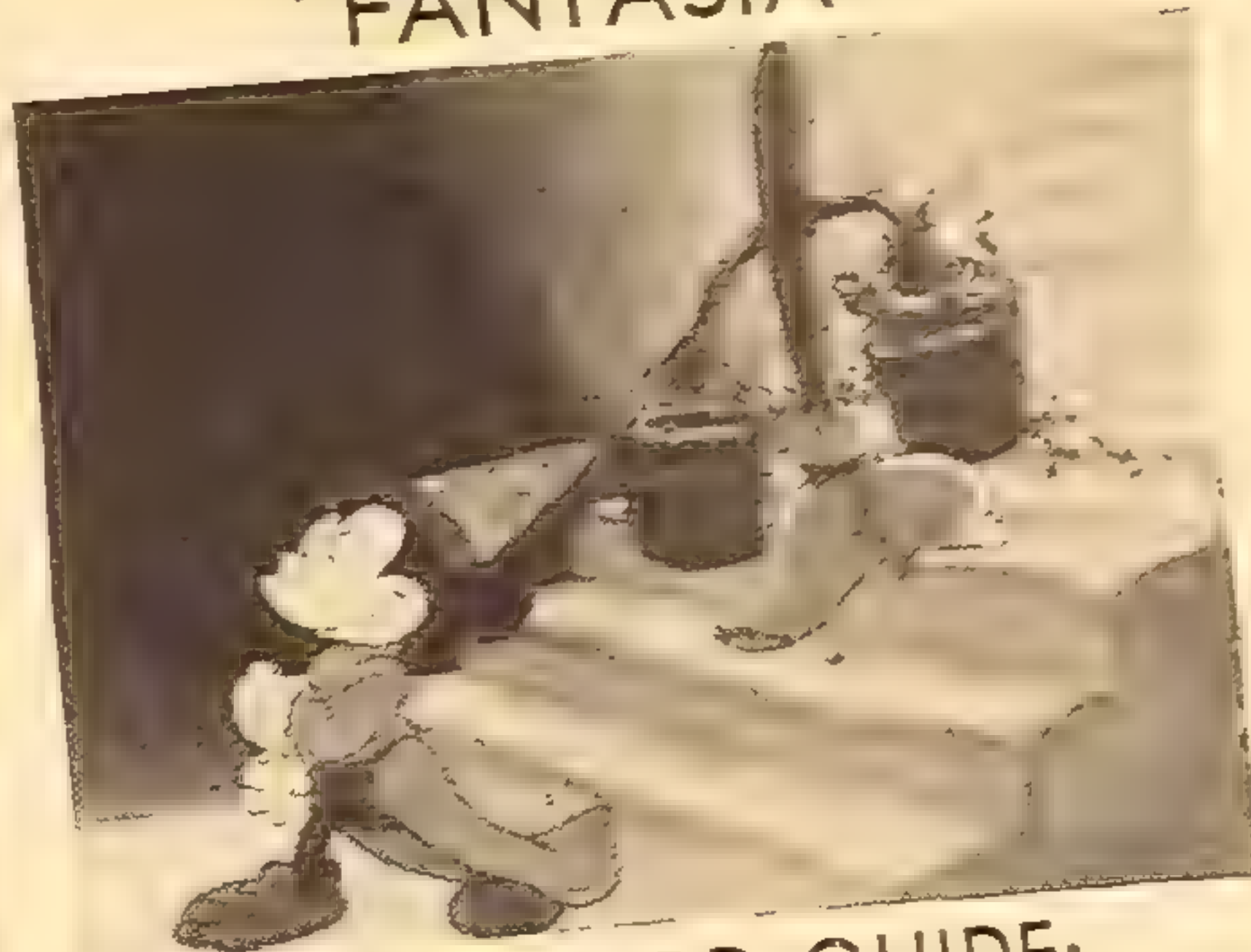
PRODUCTION: Just about as lavish as it could be and keep it all on one screen. The song numbers are stunningly staged, the "atmosphere" will give you a good old case of nostalgia.

CRITICISM: Much as you may enjoy looking at Alice Faye, this is one film in which her lovely chin quivers once too often as she says adieu to her sweetheart. *Sing, Alice, sing!*

ACTING: For prodigal emotion and melody it is Miss Faye's show, and she never looked lovelier. Otherwise it's all Jack Oakie and Betty Grable: Jack for hilarious "business," Betty for pert beauty and leg appeal. She can dance, too. John Payne is almost lost in the shuffle of more vivid talents.

20th Century-Fox

"FANTASIA"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
AMAZING!

APPEAL: To all music-lovers and addicts of Disney cartoons.

PLOT: Great music interpreted by Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra, and Walt Disney and his staff of artists. You'll hear Bach, Beethoven, Dukas, Stravinsky, Tschaiowsky, Mousorgsky—you'll see the quaint, comic, lovely, or terrifying images evoked by the music.

PRODUCTION: Distinct advance in sound technique, to be shown in a limited number of theaters equipped with Fanta-sound. All the vast resources of Disney's wonderful studio were called upon to create the incomparable cartoons.

CRITICISM: If you don't like the music there are the marvellous cartoons. If you don't like Disney, it's your own fault.

ACTING: Lucky audiences who have seen first showings have fallen in love with Mickey Mouse in "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" all over again, with the *Sugar Plum Fairies* of "The Nutcracker Suite," with the centaurettes of "The Pastoral Symphony"; they are shuddering still over the monsters of "The Rite of Spring."

Walt Disney



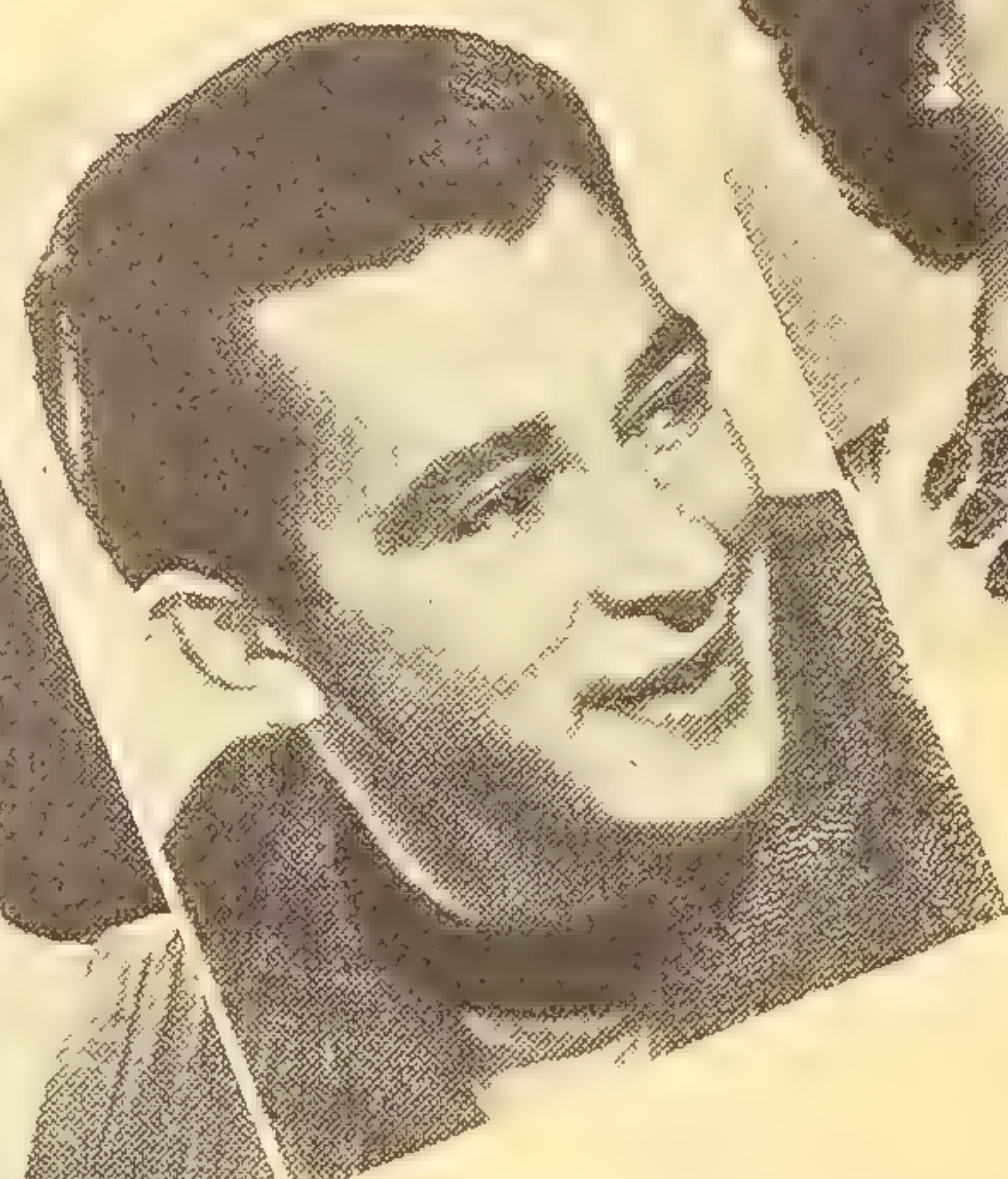
Spencer Tracy. He never scraps with his studio.

Erró Flynn. His practical jokes earned the bird for him.

John Shelton. Shows more promise than any other newcomer.



Kay Francis. Proved herself a good sport by playing minor rôles.



Rosemary Lane. Nothing is as important to her as her work.



Charles Boyer. He gets the biggest bird of the year.



Bette Davis. Posies for this marvelous actress and fine sport.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN used to sing of "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la" but your Mr. Mook (being a cynic) chortles over "the raspberries that drop in the fall, tra-la" with, of course, a few medals tossed in here and there so people can't say he's the kind of guy who pinches wings off flies.

The editor says, "Don't be always giving people medals for the same thing." Well, the editor is right, except when you start rooting for a girl before anyone else (almost) ever heard of her, and when she justifies your faith by making the grade, and when, after ten or eleven years she's still the most glamorous figure on the screen, and when, after five or six years, she's still every male's ideal wife, you can't change horses in midstream and give her a medal for her figure, can you? So the first flowers of the season go to Myrna Loy. In fact, Minnie (I guess if your friends can call you that I can, too) take the whole hothouse. As far as I'm concerned, compared to you, the others are just "also rans."

The first medal of the season is a three-decker affair to be split between William Holden, Dennis Morgan and John Shelton because they show more promise than any juveniles who've come along in many a year. Every picture Bill is in is something for your "Must see" list. And Dennis gets an extra citation because he's been kicking

Medals and



Our bad, mad Mr. Mook reviews Hollywood personalities and performances—good, bad, or indifferent—of the past year and bravely dispenses loud raspberries as well as shiny, new medals

Randolph Scott. Has more talent than he's been able to show.



Lucille Ball. One of the few real wits of the screen.



John Barrymore. Boos for dissipating his talent.



Virginia Grey. One of the real screen beauties.



Claudette Colbert. She's always gracious to fans and photographers.



Joel McCrea. He is friendly and the "typical American boy."



James Cagney. He gets a medal, so he can smile now.



Ida Lupino. Not just a pretty ingénue, but an actress.

Rosalind Russell. A dame with a sense of business.



Richard Arlen. He can take a bow for admitting mistakes.



Priscilla Lane. It's a birdie for pretty Pat, too.

Birds!

By
S. R.
Mook



around Hollywood for years without a break and now that he's finally getting one he is not only delivering the goods but he is a "sweller" fellow than he was when he was unknown—and that's as rare as gold in these heah hills.

Oh, say, Miss Loy, you're so well-established I'm sure you won't miss the bed of carnations if I give them to Linda Darnell because, although she may not be the best actress on the screen—yet—she is certainly the most opulent eyeful.

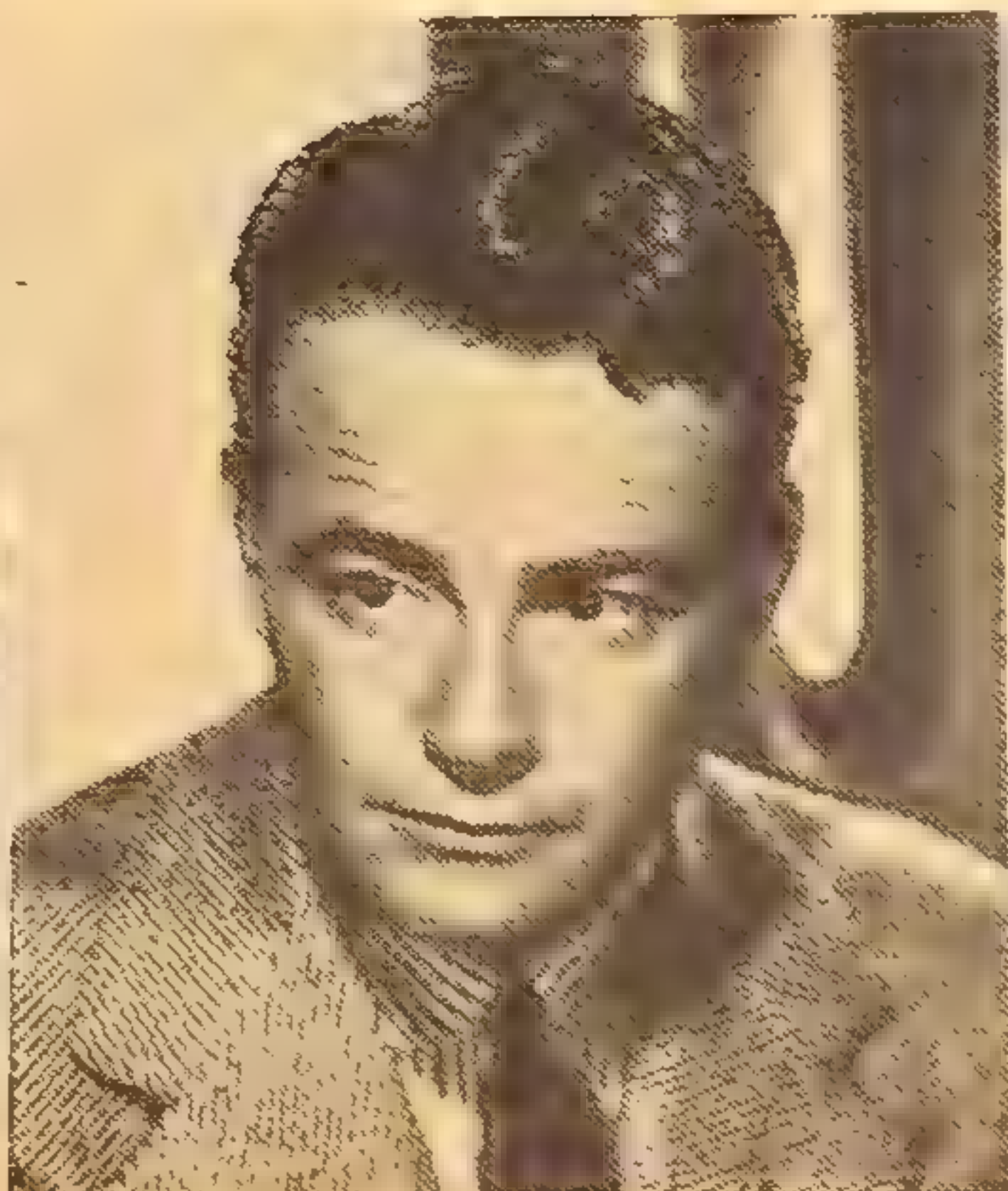
The next medal goes to Mickey Rooney because, although he may be as fresh and cocky as some people say he is, it's the cockiness of youth and he's never smart-aleck. And he's never gotten "too big for his britches"—except when the script called for it.

Listen, Myrna, I'm sure you're going to be a good sport about this but I guess maybe I went overboard a little, remembering you in "Third Finger, Left Hand" and "I Love You Again" but, after all, there *are* a couple of other girls on the screen who can't be ignored and, since they're friends of yours, you won't care if I give the American Beauty roses to Carole Lombard because she's one of the few twists on the screen who can play comedy or drama with equal facility and equally convincingly. She can dress like (Please turn to page 74)



Joan Crawford. Lives up to traditions of stardom.

Lew Ayres. Goes right on playing DOCTOR KILDARE.



Myrna Loy. Compared to her the others are "also-rans," says Mr. Mook.



Alan Curtis. A shiny Mook medal for this young man.



Our startling story tells you what the Hawaiian Islanders really think of such visiting movie stars as Irene Dunne, Shirley Temple, Bette Davis—shown on this page.



Pan Pacific Press Photos

PLAYGROUND OF THE STARS

Five days away from Hollywood, movie stars feel that in Hawaii they can let go their inhibitions; that they can live and let live, love and let love, without attracting attention. They are so wrong! Read the truth here



DOWN where the trade winds blow, ever so gently, you will find the tropical island of Oahu, the most important of the Hawaiian Islands. On the island of Oahu is the City of Honolulu, population 150,000, probably the most publicized city in the world. Everyone has heard of Waikiki Beach, where the surf rolls and the beach boys ride the surfboards; of Diamond Head, once a volcano, but now the island home of the millionaires. To Big Business, Honolulu means Sugar and Pineapple, the two major industries; to Uncle Sam, Honolulu means Pearl Harbor, the United States seventy-million-dollar naval base; but to you and me and the movie stars Honolulu just means a grand place to Get Away From It All.

What with a war-torn Europe crumbling into tragic ruins Aloha-Land, with its tropical moonlight nights, its

Bing Crosby absorbed Hawaiian atmosphere for one of his films. Lana Turner, at lower right, reveled in such native water sports as paddling an outrigger canoe.



By Elizabeth Wilson

colorful and fragrant flowers, and its charming old Polynesian traditions, has become the last stand of Romance. Just as the followers of Ponce de Leon once so desperately sought the fountain of youth, so now people from all over the world seek romance and forgetfulness in this lovely paradise of the Pacific. No wonder Honolulu has become the mecca of escape-loving tourists, no wonder it has become the favorite playground of Hollywood's movie stars.

Five days away from Hollywood and all its snooping (*Please turn to page 92*)





Look at Me!

I'm Carolyn Lee

Yes, you mothers with movie ambitions for your gifted children, better look at this latest infant prodigy to win screen success and listen to her true story before you pack up your own family and start out for Hollywood!

By Charlotte Sherwood Collins

top money-making star in the person of a little Ohio girl whom they had discovered playing on the sidewalks of the small Ohio town of Martins Ferry. Here was a child who could make the public forget their war worries, and the fifty cents clinked through movie turnstiles as a consequence. Now the new hope of Hollywood is working in a very expensive vehicle indeed, the all-technicolor picture called "Virginia," and it is not so unofficially rumored that she is by far the highest paid young newcomer to the glitter city.

"What I like best is eating onions and sitting on good laps," says brown-eyed, dark-haired Carolyn. The lap-sitting episode that started her on her career was the time she decided that a Paramount theater man, a friend of the family who owned and managed a string of theaters throughout Ohio and West Virginia, had a good lap. The man, Tracy Barham, stopped in Martins Ferry one afternoon, to renew acquaintance with his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Copp. He hadn't seen them in several years and hadn't any idea that the brown-eyed baby playing on the sidewalk in front of the Copp home, was theirs. Carolyn followed him in, crawled on his lap, admired his pretty tie. That was enough to make him send a picture of the charming lap-sitter to Paramount studios in Hollywood. Mr. Barham was in no way a talent scout, but after his discovery of the money-making baby the Paramount organization has dubbed him "talent scout extraordinary No. 1." Also, business man Barham finds himself a real talent scout, whether he likes it or not. "I can't go into a restaurant," he moans, "without half a dozen mothers parading their children before me." He explains that these are in addition to hundreds of photographs, letters and telegrams which he receives weekly from ambitious mothers all over the country.

The next lap-sitting victim of the delectable Carolyn was Y. Frank Freeman, Vice-president of Paramount Pictures, Inc. On receiving Carolyn's photograph, Mr. Freeman had arranged to have a personal interview with the child while on a business trip to the East. The two met in Chicago; Carolyn sat on his lap; and within a

SEVERAL years ago a midget made front page copy by sitting on the lap of the great J. P. Morgan, making him smile. It was a great feat. The financier, who is stern of face in the palmiest of financial days, was in no mood to smile that depression afternoon when a tiny bit of femininity crawled on his knee and produced a grin which was caught by a news photographer and subsequently placed on the front pages of newspapers all over the country.

Smile-producer and lap-sitter de luxe of today's headlines is another tiny miss, just three-foot-high Carolyn Lee, who has brought grins to those war-harried and therefore financially worried gentlemen, the movie makers of Hollywood. After Carolyn's first picture, "Honeymoon in Bali," in which she stole the show from the always popular stars Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray, the smiles of the movie brass hats widened to Happy Hooligan proportions, for they found that they had not only a top ranking money-making picture, but a

week the baby and her mother were aboard an airplane Hollywood bound for movie tests with all expenses paid. The next man to fall for her charms was comedian Bob Hope, who became so interested in the newcomer that he was in there pitching from the moment she took her first test to the time they signed her on the dotted line at a salary fabulous to baby stars.

Next to fall was Edward H. Griffith, the director-producer, who was so enchanted that he asked to direct her first picture and was instrumental in making her the white hope that she is today. Mr. Griffith is also the director-producer of "Virginia," the Madeleine Carroll-Fred MacMurray picture, in which Carolyn is now being featured. Latest reports from Hollywood indicate that Jack Benny is the most recent to succumb. What will be the outcome of this only time and Carolyn can tell.

We think of friendliness as a trait of childhood. But is it? Our own hopefuls stick out their tongues or hide their heads in a corner, when persons we would like best to impress appear.

"She has always played up to people," laughs Mrs. Copp. (The Lee was chosen for professional purposes.) "Sometimes it has looked as though we put her up to it, for instance once we were at a gathering in which my husband's employer was present. Carolyn walked over to him and said 'You're Mr. —, aren't you? I want to sit on your lap.' The most embarrassing part of it was that before she climbed down she had talked him into an extra vacation for her father!"

Like Orson Welles, Carolyn has always had a phobia against childhood. Perhaps this may



be laid to her rearing. Instead of being a baby she has been trained to be the adult offspring of a charming Southern girl and a quick-witted salesman husband, a Northerner.

"We couldn't have a baby—in the usual sense," says Carolyn's mother, who was born Miss Evelyn Landers of the deep South. "My husband was on the road for the Wheeling Steel Corporation. I traveled with him. She simply had to be grown up right from the first. We decided that before she was born."

At two weeks of
(Please turn to p. 80)

You saw this amazing youngster in "Honey-moon in Bali." Now she's scoring again in "Virginia," with Fred MacMurray.



**By
Courtenay
Marvin**



If Eddie Senz were to redesign your hair in person, you might find yourself in the same situation as starlet Grace McDonald. But now there is the new picture way.

The Future Holds A Change For You

A redesigned coiffure can work magic. Here is how you can see yourself as you might look

ON THE top shelf of your closet, there is probably a hat box. And in that hat box, there may be a little spring number, vintage of 1940. When you put it there, it was in good condition and you had loved it so. You had so many compliments when you wore that hat. But that was last year! At this moment, you may be mentally designing your spring wardrobe. And you hope—you hope—that pearl of yesterday will somehow offer another hat change with the reefer or suit you have in mind.

But it won't! You will be surprised and chagrined when you try it on. This is the story on all saved-over hats, except the classic felts that are dateless. All, all is, indeed, change. And that applies to your physical attributes as well as your wardrobe.

Many of us cling to the same old hair-do through

thick and thin, and for no reason, except that we don't know what else to do. You ought to change your hair-do as frequently as you change styles in hats. You ought to keep up with the times on your coiffure and not let it date you. But you ought to keep up-to-date in the right direction. But what is the right direction? If your nose is too prominent, what then? If you have a gaunt type of face? If your face is too broad? You can look and look in your mirror for the solution, but unless you are one of those rare souls, gifted with the all-seeing eye, you won't get the answer. Here is truly where you need the viewpoint of another who can see you from all angles, not just from the front. Of course, you know that if you could have the Hollywood benefit of studio make-up and coiffure experts, a very different face would look at you from that mirror. You can recall before-and-after pictures of the most beautiful and glamorous faces that look at you from the screen today. I remember Joan Crawford in a kind of marcelled affair, as harsh and rigid as the steel girders of a building. I remember Ida Lupino with a blonde powder puff of hair. I can recall many candidates for the hair gallery of horrors both from unattractive arrangement and the fact that hair bore no more affinity to the face than salt to coffee.

While the techniques of the permanent wave and setting have, in themselves, been pretty nearly perfected, many of us still do strange and unbecoming things with our topknots. And we can forgive you for being out-of-date if you still look lovely. But when you mar good facial contours, conceal perfect ears, or accent your very worst features because of your hair, that is a horse of another color.

Patricia Morison's beautiful hairline is a definite facial asset. Here, she studies virtually every strand of hair to smooth it into its shimmering place. When your hair is away from your face, it is important to keep this line in perfect order, and a tiny comb does the trick for you.

How to create the individual coiffure for you and show it to you on your own face, without actually undergoing the process, has puzzled many bright heads. But now we have the answer—in fact, your answer. And it came about through a commingling of Hollywood and New York talent. After having restyled thousands of women's hair, Eddie Senz, hair design creator and make-up director of many Hollywood studios, discovered that there are six basic hair color groups, three on the blonde side, three on the brunette. Within this color group, there are enough classifications in face types to make you dizzy, and they range from the sculptured to the courageous. Actually, there are about forty-eight in all, and still some unusual types that cannot be classified.

"The ideal face," says Mr. Senz, "is a pure oval, perfectly proportioned and balanced. This is the face that haunts men's dreams, but, like most ideals, is seldom realized in actuality." While I have no wish to encourage an epidemic of insomnia for the gentlemen, to attempt to approximate this face ideal through optical illusion means a distinct addition to your beauty and appeal. So much for Mr. Senz' contribution.

It took the ingenuity of Joan Clair, a hair authority in her own rights, to discover a method of presenting your own coiffure to you—to (Please turn to page 87)



Here is a study in "before-and-after." 1. We see a model before her hair was redesigned. It hangs in a heavy mass, with no particular style or character. It broadens her face, makes it heavy and lifeless. 2. Here we have a smart, redesigned coiffure that gives a clear-cut, interesting line to the model's face. That hair will do credit to a new hat.

Here's Hollywood

YOU CAN put your finger on the pulse of Hollywood's feuds and love affairs by dropping in at *Ciro's* on a popular night. When a film couple coo and cuddle at a night spot, Hollywood immediately takes them close into its heart and makes their love a basis for mutual public concern and entertainment. Lana Turner and Tony Martin certainly make no bones about how they feel about each other in public, or otherwise. The other night at *Ciro's*, because of insistence from all quarters, they put on a scorching exhibition rumba. The gay crowd went very loud and enthusiastic over such spontaneous entertainment. The only person not entirely at ease was George Raft. He hurriedly picked out a beautiful girl to do him the honor, and before the applause from Lana's and Tony's dance died, he was on the floor doing his stuff. For some strange reason he was suddenly lost in the crowd and his fancy steps were completely ignored.



THERE is much more to the teaming of Jimmy Cagney and Rita Hayworth in "Strawberry Blonde" than meets the eye. In fact, practically no one knows that these two are old-time friends, and that almost ten years ago they used to do a tap dance routine together. Don't misunderstand me, they didn't work on the stage, Rita was too young for that. But at the old "Cansino Dancing School," which is still in business, now on La Brea Boulevard, Jimmy used to keep his dancing up to snuff by taking weekly lessons. He was still leery, then, of his newly acclaimed dramatic ability on the screen and still too close to his chorus boy days to let his dancing go by the boards. So, occasionally, Papa Cansino, Rita's father, would call out his eleven-year-old daughter to give Jimmy a partner for his routines. Little did any of them dream that one day he would have the say-so to choose Rita to play a dramatic rôle opposite him on the screen.



James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland, above, as they appear in "Strawberry Blonde," a big new film set against a picturesque background of New York in the Gay Nineties. Left, Rita Hayworth as the pretty siren of the title. Watch for complete fictionization of this exciting story in the March issue of SCREENLAND.

THE most stinging slap that Myrna Loy has had to take, in the face of her divorce from Arthur Hornblow, Jr., whom she married on June 27, 1936, is the rebuke that she has failed to live up to her screen reputation as the perfect wife. Hornblow was as near the kind of sophisticated husband that Myrna has had on the screen, as was possible to find in real life. He made a fetish of the rites of gracious living. Wines were served at only their most flattering temperatures. His home had to be at all times the essence of charm and perfect gentility. Some dissenters argue that it is a case of criminal negligence that Myrna couldn't make a go of marriage with that kind of co-operation. Others insist that the brilliant code of sophisticated give-and-take that she made so popular on the screen is basically all wet and no longer as enviable as it was. No matter which way you look at it Myrna must face the fact that her divorce may shock some of those fans who have insisted that *her* marriage was "perfect."

AT LAST Alice Faye's studio has come to the point of chastizing her because she won't co-operate on publicity. You see fewer portraits of Alice Faye than you do of most other stars, because she has slipped into that I-don't-care attitude on art and interviews. To goad her into caring, a Machiavellian-minded executive has issued strict orders that a graphic chart showing monthly publicity coverage of Fox actresses be sent to Alice regularly. The chart shows the flattering sea of space garnered by Betty Grable, Linda Darnell and other favorites. The last chart sent to Alice showed how startlingly even newcomer Gene Tierney topped her in nation-wide publicity. Alice, to date, has simply turned a jaundiced eye on the whole thing. These days she is far more content to take herself to the desert and relax completely. A sight to make you open your eyes is to see "Fayzie," in blue denim pants, perched on a rail fence at a popular resort ranch, chewing on a piece of straw and lost to this world in a stupor of sunshine.

**Communiques from the Film Front
Bringing the Latest News Flashes
About the Stars and New Pictures**

**By
Weston
East**



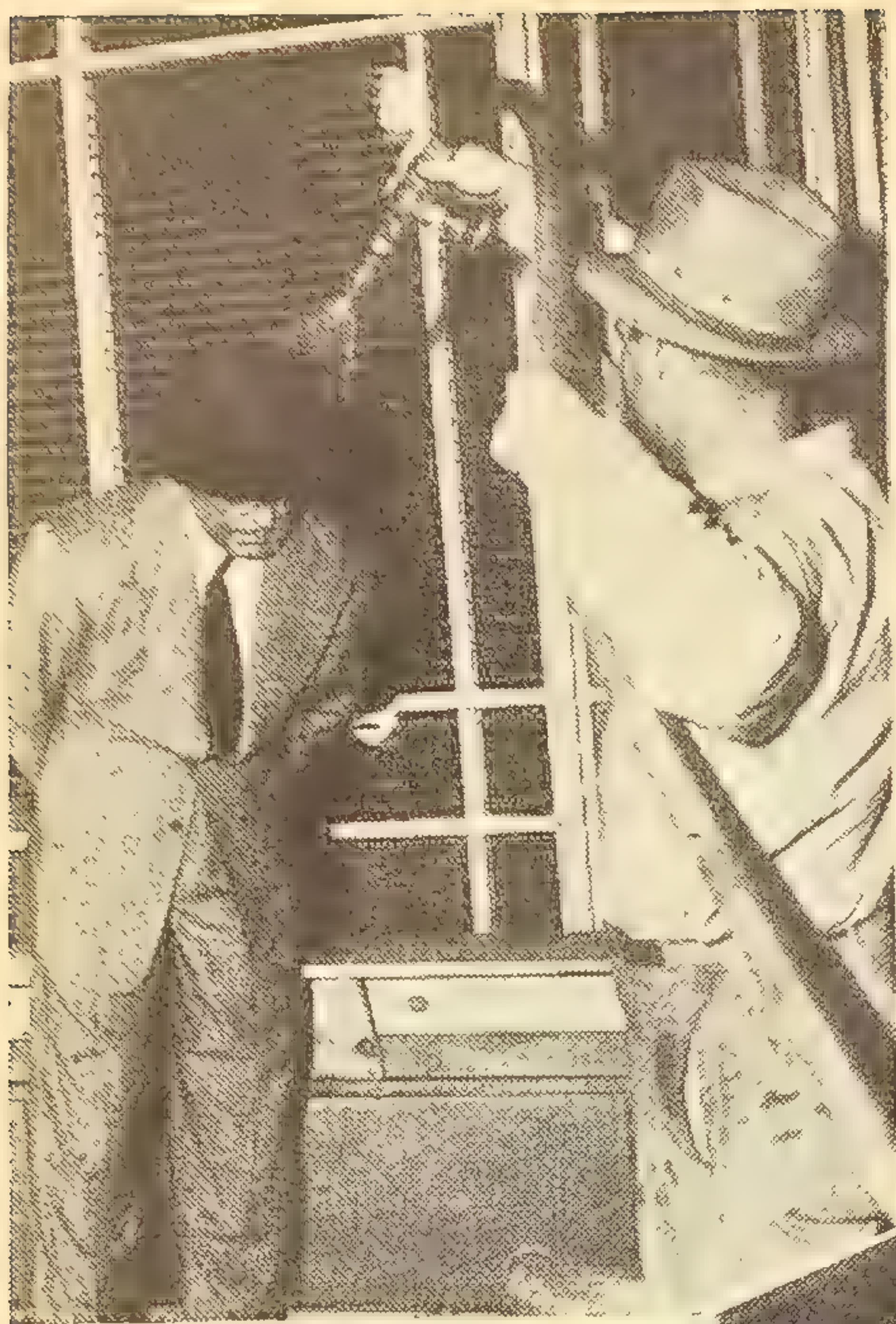
The acting and directorial trio responsible for "Dark Victory" are reunited with the making of "Her Great Lie." Bette Davis is its star, George Brent is her leading man, and Edmund Goulding is the director. The story is from "January Heights," Polan Banks' modern romantic drama, with a unique social problem.

FOR THE first and only time on record Southland society girls are one up on the whole tribe of Hollywood's flashy motion picture sirens. Young Jack Kennedy, son of the ambassador, Joe P., during his stay in California has ignored the run-of-the-mill filmland debutantes in favor of the real gilt-edged variety. . . . No one can figure out the reason why it has loomed so fantastically amusing, but Lew Ayres has endured more belittling pranks and degrading gags than is sporting because he has seriously announced that he has become a vegetarian. . . . Maxie Rosenbloom has started noising it about that he is instituting a protective measure for actors' careers. He is going to demand that actors get a test of their *director's* ability before starting a picture. It might be a good idea at that! . . . The most pleasant surprise of the month was to see Tyrone Power (not looking at all like a stepfather) having a quiet dinner with Annabella and her daughter in an out-of-the-way corner of the dining room at the Town House.

It happened in a crowded bus that runs through Beverly Hills' busy shopping district and, on occasion, carries some of the most glamorous people in the world as passengers. Freddie Bartholomew struggled aboard laden with packages from a shopping orgy and walked right into a little drama that might have come from the pen of adolescent-wise Booth Tarkington. The minute Freddie squeezed into the crowded vehicle, the light in the eyes of a smart little high school girl who sat there, quickly changed from the most frivolous unconcern to the deepest admiration. Freddie became just a little nervous under that worshipping stare. And then came probably the most embarrassing moment of his life. The smitten young lady, as in a trance, slowly rose and offered him, almost sacredly, her chair. Freddie completely flustered, burned crimson and stammered his refusal. . . . The mirrors that Hedy Lamarr is supposed to be demanding in the new car she's designed for herself make it look like a boudoir on wheels.



Look out below—here they come! These scenes from "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," show Carole Lombard and Gene Raymond being dropped in a parachute for a hilarious moment from the film. Carole screeched her way down. Gene, resigned to his fate, started out holding his hat and wound up holding his chin.



George Brent has a spray turned on him for a rain scene in "South of Suez," murder mystery and romantic drama about South African diamond miners. Right, Brent in a scene with Lee Patric, Brenda Marshall.



In this scene, right, from "That Uncertain Feeling," Ernst Lubitsch's gay film romance, LARRY BAKER (Melvyn Douglas) is using all his persuasive powers in asking his wife, JILL (Merle Oberon) to cook a Hungarian dinner to entertain a group of business prospects. She looks none too pleased.



THERE never was a more emphatic flouncing out of Hollywood than Sylvia Sidney's annoyed and unceremonious departure. On her recent return, Sylvia was welcomed back with warm and friendly gestures all around. There was great praise shouted for the "new" understanding person that she had become. However, after a few weeks, the sultry-eyed Miss Sidney reverted to type and the Warner lot saw temperament and temper it won't soon forget. Sylvia fell into a desperate relapse of her old headstrong ways. She rewrote her lines, she ranted at direction, and she demanded rewriting of the script that she had already once okayed. Finally she stamped her foot and screamed, "It's worse than it ever was"—meaning Hollywood, of course—and made a move to get out of town in a hurry. There were no well-wishers at the station to see her off, there were no entreaties to hurry back, and there were *no* tears.

PLEASE, Olivia de Havilland, take heed! It's straight from the heart of one of your most steadfast admirers. Won't you make an effort to stop wearing those strange hats when you're out for an evening? . . . You can believe what you please but I insist that it *was* a bee that caused that recent powerfully swelled black eye of Tony Martin's. It happened at the Hillcrest golf course on the fourth tee . . . Oh-oh, I'll bet there'll be fireworks such as there have never been before. It is a fact that Sonja Henie has offered to begin to teach Dan Topping's son the rudiments of ice-skating. And there is strong talk going about hinting that Arline Judge, who young Dan calls mama, won't see eye to eye on the proposal.

NO MATTER how hard they've been trying, several national magazines have had no luck in keeping a feud going between Eastern society belles, coiffure experts and style creators, versus the stubborn Hollywood glamor girls. It all concerns hair-dos. The Eastern half of the argument was gaining ground and getting along beautifully in their campaign for putting pompadours and "hair high" in general, popular vogue. However, a contingent of glamor girls, including Hedy Lamarr, Ginger Rogers, and Lana Turner held out for the happy-go-lucky habit of just letting hair hang. The movie girls left the Eastern group a little flat-footed when they dubbed as "matronly" any hair-do that nests up above the ears. That one word has won them undying support from their millions of fans. Letters are pouring into Hollywood assuring the Western contingent they will be loyally supported down to the last bobby pin.

A LITTLE morbid and hardly fitting the surrounding indifference, is the new "Memory Wall" of portraits at the Vine Street Derby. With your lunch at this famous spot you are now confronted with an entire wall of an over-gay and frivolous group of once loved movie stars. You are made startlingly aware of John Gilbert's too brilliant smile, the never equalled vivacity of Jean Harlow's face, the homely yet loved countenance of Marie Dressler, the restless-verve of Douglas Fairbanks' eyes. And suddenly you realize that these fabulous, dramatic people, who many times lunched in this selfsame room, are no longer with us. The result gives you the creeps and is an unsavory accompaniment for a luncheon table.

A BIRDS-EYE view of Palm Springs these days gives you a three-ringed version of how vigorously movie stars relax. At Lone Palm there is no missing Errol Flynn's tireless and spectacular feat of dunking that heroic body in and out of the dazzling pool. Down the main street of Palm Springs Diana and Bill Powell tear headlong through the dust in a bicycle race. A peek into the patio at The Desert Inn finds Rosalind Russell, in sun suit and dark glasses, vigorously knitting, and at the same time talking at such a terrific speed that, in comparison, a trip-hammer has a lullaby beat. Lana Turner's attempt at badminton at The Racquet Club is the only approach to lackadaisical boredom you are apt to see. The El Mirador pool is churned to a fury with John Shelton, Bob Taylor and a group of their cronies' abortive and exhausting attempt at water polo. Gracie Allen's plea to her children, in the shallow end of the pool, to play in the "nice" water is lost in the splash and yelling. Dancing is incessant on every dance floor in the desert. Merle Oberon and Alexander Korda giggle themselves weak knocking out an old-fashioned square dance dressed in hiking clothes and boots. The desert, for stars exhausted by camera strain, evokes a most strenuous kind of "rest," it seems.

IT WAS an interesting study watching Gary Cooper's and Lupe Velez' lack of recognition or reaction of any kind when, with their respective partners, they sat at dinner at a fashionable dining spot with their tables practically touching. The Cooper and Velez affair once kept Hollywood pop-eyed. . . . Everyone is wondering why Cesar Romero does most of his bicycling up and down the back alleys instead of out on the main streets.



Jackie Cooper, left, looking ever so grown-up with a mustache A LA Clark Gable, and Bonita Granville, appearing very sirenish, for the comical high school play episode for "Galant Sons," dramatic story of the 'teen age, in which a group of school youngsters help capture a murderer.



Richard Nichols, child actor in "All This, and Heaven Too," will next be seen in "Invitation to Murder." Above, left, in scenes with Jeffrey Lynn, Geraldine Fitzgerald.



REAMS of publicity continue to be written about Linda Darnell's pet rooster which lives right in the house with the rest of the family. "Weedy," the favored fowl, has the run of the house, and woe to the unwise person whose manner might have even the slightest tinge of distaste or criticism. Someone asked Mickey Rooney, after being a guest at the Darnell home, how he liked dining at a table that accommodated a pet rooster which darted about picking up stray crumbs. Mickey, with an ecstatic beam spreading over his face, mooned, "I'd accept a dinner invitation at Linda's any time, even if I had to sit down at the dinner table with a *snake*!"

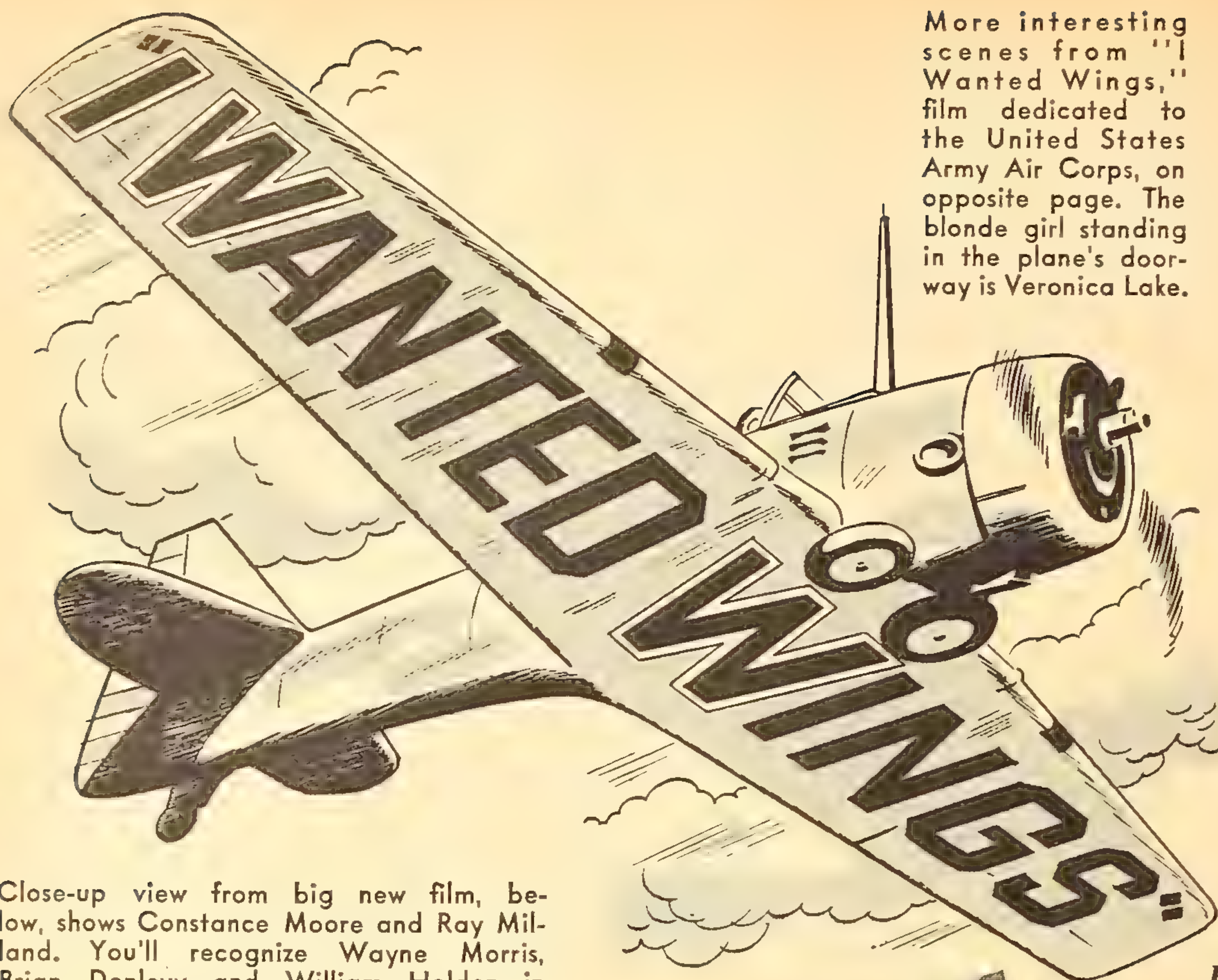
A GROUP of actors on the Warner lot, including George Brent, Jimmy Cagney, and others, were all chatting idly over their luncheon in the Green Room. Of course, as is inevitable in Hollywood, they got to talking about fellow actors. They fell into serious discussion of the habit of the Warner publicity department's pinning tag names on their players. They talked of the merits and the drawbacks of Ann Sheridan's "Oomph" title, Brenda Marshall's being made the Honey Girl by America's bee-keepers, and even of new little Joan Leslie's title of The Sunshine Girl. Slowly, in their prearranged gag they fell heartily in accord with the title that the head of the praise department had, they hinted, just chosen for Eddie Albert. In awe, Eddie demanded to know what it was. Very seriously George Brent confided, "Why, don't you know, Eddie, that they are starting a nation-wide campaign to put you over as the *Wham Boy*?" Eddie never said a word, but he flew out of the room in a fury headed straight in the direction of the front office.

THEY say that the strapping, handsome young man Mae West has constantly in tow lately is a one-time athlete whom Mae has taken as a protégé. He is not to be an actor, however, but will go into the *potato chips* business. . . . The rowdy bunch of urchins that gather every Saturday morning on Sunset Boulevard near the Chaplin studio have a weekly rendezvous with Fannie Brice. When her limousine pulls up at a near-by florist's shop it's the kids' signal for a weekly treat of ice cream and candy at a shop down the street.

NELSON EDDY still lives a charmed existence in motion pictures. For some reason, in his fans' eyes, he can do no wrong. And for some reason Nelson Eddy of the screen and concert stage is a wash-out compared with Nelson Eddy in real life. I wonder what would happen if his fans could know him as he really is, a friendly, easy-to-know, spontaneous person. Not even without a little fire at times. However, always a very well-banked, gentlemanly fire. His followers have gathered their impressions of him only from seeing him on the screen, and from hearing his cool dignified concerts, each one always executed in a technically perfect voice. Many music lovers agree, however, that he is far from satisfactory in warmth and feeling. But Nelson Eddy doesn't have to answer his critics—that's been proved once again. A columnist whom you all know tried, recently, to take another pot-shot at Eddy. And again Nelson's fans rallied to the cause and threatened the columnist's very job. The scribe has completely reversed his opinions, that is, at least in print. Histrionically, Nelson may be as cold as a clam to many people, but he has fallen into a charmed spot on the screen that only a fool would try to despoil.

NO ONE can think up as devastating an outfit for sunning as Marlene Dietrich. She cornered all attention at the Arrowhead Springs pool-side during a recent holiday weekend when she threatened to actually get into the water. However, she didn't do any swimming. She dunked one toe and decided not to risk it. The outfit she flashed as she approached the pool consisted of a pair of shorts of candy-striped silk and a flaming vermilion blouse loaded with diamond clips. Those beautiful jewels would have carried her to the bottom of that pool like a stone if someone would have, perhaps, just given her a tiny little push. I'll admit I would have liked to have witnessed that myself—just to see how high the ensuing fury would have mounted.

INTIMATE Hollywood eyefuls: Marlene Dietrich quickly apologizing to an attendant at a smart night club when she left off babbling in French to Erich Remarque for a moment and addressed a question to the flunky in the same language, and the poor fellow just gave her an open-mouthed stare. . . . Anne Shirley smiling complacently, and a little on the wife-being-tolerant side, when John Payne, after a gourmet's dinner at a popular restaurant, pulled out a huge, well-seasoned pipe and disappeared in a dense cloud of smoke. . . . Jeanette MacDonald, fretting and very annoyed with doing recordings in an unfamiliar language, focuses a freezing stare in the direction of a technician when he gives an unmistakable intonation to the two simple words, "Prima donna!" . . . People are beginning to coin amusing and yet annoying jingles about Rosemary Lane and Buddy Westmore simply because they have been constant companions for over two years and can't make up their minds to become engaged.



More interesting scenes from "I Wanted Wings," film dedicated to the United States Army Air Corps, on opposite page. The blonde girl standing in the plane's doorway is Veronica Lake.

Continued from page 25

Lights crept back into the city again, slowly at first, then whole sections leapt into life once more, and overhead there was a moon and stars tranquil in a sky that had been filled with death that short space ago.

"The raid is over!" the radio announced. "Once more Los Angeles takes on the tempo of normal life. No homes have been shattered. No fires sweep the gutted streets of a murdered city. No terror or sorrow fills the upturned eyes of helpless civilians. *For the United States is at peace!* But these realistic army maneuvers are a convincing guarantee that Americans, soldier and citizen alike, intend to be prepared. We are returning you now to the studio where..." Suddenly his voice tensed. "One moment please! We have just received a bulletin. An Army flying fortress bomber en route back from the maneuvers is reported to have crashed in the hills north of March Field. Several members of the crew are believed to have bailed out safely. The fate of the rest of the crew is not yet known and officials refuse to comment on the unconfirmed report that a woman was found dead in the wrecked plane!"

So even though there was peace and the bombers were those of the United States

Close-up view from big new film, below, shows Constance Moore and Ray Miland. You'll recognize Wayne Morris, Brian Donlevy and William Holden in other scenes on this and opposite pages.

Birthplace of man's wings, America today watches her skies with grave concern. For in these skies of peace the nation is building the upper battlements of its defense. To the officers and men of the United States Army Air Corps who climb on strong wings to man these high ramparts, and to the young men of America who will take them, this motion picture is dedicated.





Army, even though it was magnesium flares that were dropped over the city that night and not bombs, a life was lost. And it was because of that woman, dead now, that woman who had stretched out her hands so eagerly to life that Jeff Young, second lieutenant in the United States Air Corps, was being court martialed at March Field.

He stood before the military board, his eyes fixed on the table where the saber, the pair of officer's gloves and the dress cap lay in mute evidence of the trial going on. Near him sat two of the men who had flown with him on the maneuvers that night: Captain Hunter, his superior, leaning forward in his seat, his hands holding tensely to his crutches as he listened; and the corporal, Al Ludlow, his head still

"I WANTED WINGS"

(A Paramount Picture)

Produced by Arthur Hornblow, Jr. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Photographed by Leo Tover. Screen Play by Richard Maibaum, Lt. Beirne Lay, Jr., and Sig Herzig. Based on a story by Eleanore Griffin and Frank Wead from the book of the same name by Beirne Lay, Jr.

Jeff.....Ray Milland
Al.....William Holden
Tom.....Wayne Morris
Capt. Hunter.....Brian Donlevy
Sally.....Veronica Lake
Caroline.....Constance Moore
Masters.....Phil Brown
Sandbag Riley..Harry Davenport



swathed in bandages, his eyes never leaving Jeff's face as he listened to the charge against him. It was a serious charge, permitting an unauthorized woman passenger on board a flying fortress airplane, with the result that the plane had crashed and the woman was killed.

"How does the accused plead?" the judge advocate asked.

"Guilty, sir," Jeff said quietly.

Al was on his feet then, unmindful of Hunter's restraining hand. "That's not true, sir!" he cried. "He's kicking his job away for me. I'm spilling the works."

He stood there, holding his ground as he heard Jeff's voice raised in protest, as he heard the beat of the gavel, the other voices raised too. But if he was ever going to hold his head up among other men again, if there was ever going to be any kind of life for him from now on, he would have to talk. He would have to tell them how it was. He would have to go back to the beginning, back to that first day at Randolph Field. . . .

* * * * *

I knew Jeff the minute I saw him. He was just like his pictures. You could hardly look at a roto section or a picture magazine those days without seeing him in polo togs or swimming down in Florida or being one of the stags at a deb shindig. If they had glamor boys the way they had glamor girls I guess that's what you'd call Jeff. His mouth looked as if laughing came easy for it, and his eyes looked that way too, and he had such an easy way with everybody you'd never think he'd been born with a golden spoon in his mouth.

At first I couldn't believe he was one of us new cadets come to report for our first day at Randolph. To see him driving up in his year-after-next convertible roadster, dragging out his golf clubs and a load of fancy luggage, made you think he was headed for a country club instead of a flying training field. But when the Senior Cadet Captain lined us all up I saw he was standing right next to me.

"Down here at Randolph they don't care who you are and where you come from," the Captain said. "The Army's only interested in two things: Can you fly? Will you make an officer? And they'll find out. We upper classmen will try to help you learn what we learned in the last four months. Now before you report to the Flight Surgeon for physical re-check, take a look at the man on either side of you."

I'd seen Jeff, so I looked at the man on my left. I almost did a double-take, for I'd seen him before too. In pictures, I mean. He was Tom Cassidy, All-American half-back of the year, one of the most popular football idols the country has ever known. He was a great husky blond kid with a nice smile, and I liked him.

"Go ahead, take a good look!" the Captain urged as all of us just stood there grinning at each other. "In four months one out of every three of you won't be here. Dismissed!"

Jeff was the quickest one of us on the draw. "You two should toss a coin to find out which one he's talking about," he said.

I'd never known what it was to be sick a day in my life but I felt I was catching every new disease there was as we walked into the medical examiner's office. That's how anxious I was to get into the service.

Jeff was the first to be examined.

"Well, sir, you seem to be a rather normal specimen," the Flight Surgeon smiled. "Tell me what made you join the Air Corps, Mr. Jefferson Young, the third?"

"Well, sir," Jeff grinned right back at him, "I guess it's that 'third' stuff. Junior's okay, but by the time you're the 'third' you wonder if you're a man or a memorial."

"Fed up knocking that polo ball around? Trying to find something your father's



Len Weissman

Edgar Bergen amazed and amused the guests at the big party he threw at the Lakeside Country Club recently with his magic feats.

money can't buy, that's it?" the doctor went on and then as Jeff nodded, "What makes you think it's the Air Corps?"

"I hear it's tough," Jeff said.

"Are you?" The doctor looked at him closely.

"That's what I want to find out," Jeff said quietly and then as the doctor nodded he stepped aside and Tom took his place.

"What made you join up, Mr. Cassidy?" he asked as he put his stethoscope down. "All-American half-back wants the game to go on—that it?"

"I—I never thought about it, sir," Tom said reddening under his tan. "But—yes, sir, I guess it must be something like that."

"Well," the doctor said dryly, "Randolph hasn't any grandstands."

It was my turn then, trying not to show how nervous I felt as he gave me the physical check. But it was all right.

"What did you do before you entered the Air Corps, Ludlow?" He asked then.

"Mechanic, sir," I answered. "Worked in an airplane factory, selling, tried about everything."

"Where'd you get your two years college equivalent? Night school?"

I couldn't help grinning at that. "No, sir, I never stayed long enough in one place," I told him. "I got a satchel full of diplomas from correspondence schools."

"What made you join the Air Corps?" he said then.

I couldn't answer that right out. I couldn't tell him about Sally or the way I felt even now thinking about her as if my heart had taken a nose dive down into my shoes. So I only told him part of it. It was the truth, even if it was only a part of it. "I want to fly, sir," I said.

"Good enough," he said and smiled, and so I knew I was all right as I went out to the others.

"Gee, I'm in!" Tom said as if he still couldn't believe it as we walked over to our quarters.

"That's just a reprieve," Jeff said. "You'll be out before the end of the year, All-American."

"Listen to that big, rough pony boy," Tom snorted. "He won the international cream puff last year."

I could see then I was going to have my troubles rooming with a couple of celebrities. "It's gonna be awful noisy sleeping in the Hall of Fame," I cracked.

But I guess at that the training was easiest for me because I'd never been used to anything before. There's something to be

said about knocking around and not having things made too smooth for you at that, for you get hardened to almost anything. So the drilling and the disciplining and the going without things came easy for me. But the flying itself, that was different. Jeff and Tom took to it as if they'd been born with wings. Lieutenant Hunter was our flying instructor and I think he saw I was sort of hopeless from the very beginning. But he was a real guy, Hunter. He had the sort of face a man has when plenty has happened to him but he had the kind of eyes and the smile a man gets when he can take those things, too. And it didn't make any difference that Jeff was who he was and Tom was almost a national hero and that I was—well, just what I was, a dumb mechanic who for all that he wanted to couldn't fly worth a plugged nickel.

"Whew!" he said once when he was flying with me. He'd just leaned over and grabbed the stick out of my hand otherwise we'd have banged right into another plane. "You keep making the same mistakes, Ludlow!"

It was that same afternoon Jeff made his first solo flight. I could see by the smile on Hunter's face how well he was doing as he signalled him to come down. "Out of my way, dodoes!" Jeff grinned as he came up to us.

"I feel better now," Tom said. "If you can solo, anybody can!"

Jeff didn't say anything for as we were passing a grounded plane we saw a girl climb out with a camera in her hand squinting her eyes against the sun. I wish I could describe that girl, how pretty she was with her wide blue eyes and her hair that looked the way the leaves do in the fall with the sun shining on them.

Jeff looked as if he'd never stop staring at her and she laughed. "What's the matter?" she asked. "Haven't you ever seen an airplane before?"

"Never with a landing gear like that!" Jeff said. "You're pretty free with that camera around an Army Post, aren't you? You know what? I think you're a spy! And you know what happens to spies? They shoot them at sunrise."

"Look! I'm trying to make a series of pictures for a national magazine with the full permission and co-operation of the United States Army!" The girl looked at him coldly. "I hear it costs nearly twenty-five thousand dollars to make a pilot. Don't you think you've wasted enough of the taxpayers' money?"

"I know who you are now," Jeff said laughing. "Carolyn Bartlett, photography's dynamic symmetry girl. Kansas corn silos, steam turbines, the private life of a blast furnace."

"Yes," she said coolly, "and I must say I find them more interesting than junior birdmen." She looked at Tom then and smiled as if she didn't mean him. But she couldn't fool me even though she did Jeff. I knew it was Jeff she liked even then. A girl, even a nice one, doesn't try to make a guy burn unless she's interested in him. And when a couple of days later she was going to take pictures of the typical Randolph cadet and they picked Jeff for the model and she sent word back she thought Tom was more the type I was surer than ever it was Jeff she liked, even if it was Tom who took her places when he was off duty.

Jeff pretended to kid about it but he was pretty burned and he and Tom kept making cracks at each other. But I had other things to think of. If signs meant anything it certainly looked like I was going to be washed out of this man's army. "Let's take a walk," Hunter said to me one afternoon when we'd been up together. And then after we'd walked a bit down the field he looked me square in the eyes. "Why am I losing a man who's got everything it takes to make

a good flyer?" he asked. "What makes you tense up and stop using your head? What's on your mind? You act like a man who should have joined the Foreign Legion. What is it, Ludlow? Family, money, women?"

"Just tell me I'm through, sir," I said desperately. "I can take it."

"Why don't you forget her?" he said then, his voice quiet.

Suddenly I knew he wasn't a man anyone could kid. And suddenly I felt as if I wanted to talk to him too, as if I had to talk to him. I'd held it in so long that I couldn't stop once I got started. "I can't forget her," I said then. "I keep seeing her, the way she was the night we busted up. I keep hearing her saying, 'I'm going places and you're a flop! A fifteen dollar a week grease monkey!' I was sore too. I told her to shut up and beat it and she went. Sure, there was another guy, two or three of them. She sounds like a gold-digger, but if you knew her you wouldn't feel that way. We kept meeting, afterwards, around town. So I threw up my job and pulled out. It didn't go so well. I kept telling myself it was just bad breaks but after a while I started wondering if maybe it was me. I always wanted to fly ever since I was a kid. That was one of the reasons I joined up, sure, but it was more than that. You see, I had to know about myself."

I'd never told anyone so much about myself before, not even Sally. But I didn't mind telling Hunter. And then after a little while he started talking too. Oh, he pretended it was some other guy he was telling about but I knew it was him. He'd had a hard time passing the tests to get into Randolph because of his eyes but he kept exercising them all the time, wigwagging a pencil in front of them until he went almost crazy with it. Then he passed and he took his girl out for a celebration and that night coming home in his car they smashed into a truck and she was killed.

"The first couple of months at Randolph weren't so easy," Hunter said then, still pretending it was some one else he was talking about. "He kept remembering, day and night. That cut into his flying deep."

"Did he ever get over it?" I asked.

"No, he didn't," Hunter said. "He kept going in spite of it and sometimes because of it." He stopped and looked at me. "I'm sending you up with the Flight Commander tomorrow for a final check ride. If you'll forget everything but what I've been hammering into your head these last couple of weeks you'll pass. I told him I thought you'd make a pilot. I still think so."

I was all nerved up that night. That's the reason I got sore when Jeff started fooling around when I was taking my goggles apart getting ready for the next day.

"You look like you're out of gas," Jeff laughed. "What do you say we drive into San Antonio tonight and I'll introduce you to the Collonade Café?"

"I got things to do," I said.

At that Jeff took the goggles out of my hand and I let him have it, one straight to the jaw, but I was sorry when I saw Jeff go down.

Afterwards we both laughed and then we went to the Collonade after all. "I'm sorry I spun in like that," I said.

"If I had to go up in the washing-machine tomorrow I'd have probably done the same thing," Jeff grinned. "I know how you feel."

"You think you know," I said. "You've never been in a storm in your life."

"Listen, Al," he said. "I've been in one ever since I got to Randolph. Every time I pass that Flight Board those faces nearly drive me nuts. Three hundred guys daring Jeff Young to be good as Joe Doakes."

"Gee, Jeff, I never figured you would be scared of anything," I said.

"You want to know something?" he said. "The louder I talk, the more scared I am."

Suddenly he stopped, for there was Tom coming into the café with Carolyn and they took a table right near us. Jeff went over to them and I could see him flashing his charm on Carolyn. But she wasn't buying any. "How about my having the next dance?" I heard him say.

"Certainly," Carolyn laughed. "If you can find somebody to dance with you."

Jeff found somebody all right. And when I saw who it was I was right back where I started, back to the old sickness and the fear and all the other things I'd known. For the girl was Sally. There she was singing with the band, just the way I remembered her, with that bright gold hair of hers and her green eyes and her laughing red mouth. And after her song was finished I saw her in Jeff's arms and saw the way she snuggled her cheek against his and I remembered how soft it was and how her body felt in my arms when it was I she was dancing with. And I could see by the way she looked at him that Sally knew who Jeff was and that she wasn't losing any time.

Then they started coming over to the table and I heard her say: "Who's the handsome boy dancing with your girl?" And she was looking at Carolyn like Sally always looked at anyone who got in her way.

"My girl?" Jeff said. "Who says she's my girl?"

"She does. With her eyes," Sally said. Sally always knew things like that. She was smart about the man and woman game.

"Come on over to a pal of mine," Jeff said then. "He thinks he's got troubles." And then there they were and there was I thinking my legs had turned into jelly as I got up. Jeff saw right away he didn't need to introduce us. I let her know how I felt, that I didn't want to have anything more to do with her, but she didn't care. And all night I couldn't sleep for seeing her eyes and hearing her laugh as she turned away so I was pretty dragged out by the time I reported to the field. But instead of going up for the washout ride Hunter sent me up solo.

Maybe it was him giving me that extra chance that did it, maybe it was the way I remembered everything he'd ever said as if he was there in the plane with me telling me what to do. Maybe Sally had something to do with it too. I didn't want to give her



Len Weissman

Bob Hope dressed as an old-time cop, and Jules Stein went to the party as an organizer with a monkey (it's on Bob's hat).

a laugh when I was washed out. Anyway, whatever it was, I made it. I came through the way Hunter told me I could. There wasn't any washout ride for me. I was going to stay at Randolph and maybe someday I would get my wings.

I knew Jeff was seeing Sally in that little place of hers in San Antonio and I could see Carolyn knew about it too and that it hurt her. Then one day Carolyn showed us the finished pictures she'd made and there was one of a cadet's head that was going to be the cover of the magazine.

"I don't remember seeing him around here," Jeff said.

"You ought to know him," Carolyn said. "You see him every day. He's no glamor boy. His ears are too big. It's just a good, homely, tough face. There's a lot of moxy there. You'll never see this baby goose-stepping in a colored shirt with his arms stretched out. His name is Joe Yankee. He's a composite of a lot of the cadets down here."

"Hey," Jeff said then. "Is that my chin?"

Carolyn's smile was the answer to that and afterwards things were different between them and neither one of them was trying to kid the other any more. It did your heart good to see them together. They looked as if it was meant they should belong to each other.

Now I look back at it all and wonder how it felt to be happy the way we all were then. Our time at Randolph was almost over and we were going on to Kelly Field and it would just be a matter of months before we'd be second lieutenants. There was a cadet hop the night before we were leaving and I felt as if I was losing one of the best friends I'd ever had when Hunter told me he'd been promoted to a captaincy and was shoving off to March Field instead of coming with us. Then the next thing I knew there was Jeff and Tom running over to me and shaking my hand. I'd been selected to be Cadet Captain. My ship would lead all of them into Kelly Field.

Carolyn and Jeff got engaged that night. But I'd have felt happier about it if I hadn't seen Sally go over to Jeff, and heard the things they were saying. "We've been all through this before, Sally," Jeff said. "I thought we were going to be intelligent about it."

"What does that mean?" Sally asked. "Goodbye, good luck? Don't try to sell me that routine, Jeff!"

"I wish I could think up a better ending, Sally, but I can't," Jeff said miserably.

Sally's eyes scared me. I knew this wasn't going to be the end between them. Nobody else but Sally ever ended things for her. But then we went to Kelly and after awhile I forgot how she had looked.

One more week and we were going to have wings. The three of us. "Forty-five minutes of safe and sane flying behind Grandma here and we're through," Tom grinned one day as we were getting ready to take off.

He and Jeff were always kidding me about not taking any chances. They used to call me the boy scout and I knew that they were often bored flying behind me. I don't know what got over me that day but for the first time their kidding got under my skin.

"Grandma, eh?" I said. "All right, I'll give you guys a work-out!"

We got in our planes and took off. I took a few chances I never had before and they followed right behind. I was ready to stop then but the excitement had gotten them. They kept nudging their planes close up on my wings and motioning me to dive down and fly closer to the ground. I haven't got any excuses for what I did. I was being smart, I was showing them I could take excitement too. So I nosed down almost to the tree tops and they followed me.

It was over in a minute. I heard the crash and I saw it was Tom's plane lying down there crumpled on the ground. Jeff and I landed and ran over to him. But he didn't need help. His neck was broken.

Jeff tried to take some of the blame even though I'd asked him not to. I was the one responsible and I was the one dismissed from the service. I was leaving the day Jeff and the other boys were getting their wings.

I couldn't say goodbye to Jeff. I told Carolyn that when she came running after me. But she understood and kissed me telling me it was from both of them. And then I heard a car honk behind us and when I looked around there was Sally jamming on the brakes hard.

It was Jeff's car. I didn't know until afterwards that he'd given it to her before we left Randolph. And Carolyn looked as if someone had slapped her in the face. She didn't understand Sally having the car either.

Sally had worked herself up into one of her rages and I wish I could have kept Carolyn from hearing the things she was saying, that she was going to have a baby and that Jeff would have to marry her now. So I had to stand there and see Carolyn walk away as if she didn't have a thing left in the world to live for.

Afterwards when I quieted her down Sally was like a little girl again. That's the thing most people don't understand about her, the way she changes and gets sorry about things, the way she gets almost gentle after she's had one of her wild spells.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," she said suddenly and then she was crying against my shoulder. "I don't want to hurt anybody, honest I don't, but they're always hurting me and then something happens. I guess it's because everybody always kicked me around. Except you, Al. You were good to me. I miss you sometimes. Would you believe it?"

I put my arms around her and then I took something out of my pocket. A wedding ring. I don't know why but I'd always kept it. "We almost used it once," I told her. "Let's get married. Don't laugh, it might work out fine."

"It'd show that Jeff Young, wouldn't it?" she said. Then her voice sounded as if she were going to cry. "I'll make you a good wife, Al, I swear I will. Oh, I'm tired, Al, tired and lonely and lost. I don't know where I'm going."

"Neither do I," I said. "So let's go together."

But it didn't work out. I guess it was just a dream I had thinking maybe the ring would make a difference. It didn't, though. Sally tried hard those first few months, but I didn't have a job and she wanted things. You can't blame her. She was so pretty and there were men calling her up who wanted to give them to her.

It was the night that guy Tony Vanessi called her up when I was there that the blow-up happened. We got to saying things to each other the way we always did and then Sally laughed and told me she didn't have to stay; that there wasn't going to be a baby, that she'd just made it up, trying to get Jeff. I'd known that right along and it hadn't made any difference to me. And now nothing made any difference. I guess I was just too licked to feel anything at all when she started packing her things to get out.

The radio had been going all the time and after she went I felt too tired even to turn it off. Then the swing music went off and I heard somebody announce the President of the United States.

You know how his voice sounds, warm and friendly like he's someone you know? Well, that's the way it sounded then. You

probably heard that speech too, all about the United States needing planes and men to fly them.

"To cope with the present dangers we must be strong in heart and hand," he was saying. "Strong in our faith, in our way of life."

That speech did something to me. Before, when I'd thought of flying, it was always the thrill and excitement of it that got me. But now it went deeper. Flying got important now the way the United States of America is important. If planes were going to help America I was going to help too. I knew I couldn't fly them any more. But I could do my bit for the men who were going to fly them.

That's how I got to be a mechanic again. Only this time it was the army. I was working for. I enlisted the next morning and now that I really had something to work for I was getting ahead. In a few months I was made boss mechanic and was on my way to March Field.



Len Weissman

That's Mary Livingstone (otherwise Mrs. Jack Benny) watching Herbert Marshall gravely helping Rosalind Russell to a light at the Cocoanut Grove during an evening of fun.

Hunter was there, I knew that, but I hadn't expected to see Jeff coming towards me that first day I got there. And it was the way it always was with him being glad to see me even if he did have stripes on his sleeve and I was only a mechanic. They were the best friends I ever had, Jeff and Hunter, and between them they were trying to find a way to get my commission restored to me.

Jeff had changed. I guess it was losing Carolyn that made him seem so much older and more responsible. She broke off with him that day Sally saw her.

It was Jeff who saw to it that I was to fly with him and his crew in the flying fortress bomber that night in the war games. I can't tell you what it did to me knowing I was going to fly again, knowing that I was going to have a part in Uncle Sam's preparedness.

Then just before we were getting ready to take off Sally came back again. I didn't recognize her at first. She didn't look like Sally with her hair all mussed as if she hadn't fixed it for weeks and her clothes torn and bedraggled. Even her face didn't look the same with her eyes scared like that.

She'd killed a man, and the police were after her. She'd gone away with Tony Vanessi and now she'd killed him. Looking at her then I knew what I'd never admitted before, that Sally with her temper and her self-indulgence and her vanity had been

born to kill somebody. But it didn't make any difference. I had to help her. And when I saw the police coming I told her to hide in the hangar until they went and gave her all the money I had with me.

Everything happened quickly after that. We got our orders and we piled into the bomber and began heading for Los Angeles. We flew over it dropping our flares and it wasn't until we were on our way back again I found Sally crouched in the tail compartment of the plane.

She was sick with fear. Fear of the police that she'd crawled into the plane to hide from, fear of the noise of the flares and of me too, I guess, for I was so mad when I saw her I couldn't hold it back. She grabbed wildly at my arm and as she did her hand struck the arming wire of the flare and she gripped it to steady herself. So that was how the flare was set off and that's how we crashed on the hills north of March Field. And that's how Sally died.

Yeah, I loved her. I couldn't help it.

* * * * *

"That's how it was." The room was quiet as Al finished his story, his gray eyes looking directly at the board of officers sitting in front of him. "Jeff said the court would never believe I didn't know my wife was on the ship. He said he knew he had to go, but there was no sense in both of us taking it."

The room was cleared then while the court deliberated the verdict. Neither Jeff nor Al spoke as they made their way slowly outside. Then suddenly Jeff stopped as he saw Carolyn coming slowly toward him.

So her hand was in his when they came back into the room again and they heard the verdict that cleared him. And her hand was again in his that day a month later when they came over to the plane Al was waiting to fly.

Hunter was already there and they smiled when they saw the long envelope from the War Department in Al's hand. "I don't know how to thank you," Al said.

"Don't thank me," Hunter smiled. "We need you. We need thousands like you."

Jeff gave him a push toward the plane. "Mister," he laughed, the way men will when they are covering up emotion, "you wanted wings! Go get them."

Al couldn't speak and so his answer was the plane taxiing down the field and then soaring up into the skies, carrying to a new destiny the boy who wanted wings.

He's No. 1 Crawford

Now!

Continued from page 34

selves in the broad brow and a sombre, serious expression settled on the face that is ordinarily lit up with a good-natured smile. "Life is far too valuable to be wasted," Brod continued. "It's a shame that most people take it so lightly. We only have it for a short time. And it's such a valuable thing. Why don't we take fuller advantage of it? Why shouldn't we get the best out of it? You certainly can't live life to the fullest if you're going to worry about what people think of you or whether you're always doing the right thing."

After hearing Broderick Crawford expounding the reasons for his strange be-

havior, it suddenly dawns upon you that perhaps he is radical. Not the kind that goes around waving red flags or inciting to riot. Not the kind who gets himself tangled up in a lot of foolish, foreign isms. But radical in the sense that he believes people should be themselves and do what they please—as long as they don't hurt anyone else. His own method of living may be frowned upon by the snobbish, social set of Hollywood. But Brod doesn't care. He refuses to conform to all the "musts" that the film colony dictates to the players. He doesn't attend previews. He doesn't spend his nights at Ciro's. He refuses to go in for formal and elaborate entertaining. He still lives in Hollywood and not in Brentwood or Bel-Air. And if he feels like going away for a vacation, he gets up and leaves without having it ballyhooed in all the papers. Where he goes and what he does is purely his own business. That's why Hollywood calls him a rebel!

"Maybe my being born was all a big mistake," he laughed. "Think of all the wear and tear it would save the Hollywood hostesses. But I'm here and nothing can be done about it. Even if I didn't turn out to be a perfect and proper gentleman, it shouldn't matter. Hollywood is too full of that type anyway. I happen to be one of those guys who wasn't brought up on Emily Post. Just one of the common people. Is there anything wrong in that?"

It's only after being in Brod's presence

for a while that it suddenly dawns upon you that everything he says makes sense. Good common sense. Then, and only then, do you realize that in spite of his slightly screwy mode of living, he's really one of the sanest people in the world. Occasionally he does things that give Hollywood a distorted impression of him. The other night, for example, he took his bride, the former Kay Griffith, out driving. The moon hung like a huge orange balloon over the valley. A warm breeze was blowing inland from the Pacific. There were love and romance in the air. Only the humming of the tires on the asphalt roads was audible. But suddenly something happened to Brod. This didn't seem just right. He felt there was something lacking. Without a word, he turned the car around and sped back to town. And before a tiny, flower-studded house, he jammed on the brakes. In a single leap he was out of the car and halfway up the walk. In three minutes he was back near the car, with a short, dark man.

Once out on the open road again, the short, dark man drew a violin from under his coat. He started to play a Strauss waltz. He played another and another. For hours, he sat there in the rear seat whipping up magic music that melted soothingly in the night air. Kay was enchanted! Brod was happy! But the following day all Hollywood thought he was screwy!

"You can't blame people for thinking there's something wrong with me," Brod explained sheepishly. "I don't look exactly like the romantic type. At least not the kind of a guy whom you'd expect to go out and hire a troubadour to serenade his best girl. But there's romance in my soul. Why should I want to stifle it?"

Before he was able to achieve recognition on the stage and screen, Brod had still a second reputation to live down. "Being the son of Helen Broderick certainly didn't ease things along for me," he said. "As a matter of fact, it made the obstacles more formidable. Both father and mother are well-known on the stage and screen. And for me to get anywhere as an actor, I first had to prove my mettle. Let me tell you, that was no easy job. Especially when both of your parents are dead set against having another actor in the family."

At the age of seven, he had to start fighting the constant opposition to his becoming an actor. His parents wouldn't even hear of it. And when Helen Broderick says something, you can take it for granted it remains said.

But while Brod was spending a summer vacation touring with his parents on a vaudeville circuit, Harry Breen, another actor on the bill, offered him a dollar a week to run across the stage during the act shouting, "Tag. You're it!" After the second performance, Brod hurled the bombshell at his parents. "I don't want to go back to school. I want to be an actor!" From that moment, the feud was on! "Let's get this straight," his father said. "You're going to school for a long, long time—until you get through Harvard. Then you're going into business. Two actors in one family are enough."

"Oh, I went back to school all right," Brod relates. "I was even graduated and entered Dean Academy in Franklin, Massachusetts. It was a nice enough place. But I didn't last very long. They expelled me for trying to run the school my own particular way. I was perfectly satisfied. Without saying a word to the folks, I got myself a job touring with a vaudeville troupe as a combination stagehand, actor and general handyman. But mother soon caught up with me. Back I went to the Academy and this time I stayed until I was graduated. But after that came Harvard. I went there. Not for long. Twenty minutes, to be exact. I simply walked up to the administration building, took a good look at the place, turned around and went straight back to the railroad station where I spent part of my tuition money on a ticket back to New York."

"Harvard looked so serious and sober to me, I knew I wouldn't enjoy myself there. I tried hard to make myself believe that I might turn out to be a good business man. But the sight of those old buildings and the memory of all the great men who came out of those doors left me cold. I couldn't see myself staying there for four long years. I decided to let someone else take care of the business end of the world. I wanted to live. I wanted to have fun. I wanted adventure!"

During the next few years, adventure came fast and furiously to Broderick Crawford. He was in the bad graces of his parents and kept clear of them. But aside from this petty unpleasantness, he managed to lead a colorful and exciting existence. Relating his experiences even today, brings a flush of color to his cheeks and a sparkle to his eyes. His breathing becomes fast and irregular and you know he is reliving those glorious adventures even when he tells you about them.

"I shipped on an oil tanker to Venezuela. And if you know what oil tankers are, you'll be able to draw your own comparison with those floating de luxe palaces that ply the Atlantic nowadays. As soon as the boat started moving, I became deathly seasick. But when you're working on an oiler, that's no excuse. When the man whom I was supposed to relieve came down to my bunk to see why I wasn't at my post, I brushed his questions aside. He didn't matter. The job didn't matter. Nothing mattered. Nothing, except that I was sure I was dying. But he didn't think that was reason enough for me to stay in my bunk. He hauled off and swung at me. That brought me back to consciousness. And this," Brod pointed to his broken nose, "is the result. But it was a sure enough cure for seasickness. Not that I recommend it too heartily. But one I won't ever be able to forget."

Lean years followed. Crawford did everything from shovelling snow to shipping on tramp steamers to Europe. But back in New York once more, he decided to try the stage again. He did manage to pick up a few small acting jobs—in shows that never seemed to last a week. In desperation, he sent his one and only wire home for money. The answer came back: "Hundreds of dollars in sympathy coming."



Len Weissman

The Chester Morris newlyweds are pictured at their ringside table in the Grove in gay spirits. Chester's doing tricks for his lovely bride, the former Lillian Kenton.

Warned you not to be an actor. When you quit trying and go into business will send you money. Love."

"For a time, it looked like my acting ambitions were ended," Brod continued. "For a while, I lived on a diet of peanuts. And then later on while Buzz Meredith and I were sharing a swanky apartment at a hundred and fifty a month, we managed to get our food through a carefully devised plan. We'd get up early in the morning and follow the milk wagon on its daily round. In a little while we'd collect enough milk and rolls to keep our stomachs full the rest of the day. But when I finally managed to get a part in 'Woman Chases Man' and had to leave for Hollywood, I owed several months back rent on the apartment. This time, I managed to sneak down the fire-escape with my bags. I felt like an awful heel. But I knew it was the only way. However, I paid back every cent of the money I owed and now I have a standing invitation to come back and live at that apartment house whenever I want."

On the completion of Brod's assignment in Hollywood, he got another telegram from his mother saying: "For the sake of the family name, please, please go into business."

But Brod was stubborn. He hung grimly and desperately around Hollywood for the next six months. He starved some more. Many of the same people who today are kowtowing for his favor ignored him. He was another unsuccessful actor. There were hundreds like him. Finally, fed up with the monotony of doing nothing, Crawford bought a ticket to New York. He wanted to take another crack at the stage.

"When I got to Chicago," Brod explained, "I had two hours between train time. I saw a copy of 'Of Mice and Men' on one of the newsstands. I bought it and started reading it just to kill time. I knew that there was some talk of producing it in the theater and that George Kaufman who was in California was going to direct. In less than an hour, I finished the book. A strong hunch flashed through my mind. So without weighing the pros and cons, I caught the next train to Hollywood. The first thing I did on arriving was to make a bee-line for the Trocadero. I found Kaufman there. For two solid hours, I talked to him. And when I walked out of the Troc that night, I was signed for the rôle of Lennie in the stage production.

"For the next six months, I lived, breathed, and slept the part. I was Lennie in everything I did and said. And the night the play finally opened in New York, I knew that I had lived down the second reputation. I knew I had overcome the obstacle of being born Helen Broderick's son. And when I got another wire that night, I was convinced. For the telegram from mother read: 'Welcome home, son. Business men are a dime a dozen. I'm proud of you—even as an actor.'

"But at the same time, I had unconsciously built up a third reputation. Everywhere I went, people started calling me Lennie. Everyone expected me to act like a half-wit. They took it for granted that I was really that kind of a guy. Well, it took months and months to live down that reputation. Maybe that's the reason the hostesses out here are still afraid of me. Maybe they think I'm still a little on the moronic side."

Now that Broderick Crawford is definitely in line to become one of the outstanding actors in motion pictures, Hollywood is slowly changing its attitude toward him. Now, those very people who once snubbed him are trying to become friends. But Brod hasn't forgotten. Not that he bears them any malice. He simply ignores them—has nothing to do with them. Invitations keep pouring in, but he turns them all down. He has a few friends but they

are the ones whom he can count on even in adverse circumstances. Although having done some fine work in "When the Daltons Rode," Brod is perfecting his ability with each successive picture.

Being a stormy petrel in Hollywood has its consequences. And it has taken quite some time before Brod could show the public that he too is gifted with enough "male oomph" to incite the attention of the ladies. But it wasn't until his famous fight with Marlene Dietrich in "Seven Sinners" that the feminine eyes saw in him what they see in Clark Gable and Gary Cooper. After that every gal in Hollywood is ready to swoon in his presence. And even the starry-eyed little waitress who served us became a bit shaky around the knees when Brod looked up at her with his schoolboy stare and asked for another cup of coffee.

When I asked Brod what factor most contributed to his success, he took a deep whiff of air and answered, "I just got a break. That's all. And that's all every successful actor and actress here has to thank for his or her success. Don't believe all the stories you hear about working hard and taking art seriously. Everyone here in Hollywood wouldn't have gotten to first base if the right break hadn't come along. Everything in life depends on breaks."



Above, Mary Martin arranging camellias from her garden for the luncheon table. The table is 18th century Venetian walnut finish. Permanent chairs for the dining room have not been acquired yet and, in the meantime, they're using these French side chairs. Top, notice the black and white scenic etchings empanelled in the wall section over the mantel.

Mary Martin's Honeymoon Home

Continued from page 32

and I think she liked it, Mary has been much too busy being a career girl these last seven years or more, much too busy indeed for anything homesy. Following the break-up of her schoolgirl marriage (Mary married a nice young student from Ward Belmont who was visiting her one afternoon because she didn't want to attend a tough Latin class—which sort of gives you the lowdown on Mary) she had to start supporting her baby son, Larry. She taught dancing in her hometown, Weatherford, Texas, and she spent her summers in Hollywood studying with Fanchon and Marco. Somebody discovered that she could sing, so then she started singing lessons. For a couple of years she tramped around Hollywood trying awfully hard to click with a studio or a radio program, but it

was just a lot of hard work and heart-break, until she sang one night at the old Trocadero. Out of all the agents cluttering up the place not a one of them paid her the slightest attention—except Lawrence Schwab, who signed her up and started her on the road to fame in "Leave It To Me." The show had a long run, and when it finally closed Mary returned to Hollywood, but this time as a Paramount star. Mary played it the hard way.

When she was trudging around Hollywood counting pennies and trying to get a job she lived in a bungalow court. And after she went to New York she lived in a hotel, and eventually in a penthouse, which explains why she doesn't pull down shades when she undresses at night—it's the penthouse in her. So naturally what with all



through tricks of the architect. The house is two stories high, of white brick and frame, with a gabled, shingled roof, which looks as if it belongs on a grassy knoll in Connecticut. Surrounding it are the most beautiful trees imaginable, birches, pines, and sycamores, giving quite a New England atmosphere. Richard, who hails from Old Family back East, likes nothing better than to prune trees, so he could hardly wait to get in there with his ladder and pruning knife. "We were both simply mad about it," said Mary. "I agreed with Richard that we ought to move in at once. It never dawned upon me until several days later that we'd have to furnish it."

Accompanied by a piano and a bed the Hallidays moved in—and for quite some time that was all the furniture they had. Entertaining was out, completely, but they didn't worry about that, for after all they were on their honeymoon. But even two people in love could do with a dining table and an occasional chair, so Richard said one day we really ought to do something about furnishing this house, and Mary said yes darling we really ought to do something about furnishing this house, what are you going to do?

"I?" said Richard. "Why, I'm terribly busy. I haven't any time to look for furni-

and I sat glaring at each other in frigid silence. He probably went back to the hotel and started drawing up divorce papers."

By the next day Mary and Richard had regained their sense of humor, were laughing like zanies over the lawyer's dilemma, and had compromised on an interior decorator.

The decorator popped in that night and smiling down at Richard and Mary on the floor said, "Now let's play druthers."

"Huh?" said Mary and Richard.

"Druthers," said the young man. "Had you druther see beige on the walls, or a delicate rose?"

A few nights later Richard announced to Mary that he'd be darned if he'd play any more "druthers"—and the decorating came to an abrupt standstill.

Along came July, a very hot July, and Richard suggested to Mary that she'd better get those drapes before she started her next picture "Love Thy Neighbor" with Jack Benny and Fred Allen, which was bound to have a long schedule. So Mary, feeling like an early Christian martyr, put on her coolest dress, called up a decorator, another one, and drove way down to the wholesale section of Los Angeles. "You must have fringe," said the salesman. "But I don't like fringe," said Mary, but the next thing she knew she had a covey of samples of fringe. "I'd like Mr. Halliday to see these samples," she said to the decorator. "We'll pick him up at the studio and drive over to the Somerset House for lunch. How can you say it's only 110, it's at least 150!"

Richard was very busy and could only spare forty-five minutes for lunch, but was so pleased to see that his little bride was "taking an interest" that he thought he had better encourage her. They piled out in front of the Somerset House but the doorman told them that the restaurant was not serving lunch as it was too hot. So then they drove several blocks away to the Tail of the Cock. "Sorry, folks," said the parking attendant, "no lunch is being served today, it's too hot." Mary spied a frame building across the street which said in big black letters, "Texas Chili Place."

"We can at least get a salad and an ice tea there," said Mary trying like hell to be cheerful, "and you can select what sample you like, dear."

A few minutes after they had placed their order with a perspiring waitress she came back to announce that the lettuce was wilted so they couldn't have any salads. "All right, just bring us some ice tea then," said Mary, "we're nearly parched."

Five minutes later the girl came back with a "Sorry, the ice has melted."

Well, that started the fireworks. Any other day Richard wouldn't have minded missing out on his lunch, but on this day he made a big fuss about it. And Mary got mad because she was "taking an interest" and nobody appreciated it. Richard wouldn't look at samples, and she wouldn't talk to him.

That night she called his mother up over long distance.

"Darling," she said, "if you don't come out here and help me with this house I'm going to leave your son."

"Why, of course," said Richard's mother. "I'll have some of my lovely old pieces packed and shipped out to you immediately."

"Will you fly?" asked Mary. "If you love me, and want me to stay married to your son, I think you'd better fly."

She flew.

The third important piece of furniture to arrive in the Halliday home was a specially built divan for the living room. Mary and Richard sat across from each other on the floor, with their toes not quite



Here's another view of Mary's bedroom showing the old General Grant dresser which they found in the attic. They removed the carvings and replaced its wooden handles with French provincial brass ones. Top, the raised alcove in the guest room has the back wall covered with the same picturesque toile that makes the bed spreads and curtains.

this building a career Mary didn't have much time to become home-broken. When she moved into a bungalow court, or a penthouse, the furniture was there, and she just didn't think much about it one way or another. She had a vague idea where drapes came from, but she wasn't exactly certain. Which brings us up to the sudden elopement a few months ago of handsome Richard Halliday, former Paramount story editor, and beautiful Mary Martin, Paramount star.

Mary was just starting "Rhythm on the River" and a radio program when she became Mrs. Halliday, and was so busy she hardly knew the time of day. But when Richard said we must buy a home at once, she said oh yes darling we must buy a home at once. So on Sunday they went house-hunting and after several disappointments they found, on a hilltop in Bel-Air, just exactly what they had visioned their home to be. The house looks old, but isn't. Nothing in Hollywood has mellowed save

ture. Anyway, that's what you're supposed to do. You ought to select the drapes right away. Things will look a lot better with drapes."

"With my program and my picture," remonstrated Mary, "I haven't got time to select anything. And besides I don't know where you get drapes. You didn't marry me to be a housewife."

"Well, at least," said Dick with hauteur, "I did expect you to know *something* about a home."

As luck would have it Mary's lawyer and good friend from New York arrived just at that inopportune moment to take them to dinner. "The poor man," Mary told me with a giggle, "simply couldn't figure things out. A few hours before I had told him over the phone that I was the happiest woman in the world and had married the most divine man who ever lived. All through dinner he kept trying to say something sweet and sticky about the bride and groom, but there Richard

touching, and the man from the shop measured them. The idea is to have a couch that they can both stretch out on and read at the same time. The night the couch was delivered Mary was entertaining six old friends from Texas, and of course they all piled on it to try it out. In the midst of the excitement the doorbell rang and the butler ushered in a very pleasant looking young man, and Mary promptly invited him to come over and try out the new couch. Richard returned from the kitchen soon afterwards where he had been mixing a few Scotch-and-sodas, and of course offered the young man a drink. And then it was that Mary and Richard did their own version of Noel Coward's "Hands Across the Sea."

"Who's your friend?" whispered Richard.

"He's not my friend," Mary whispered back, "I thought he was *your* friend."

An hour or so later when the Texas people left the young man also rose to go. "Really you have been so nice," he smiled sweetly at Mr. and Mrs. Halliday. "I don't know when I have spent such a charming evening. I came to check on the electricity."

With the arrival of Richard's mother the house-furnishing tension eased up considerably. She "loaned" them among other things, an 18th century Venetian piecrust table, a Chippendale table, and a chest of drawers that the Hallidays have cherished ever since the Mayflower docked. Mary suddenly decided that being a housewife wasn't so bad after all, and even started planning meals for herself and Richard. Until she had to start getting up at six every morning to make those early "calls" for "New York Town."

"As soon as I got six dining room chairs," said Mary, "I invited Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier and Jean Arthur and Frank Ross to dinner. I was so pleased over having a place for them to sit that I forgot all about preparing cocktails for them. My butler's from Texas (so's my cook, I have to get my servants from Texas because they are the only colored people who can understand the way I talk) and the only cocktail he knows how to make is an old-fashioned. 'Would you like an old-fashioned?' I asked my guests hoping that there was something to the power of suggestion. But it seems they wanted a martini. The martinis arrived—made with orange juice, gin, vermouth and a cherry. I saw Larry do a very polite double-take. I rushed down to a bookshop the next day and bought my butler a book on how to mix cocktails. So he's learning. And so am I. When you ask me about my piecrust table now, I don't go in the kitchen to look for it."

A grand, honest, down-to-earth girl, that's Mary Martin. With a sense of humor that's so refreshing that you get all pepped up just being around her. As Richard says, "She has only one fault. She will insist upon saying that my one priceless antique looks as if I won it at a carnival. And when I think of all the francs I paid for it in France! But do you know, the more I look at it the more I believe she's right. It *does* look as if it came out of a carnival!"

EDITOR'S NOTE

The title for the fictionization of the season's stirring new film, which we published in last month's issue under the title of "Flotsam," has been changed. It will be shown at your neighborhood theaters as "So Ends Our Night."



Gene Raymond, Anita Louise and her recent bridegroom, Buddy Adler, all dressed up for the Edgar Bergen party and enjoying a laugh over the jelly apples on sticks that were served the guests.

Len Weissman

Medals and Birds!

Continued from page 55

a gutter rat and make you believe she is one and then, put on the glad rags and just as effortlessly make you believe she was "to the manor born." In addition, as far as I'm concerned, she hasn't changed an iota from the days when she was a Mack Sennett Bathing Beauty (16 years old), wearing slinky black dresses and ropes of pearls (in private life) to impress herself and the natives with her sophistication. And there is no one who laughs louder than the Carole of today over the Carole of yesteryear.

The other girl is Claudette Colbert because, like Carole, she doesn't change, because she's been at the top longer than either of you and still holds her place, because her pictures are always interesting and because I have seldom seen anyone more gracious than she was to fans and photographers alike at the preview of "Spring Parade," so we'll give her the peonies.

Shucks! What's the use of fooling around? All this sweetness and light isn't Mook. Mook is really just a chubby little bundle of verbal vitriol and it's time deflation set in by letting some of the vitriol escape.

The first bird of the year goes to Mr. Charles Boyer because, although he was "too depressed" over the fall of Paris to say "hello" to the thousands of fans gathered at the premiere of "All This, and Heaven Too," he wasn't too depressed to attend the opening or to attend a big party at Ciro's afterwards, and because he is one of the most ungracious and uncooperative men I have ever seen. When he finished the picture mentioned he never so much as said "Thank you" to the crew and make-up and wardrobe people who had worked tirelessly with Mr. Boyer and his toupee.

The next bird of the year goes to Priscilla Lane because, although she's had all the breaks, she takes no interest in her work, doesn't try to improve herself, because with nothing more than looks to recommend her she tries to dictate to the studio what parts she'll play and, lastly, because when she realized she had made a mistake in her marriage, instead of coming out and saying so (as she finally had to do when she got her divorce), she tried to make fools of the press by telling them she wasn't married!

Ricardo Cortez gets a bird for returning to acting, although as long as he confines

his activities to B pictures, which I don't have to see, it's all right—in a remote sort of way.

And one to Susanna Foster because, for a little girl, she is too brash and forward. Everything has come too easy for her and she should learn that children should be seen and not heard.

So much for that. The next medal goes to James Cagney because, although he has never won an Academy Award, he is, I think, one of the—if not *the*—finest actors on the screen. His speech is distinctive but otherwise every characterization is "different" and thoughtfully worked out.

Myrna, my little chickadee, there're so many flowers in that hothouse, you'd never miss the nasturtia if we split them between Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin. They ought to have *something* because one sings hot and one sings sweet and both of them have shown surprising development as actresses and both of them are as unspoiled as they were the day they got their first break.

We can shorten the ceremonies at this point by calling up seven gentlemen at once for citations: Nelson Eddy, the Ritz Brothers and the Marx Brothers each get a medal because their screen appearances are mercifully becoming fewer and farther between.

Lookit, Minnie, I was big enough to admit I went a little haywire in the first column (not that I didn't mean everything I said, mind you, but after all I have to eat) so you be big and bear with me. What say we give the tiger lilies to Ida Lupino because she fooled everyone (including me)—and I've known her since she first landed in Hollywood. We all thought she was just another pretty ingénue but she turns out to be an ACTRESS and scoffs at the idea that she has looks.

Spencer Tracy rates a medal because when you see his name over a picture you know you're going to get your money's worth and, because with all his awards and superlative notices, you have never read of his scrapping with his studio either over parts or salary.

Min, this is getting just a wee bit embarrassing, but we can't ignore Bette Davis (and don't want to, do we?). Every time I think of her I remember what some critic once wrote of Nazimova: "A tigress on the leash of Art." Not only is Bette such a marvelous actress but she is such a good sport along with it—and so colorful, my dear. Let's give her the forget-me-nots. You don't need them anyhow because no one would ever forget *you*. You are like Spearmint Gum—"the flavor lasts."

A medal to Dick Arlen because he left Paramount of his own volition at the height of his career, to look for bigger

and better parts. When they failed to materialize he was man enough to admit his mistake and to sign a contract with Universal to make B pictures which have turned out to be among the big money makers of the industry.

Myrna, you *know* you don't want the gardenias because when anyone thinks of *them* they think of Joan Crawford so let's give them to her because, to me, she is still one of *the* glamor girls of the screen. She is the last of the old-line stars—who live up to all the traditions of stardom. She is one of the most colorful figures screenland has ever known and any time a writer comes away from an interview with her without a story it's his own fault.

Alan Curtis should have a medal not only because, in my humble opinion, he is the handsomest man on the screen, but because if anyone ever really worked with him he would also be one of its best actors.

Quick, Cedric, the needle! I feel the venom mounting in my veins. But before the sedative takes effect, "sedation" be hanged and let the birds fall where they may.

Miriam Hopkins and Katharine Hepburn can split a bird between them (and don't think there won't be wrangling over which gets the wish-bone) because they just won't quit, and because there never were two more temperamental or unappreciative dames in pictures. There used to be an old saying, "See Paris and die." I say, "See either one and die—of nausea."

John Barrymore certainly rates a bird because, although he has no stauncher admirer than I, the way he has dissipated his talent and made a laughing stock of the most famous theatrical name in the country is enough to make the angels weep.

And one of the juiciest to Marlene Dietrich because when she was cast in a sure-fire box-office hit, she calmly appropriated all the credit. I only wish she had actually sung in one of those old Western mining towns. She'd have found that instead of applause they'd have preferred hearing someone else sing "Miss Dietrich Regrets" or "We Got Along Without You Very Well."

Cedric, you rascal, I fear instead of a sedative you've given me a pipeful of opium because, suddenly, there's a rosy glow over everything and Myrna seems to be standing beside me with countless armfuls of flowers which she keeps thrusting into my hands, exhorting me to be lavish with them—but that's Myrna for you.

All right, my sweet, we'll give the heather to Ruth Hussey because that's what she reminded me of in "Susan and God" and because, I think, if she ever got

a chance she'd show that she can act.

And let's give the lilies-of-the-valley to Virginia Grey because she is not only one of the real beauties of the screen but because she is also one of its greatest potential stars. All she needs is a fat part and no one would ever be able to say, "M-G-M hasn't developed a new star in years."

Here's a medal for Cary Grant because he has such a swell sense of humor—didn't even get sore years ago when I told him he wasn't a particularly good actor. Just turned around and made a bald-faced liar of me by becoming one of the finest light comedians the screen has ever known.

While you're in such a lavish mood, Myrna, let's give the merrygolds (or marigolds) to Rosalind Russell because *there* is a dame with a sense of business. In the meat market ham sells for 60c a pound but she gets around \$200 a pound a week for it.

Medals for Clark Gable and Robert Taylor because there are two boys whom success hasn't changed an iota. Gable started out with sex appeal and Taylor with looks and both of them, from those rather slender beginnings, have developed into darned fine actors and two friendlier and more appreciative guys never trod the face of the earth.

And, gosh, yes! the shiniest medal in the case for Gary Cooper because actors come and actors go but, as far as Mook is concerned, "Coop" goes on forever. He's in a class by himself.

Whaddaya say, Toots, (it must be this Scotch—or else the opium, makes me get so familiar) we give the zinnias to Norma Shearer for her supreme aplomb. *There's* one who would essay anything from *Little Eva* to *Camille* and be firmly convinced (in her own mind) that no one could do quite as fine a job of either as she.

And how's about the rosemary for Rosemary Lane because, as indifferent to everything as Priscilla is, that's how appreciative Rosemary is. She studies constantly and tirelessly in the hope that, some day, a good part will come her way and when it does she wants to be ready. And because as long as she's in pictures nothing means anything to her except her work.

A medal, by all means, for Lew Ayres because I can never forget the performance he turned in in "All Quiet On the Western Front." I've never seen anything since to top it but Lew only says he mustn't remember that—he must only set his face toward the future and because, although God knows he is capable of finer things than *Dr. Kildare*, he goes on playing those parts without a murmur.

How's about it, Myrna—aw, don't be like that. You know nobody else runs one, two, three with me—let's give the poppies to Lucille Ball because, although it's been almost two years since she appeared on the radio with Bing Crosby, her Brooklyn dialect (assumed) still rings in my ears, and because she is one of the few real wits of the screen. (Listen, Lucy, Myrna says you were the straw that broke the camel's back—Gosh, Myrna, I'm *not* calling you a camel, it's just a figure of speech—and as long as you're the one who caused the rift in the lute the least you can do is help me forget, especially when I give twenty-four hours service. Get it?)

Although the loss of Myrna sends my *elan* down to sub-zero, it doesn't affect the supply of medals so here's one for Randolph Scott because he has more talent and ability than anyone has ever given him a chance to show.

And one for George Raft because, after all these years, he is still known as "the most regular guy in pictures" and that is a title more to be desired than great riches.

And a very shiny medal for Tyrone Power because he started out with only looks and a well-known name and today he is one of *the* finest actors we have and—more important, in my eyes—one of the finest and wittiest masters of ceremony I have ever seen.

As long as Myrna has tossed the hot-house in my face, I guess I have plenty of flowers to be tossed off that landing—like a bride's bouquet. The orchids go to Kay Francis because when she finished her starring contract she took what parts came along and because, with the burden of stardom removed from her shoulders, she is once again the same swell girl she was when she first landed in Hollywood.

The Shasta daisies to Barbara Stanwyck because she is not only a grand actress but because she is just in a class by herself. Lucky Taylor.

A medal for Joel McCrea because, although studio publicity departments have nominated hundreds as "the typical American boy" Joel is somehow "it" and because he is as friendly and unassuming as "the typical American boy" should be.

A medal for Brian Donlevy because, although no one has ever disputed his ability as an actor, after convincingly portraying heavies for years, he suddenly does an about-face and as equally convincingly becomes a comedian in "The Great McGinty."

And a medal for Laurence Olivier because, it seems, he has what the ladies want.

The hollyhocks to Vivien Leigh because when she was cast as *Scarlett O'Hara* everyone turned thumbs down and she made them eat their words, and because she proved she is not a "one-part" actress by her performances in "Sidewalks of London" and "Waterloo Bridge."

I guess that about winds up the Tenth Annual Award of Medals and Birds. There's not a flower left in the hothouse and the ice-box is bare—except for my broken heart which I've put in cold storage. What's that? Two lonely little birds left hanging in that dark corner? Well, they won't keep until next year so drag 'em out.

One is for Errol Flynn for his practical jokes which spare no one's feelings so long as Errol gets *his* laugh.

And the other is for Maureen O'Hara for being too sure of herself. She was good in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and in "Dance, Girl, Dance" but one swallow doesn't make a summer and two performances don't make an actress. She could use a little humility.

And I guess that really winds us up. May God be with me till we meet again.

Jack Benny got a bit of rough treatment from the Ritz boys, Jimmy and Harry, in the theater lobby where they attended a preview recently, but don't worry, folks, it was all in fun.



Len Weissman

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

MEAT LOAF

½ lb. chopped beef
½ lb. chopped pork
½ lb. chopped veal
2 rolls and a little milk
1 egg
Marjoram

Soak the rolls in the milk and then press out the milk and put the rolls with the meat; season with salt, pepper and a little onion. Add the egg and marjoram and mix together.

Sprinkle bread crumbs on a wooden platter and roll the mixture in them. Cover with Beech-Nut bacon strips and bake one hour.

"I must tell you how to fix peas the way Olympe likes them," said Olympe's mother. "You cut your bacon in strips and fry little pearl onions in the bacon until they look golden. Add your fresh garden peas, a little salt and pepper, a little nutmeg and 2 lumps of sugar. Then add 1 tablespoon of water and cook them over a very slow fire for half an hour. When the peas are nearly cooked, you put flour like snow over the top and cover with romaine lettuce and cook for another hour."

Olympe's choice of salads for buffet suppers are Italian salad and cucumber with sour cream.

CUCUMBER WITH SOUR CREAM

Cut cucumbers, sprinkle them with salt; let stand for three hours. Press water out. Mix the yolk of a hardboiled egg with a tablespoon of Heinz vinegar until it is like mayonnaise. Add two or three tablespoons sour cream and put in chopped parsley or chives. Add cucumbers, chill and serve.

ITALIAN SALAD

2 eggs
1 lemon
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Romaine lettuce
Salt and pepper

Boil the eggs two minutes. Mix the juice of the lemon, add the olive oil, sauce, salt and pepper. Put in lettuce and cover with grated Parmesan cheese (Blue Moon). Stir it all up and add a taste of garlic.

"I had another salad when I was in Tia Juana," cried Olympe, remembering. "I call it my Tia Juana salad and it's delicious! You take the hard part of French bread and rub with garlic. Then you put in sliced hard-boiled eggs, romaine lettuce and a French dressing made of oil and vinegar. You squeeze lemon all over and it is good!"

Since Olympe received her diet, the Bradnas seldom serve desserts except for guests.

"My father and mother don't care for desserts and I never eat them now that I am so nice and thin," confided Olympe. "But we do like orange sherbet. We scoop out the pulp of the oranges and serve the sherbet in the halves—sometimes we make it pretty with half orange and half mint."

One dessert well liked for buffet suppers is chocolate eclairs.

CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS

Place in a small saucepan ½ cup butter and 1 cup boiling water, bring to a boil; remove from the fire and stir in all at once: 1 cup of sifted Swansdown flour

with a ¼ teaspoon salt and beat hard for four minutes. Add 4 eggs, 1 egg at a time, and beat well after the addition of each egg. Shake the mixture on a buttered baking sheet in eclairs four inches long and one inch wide, four inches apart. Bake in a hot oven thirty minutes.

Place in the top of a double boiler 1 tablespoon sugar mixed with 3 tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and 3 level tablespoons Baker's ground chocolate, stirring in 1 cup milk and stir and cook until thick and smooth. Add 1 well-beaten egg and stir and cook one minute. Cool and add ½ cup butter beaten to a cream, 1 cup of powdered sugar, beat until stiff and add 1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla.

Cut a slit in the side of each eclair, fill with chocolate filling and spread over the tops a mixture of 3 tablespoons boiling water, ¾ cup powdered sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla and a few grains of salt.

Color is a keen delight to all the Bradnas. Melody Cottage, as Olympe has christened the California bungalow, sits on a steep hill in San Fernando Valley, hedged with green and framed in flowers. It's a

Olympe Bradna collects books and dolls of many lands. At right, she is pictured with a small part of her extensive collection.



white house with blue shutters and yellow pottery on its shallow window-boxes; red brick steps ascend the hill to the red brick porch, and there are red and white oleanders marching up the street.

Olympe likes February parties because of the chance to use vivid colors—crimson for Valentine's Day, red-and-white-and-blue for Washington's Birthday. The Bradnas are taking special notice of the latter this year because all three are about to become citizens of the country Washington fathered.

"I've crocheted table mats for luncheons on patriotic days," Mrs. Bradna told me, proudly, "but tonight we use red-white-and-blue cloth, the flags and Olympe's little George and Martha." The tiny figures were carefully set up over the array of cold cuts, cheeses, cakes and fruits already set out for the buffet.

Melody Cottage is a spreading, comfortable, delightful place, built and furnished for living. "No white rugs, no delicate pastels," Olympe pointed out. "They are lovely, but if you have them no dogs can come in with muddy paws without causing disaster. Our dogs, Bob and Butch, are welcome any time. We don't stick to period styles in furniture, either, because we have lived all over the world and we like to keep our souvenirs with us. They wouldn't fit into a decorator's paradise. Here in the living room, for example, we

have a miniature of my aunt's circus dressing room, complete with a tiny doll to represent her, her table, chair and dressing-table. I chose the circus picture above to complete that corner. We have always been circus people, you know. Then over here is my collection of dolls from foreign lands—from Switzerland, Denmark, Holland, France, Scotland, Russia and Canada. And here are the bound scripts of all my pictures up to date. 'South of Pago-Pago' is my latest."

Olympe is at the romantic age, and her bedroom reflects romance, with its flowers and drapes and its picture of a good-looking blond youth dominating the dresser. He's a mystery, although she admits he's her "heart."

Above the dresser is a French painting of a girl in a white ball dress. "I wanted one just like it," sighed Olympe, "but Mommy thinks it's too old for me!" There's another picture of a girl in a cloak stepping from her door on the arm of a cavalier and looking back over her shoulder.

"I tell myself stories about her," confided my hostess. "Are they eloping, do

you think? Or is it that she remembers something she has forgotten and dares not go back?"

They are all colorful, comfortable, lived-in-looking rooms in that house on the hill, but best of all is what used to be the patio, now enclosed and ceiled in blue but still flagstoned.

"The winds are so strong in the valley that we had to close ourselves in here," explained Olympe. "It's a marvelous place. We eat here sometimes, my father reads, my mother sews, and I study. Also we have fun. Right outside is our barbecue in a bricked enclosure. That's where I love to give parties. I like informal things best, the girls wearing gingham, the boys blue jeans, and everybody helping. Steaks are best, our barbecue broils them beautifully. Did you ever eat a broiled steak with a fried egg on top? That is how we serve them. Broil the steak and fry the egg separately and at the last moment pop the egg on the steak. Try it."

A garden rises steeply from this barbecue court. On one level is a wishing well. "Everyone who comes throws a penny, a nickel or a dime in my well when making a wish," Olympe's dark eyes shone with excitement, as she showed me, "I say to them: 'I give you back your money if your wish does not come true.' And I never have to give back one penny! All the wishes come true!"

What Does 1941 Hold For You?

Continued from page 31

others. 1941 will see a happy solution to her romantic problems.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

Most Taureans have been commiserating in the past few months about their disturbing cycle of bad luck, but this was due to very definite planetary afflictions. Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus conspired to bring them unfortunate events, but 1941 holds out the promise of improvements along all lines. Financially you may look forward to new opportunities in business. If you are typical of this sign, material things mean much to you. You may seek means of improving your financial standing, and your career will take on new meaning in 1941. Those in positions dealing with the public are especially favored. Beauticians, salesladies, nurses, teachers and secretaries come under the beneficent rays of Venus and Jupiter in 1941. The months of Jan-

happy but astrologically unfeasible relationship is to last out the year. Alice Faye should be careful in romance lest she let herself in for a lot of needless disturbance. Having missed the bus with Tony Martin, she had better wait awhile until the demands of her career are less, before contemplating marriage again. This will be a splendid year for Margaret Sullavan. Let us hope she finally finds a story worthy of her genius. If that happens she will be the Academy Award winner of 1941. I am glad to report clear sailing ahead for Gary Cooper. He must watch his health in 1941, but marriage and career are safe. Henry Fonda will continue indefinitely in career and marriage. Our Taureans, you will notice, are a settled crew, indulging in none of the aberrations so dear to the hearts of the fan writers. Eddie Albert's horoscope, according to Norvell, reveals that he may be married, but Eddie and the Warners publicity office insist it is not

May, June, and September. Try to choose someone born in Libra, Aquarius, Pisces for real lasting happiness. Avoid Leo, Sagittarius or Aries. Avoid accidents and bad health in July and August. October and November are especially good for love and marriage, if you happen to be missed out during the Summer and Fall months. Mars brings secret enemies and broken friendships in 1941, so be cautious lest you unwittingly offend others. Watch your tongue and temper in October and December. Travel is favored all year, for your restless nature may tempt you to move to another city or state to live. Your health prospers more in the South and West. Be careful of the hands, knees, chest and lung regions during the months of October, November and December.

The most complex sign of the Zodiac is represented in Hollywood by typical subjects. Torn by their difficult dual natures, they seem to find every gift except enduring happiness. Paulette Goddard, who has just come into her own professionally, will soon be divorced from Charles Chaplin, as I predicted last year in SCREENLAND. This regrettable but inevitable divorce was completely visible in their horoscopes from the very beginning. Charlie was born in Aries, and this sign is absolutely poison to Gemini. Jeanette MacDonald may cling to her marriage forever because, as she told me, she is a very determined woman, but the stars are against it. Laurence Olivier, Don Ameche, Bob Hope and John Payne having married compatibly face no domestic dangers in 1941. Marriage is scheduled for Lola Lane and Robert Preston. Life for the mates of Gemini persons may not be the most serene existence but it is never dull.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

1941 brings you relief from the varied afflictions of 1940. Your ruling planet, the Moon, always causes your life's fortunes to vacillate. You are either up in the clouds or down in the depths, and the New Year promises you some changes for the better but nothing of a revolutionary nature. January and February bring you interesting romantic episodes. Two persons may be in love with you, and you should try to eliminate one from your heart. This is difficult, for Cancer is fickle emotionally. The home and surrounding interests should prosper. If married, 1941 brings more peace and harmony than formerly. Avoid divorce, even if you seem unhappy, for men and women are all pretty much alike, and you might attract a mate who is worse than the one you now have. The months of March, April and May are good financially. June and July bring you short trips, letters of interest, social activities, and good period for investments. August and September urge caution in diet and health. October, November and December hold out promises of new romantic interests and important decisions in business.

For the Cancer-born movie favorites, the stars hold out interesting promises for 1941. Protégés of the Moon, these persons are more interested in their romances than in their careers, and curiously it is the latter in which they are always more successful. This is probably because the strong lunar influence in their charts makes them fickle. Barbara Stanwyck, who has a long lease on movie stardom, faces some grievous difficulties in her home life. It will take great skill and effort to keep her marriage intact. Annabella, who married the other ranking glamor boy, faces the same difficulty. Olivia de Havilland should certainly marry in 1941 at the latest. Jimmy Stewart would be perfect for your sign. Livvy. Irene Dunne and Jimmy Cagney, because of their extraordinary I.Q.'s, do not yield to persuasion of the inconstant



Left, Olympe with a miniature of her aunt's circus dressing room, complete with tiny doll to represent her, her chair and dressing table.

uary and February are steady in finances and chaotic in love. March brings an excellent opportunity for meeting members of the opposite sex. Make the most of the vibrations in April and May and decide on someone definitely in love, for your nature is inclined to be fickle and you may vacillate in your affections. Those married may find confusion in August and November of 1941, for Mars may produce irritability in the home, but make no decision in regard to a divorce without giving it serious thought first. June and July are good months for the home, business, finances, and romance. Warnings during the last two weeks of July regarding health and accidents. The vacation period beginning with June and up to September brings you in contact with someone romantically that may change your entire future life. October, November and December hold warnings in finances and business. Watch your pocketbook, make no investments without investigating, and avoid extravagance. The year is steadier than 1940 and ends on a note of change and confusion.

Good old down to earth Taurus is well-represented on the screen. The movie players born under this sign will naturally share in the benefits to be bestowed on it during 1941. There are a few warnings, however, for some of them. Tyrone Power must sedulously avoid interference in his marriage to Annabella if that seemingly

true. The New Year will return Shirley Temple to us and the auspicious aspects for her sign during 1941 ought to provide her with less inane material than the type which caused her fans to rush out of the theaters. Jimmy Stewart, who has defied the stars for the past two years and refused to obey their dictates to marry, has lived to regret that unfortunate fact. Jimmy's number during the recent draft lottery was among the first to be called!

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

You are due for sensational developments in all departments of your life in 1941. Never quiet, never mediocre, this sign promises to lead you the merriest chase of your life in the coming twelve months. During January and February two outstanding romances are noted. As if this weren't enough, you may become engaged and break it before mid-Summer! The tricky planet, Mercury, brings you unusual planetary influences, so let caution be your watchword in 1941. Watch your finances carefully during March and April, for you will make money through business effort but you may go into debt heavily. The year is excellent for substantial investments in real estate or government bonds but you should avoid speculation and risk all year. The best months for marriage, if you are planning such an event, are:

Moon, and their marriages, of course, face no hazards. This will be a splendid year for Ilona Massey. Not only will she marry the fascinating Alan Curtis, but her work will attract a great deal of attention.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

This unconquerable sign may have its cycles of affliction but it always rises again and marches triumphantly onward. This has been true of your life during the past few years—you have been the victim of a planetary conspiracy, it seems, and illness, losses, and general unhappiness may have been your lot in the past three or four years. 1941 brings a new and more inspiring cycle into being. Make the most of this good luck from the stars in January and February, for you are headed for financial good luck this year. March and April bring romantic fulfillment if still single, and if married, you should try to retain your hold on reality rather than listen to your idealistic promptings. This sign often marries two or three times. May and June may bring you some Sun spot activity, so watch your health. July, August and September should be red letter months in all affairs. October, November and December bring the year to a successful close. Investments in real estate are favored, avoid speculation and risk.

The lucky Leos on the screen may not have a year of unbroken success in 1941, due to Sun spot activity during part of the year. Norma Shearer faces some danger to her career during the latter part of 1941, but if she bides her time and does not play in unsuitable pictures, this danger will pass. Marriage is favored for her this year, but to be successful it should be with an Aries or Sagittarius subject. Divorce is scheduled for William Powell. It is highly doubtful if his marriage can survive 1941. And as you already know, Myrna Loy faces domestic difficulties, too. What I said about Jeanette MacDonald's marriage, naturally, also applies to Leo-born Gene Raymond. And for Bob Taylor's fate this year, see above. I am sorry to report all this gloom concerning Leo, but there is one consolation. Equipped with the highest spirits, no Leo is ever defeated by a temporary lull in his good fortune.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

A fairly well-balanced year is noted for you in 1941. It may open rather slowly, but do not be impatient, for you will have splendid results in February and March. A new business opportunity will occupy your attention. Finances will be solved for the entire year. You may experience romantic reversals during April and May, for Venus brings vacillation in love. Watch the diet and nerves during June and July. Travel during the first half of the year; attend to legal matters, legacies, investments in real estate, or moving to another location. By August and September you should have everything under control and see the fulfillment of your romantic ambitions. Marriage is highly favored all during 1941; choose someone born in Taurus, Capricorn or Cancer. October, November and December are good for finances, dangerous for health and accidents. Concentrate on home problems during these months.

All Virgo-born face a good year, and its brightest star, Greta Garbo, will shine with her accustomed brilliance in 1941. Don't believe the usual marriage stories about her though. Like that other great Virgo subject, Queen Elizabeth, Greta doesn't marry the boys who pay her court; her job is too important to her.

The married Virgo stars will stay that way without even a rumor in Winchell's column to upset the connubial bliss. These include: Charles Boyer, Joan Blondell, Fredric March and Fred MacMurray. For those of you who are worried over Richard Greene, let me offer the assuring word that a careful examination of his horoscope shows no danger to his life. He will return to us, more popular than before, with a long career ahead of him.



Len Weissman

Joan Davis and her husband, Si Wills, costumed as the BLUE FAIRY and ABE LINCOLN, do a jitterbug dance at a recent Hollywood party.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

The year showers good fortune on Libra-born. Venus, planet of love, is your ruler and, as usual, you will be floundering in some romantic problem. Do not take this too seriously and make an issue of it for during January and February several romantic temptations exist. Social activities should be numerous, travel may bring one or more romances and, in general, your horoscope shows 1941 to be one year in your life that will be outstanding for its romantic conquests. The best months for serious love or marriage are: June, July, September, or November. Those who have serious problems in the home and who may be seeking an opportunity for divorce might consider such action in the months of March, April, or May of 1941. Finances should be good until August, and then some business change is promised. The home and its problems may concern you in October and November, for Jupiter and the Moon bring temporary disturbances. Letters and communications in general are favored during November and December. The artistic talents you possess may seek expression this year with some success. The year is well-balanced, exciting, and should shower you with personal happiness and good health.

Children of Venus, the Libra subjects of the screen, had better control their emotions in 1941. Mickey (the debs' despair) Rooney, should especially beware of parked roadsters in the moonlight. Carole Lombard, who is perfectly matched with Clark Gable, has nothing to beware in that department, but she must concentrate on her career, remembering that a sense of

humor is an excellent thing, but that options do come up. Miriam Hopkins and Jean Arthur face a good year professionally if they can disguise their contempt for the lowly press. George Raft will receive unusual breaks, but he had better skip any serious romantic attachment. Gene Autry will continue his gallop to glory with no interruptions. Linda Darnell should under no circumstances consider a serious romance at this time. With your horoscope, Linda, you can afford to wait.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

The first two months of 1941 are fairly good for finances, but you must be especially careful during March and April of this year. You have fewer afflictions of Jupiter and Mars to contend with and if you use your talents constructively, you will be on the high road to success and happiness. Money means much to this sign, so you will have several chances to get your share of it this year, if you can only learn how to hold on to it! May and June bring changes in work, chances to travel and visit relatives, or interesting developments in romance. Hold off marriage until September. Try to choose someone born in Cancer, Pisces, or Gemini for love or marriage. July and August bring some disturbing event from Saturn, so avoid doing things that might cause complications in your life. Watch the health, avoid vehicles and dark places, also sharp knives, guns, etc. October and November may be red letter months of the year with unusual developments. If interested in music, acting, or literature, the months of October, November and December bring new maturity to your talents. The year ends on a good note, with your future etched fairly clearly.

Our Scorpio stars will be happy in 1941 because Jupiter will be out of affliction and consequently their bank balances will be good. Hedy Lamarr will probably even get that raise she has been clamoring for. She will more than likely marry again in 1941. Vivien Leigh will justify her build-up and give us something worthy of her publicity. Her marriage to Olivier will last at least this year out. Dick Powell will continue to regain lost ground and will again become entrenched in the hearts of the matinee trade. Pat O'Brien's career faces no obscurity and if the Warner Brothers can't afford him, someone else will. The gal who has made the adjectives glamorous and corny synonymous, Miss Judy Canova, will become a great public favorite in 1941. All the other stars born in this sign will renew their power this year. It's a great year for Scorpio.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

The year opens under favorable vibrations for business and finances. Make the most of any business deals that come your way. You may have to be more aggressive than formerly to take advantage of these splendid opportunities. Mars might bring some dissension in love during January and February, but you can overcome these tendencies if you use caution. Your chances of finding love happiness are excellent in 1941. March and April are good months for engagements, courtship or marriage. Choose someone born in Aries, Leo, or Virgo for love happiness. Travel, invest, correspond during the months of May and June. Avoid complications with relatives. Seek social activities during July and August. Good months for vacation pursuits. Be cautious of legal difficulties and health disturbances in September, and during October make the most of creative talents. Someone may enter your life who means much to you in November, and during December you should be financially

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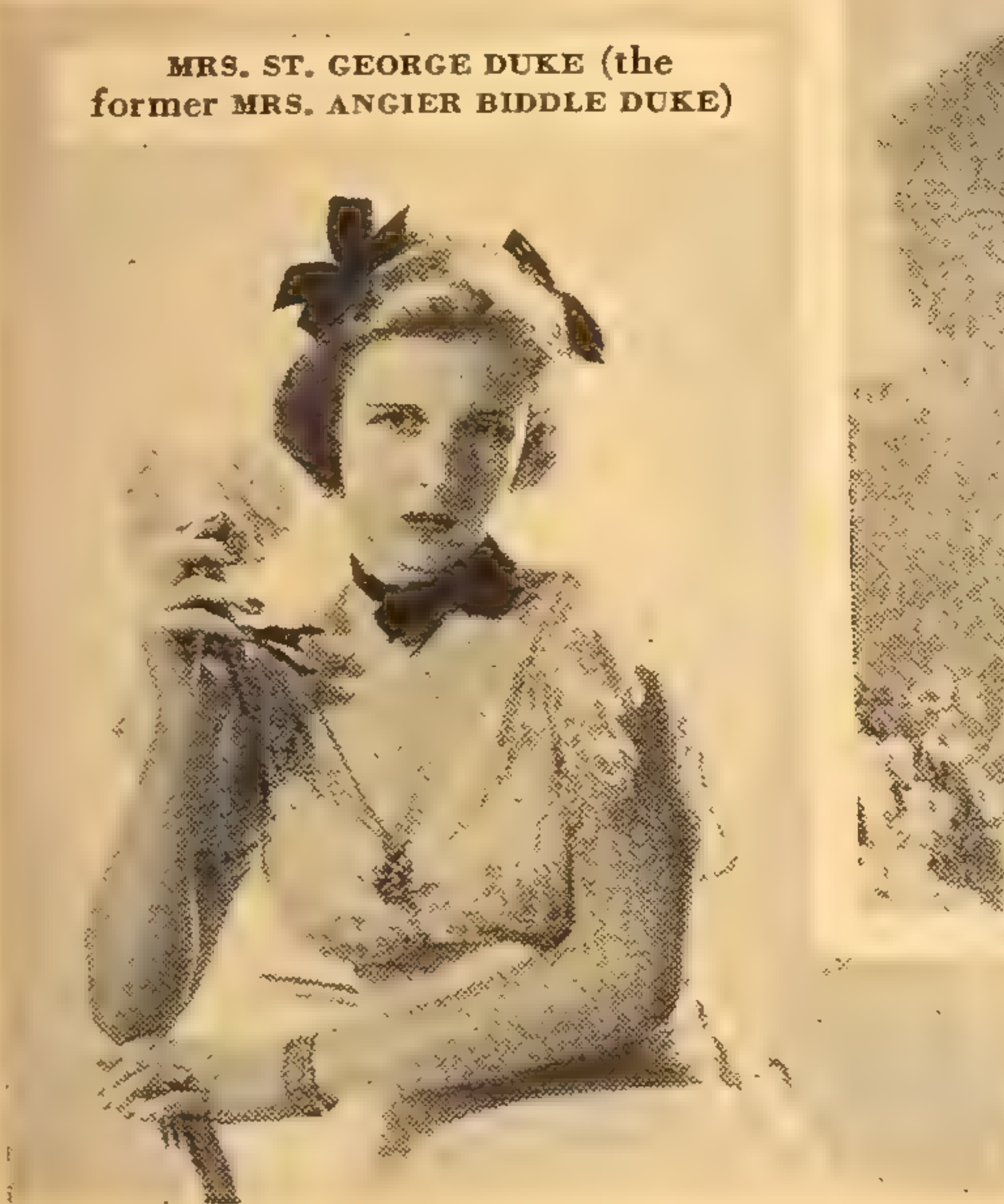
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names which represent six great American families of culture,
wealth and distinction. Each follows the Pond's ritual

self-supporting. Avoid morbidity and moodiness in this last month of the year.

The problem children of the Zodiac will have less to worry about this year than ever. Sagittarius is indeed rising. Dennis Morgan will take his place alongside Taylor and Power as a big league glamor boy. His marriage faces some danger, however. Betty Grable will become a star after languishing in obscurity for nearly a decade. The second of her marriages will take place this year. Deanna Durbin will make some excellent pictures but should strive to miss bridal bouquets as this is a bad year for her to make the fatal march to the altar. Dorothy Lamour will probably marry again in 1941. Careful, Dottie, to make that choice among the Aries, Leo or Scorpio eligibles. The public will become completely aware of Mary Martin. All in all a very happy New Year for Sagittarians.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

Of all the signs in the Zodiac, yours needs the most encouragement and consideration. You have known a seven-year cycle of famine, frustration and futility worse than the Biblical seven-year plague. 1941 sees you emerge (what's left of you) from this distressing cycle, and you are now promised seven years of bounty. Begin this month to make that come true. It's true you may still be somewhat fearful that everything you touch will fall to pieces, but Jupiter promises you opulence and peace this year. January, February and March are excellent for business affairs. Avoid trusting strangers, be cautious of what you sign, and if legally involved, make no decisions without consulting two attorneys. April and May bring you the proverbial Spring romances—and you can take them or leave them. I'd advise concentrating on business this time, and waiting for next year to find romantic fulfillment. Enter creative fields if possible during June and July; interior decorating, newspaper work, advertising, cosmetology, designing, acting, music, radio, movies, etc., are favored all during 1941. August and September are good months for travel, but you must be cautious of health, avoid overdoing, relax and rest. October, November and December may bring some disquieting news about a member of the family, but it will not affect you drastically. The year ends on a fortunate note.

This same fortunate cycle of success is shown for Capricorn stars. They need it, too, for the past several years have been disturbing. The two stars to take the most advantage of this break so far have been Ida Lupino and Ray Milland, who went from B to A in nothing flat. I look to see all the other Capricornians distinguish themselves this year. These include Judy Garland, Loretta Young, Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sothorn, Marlene Dietrich and Lew Ayres. No romantic afflictions are shown for any of these people for 1941. Anita Louise and Loretta Young married last year, as I had predicted they would, and they will remain happily wed. All these Capricorn subjects will have professional success in 1941 and their press notices will probably be confined to excellent reviews in the movie sections.

Aquarius—January 22 to February 19

This sign of good fortune has brought you some bitter and disillusioning experiences in the past two years. This cycle is not entirely over but there are hidden surprises in the stars for 1941, and if you make the most of the good periods your life will reflect brightness for a change. During January and February business changes are shown in your horoscope. Any work where you can use your personality,

meet the public, and elicit confidence is good for you. March, April and May are three months that you may count as being fortunate this year. Romantic developments may take place that startle you. You have floundered in uncertainty, if you are typical of your sign, and have wondered how your love affairs would end, but under this cycle during these three months, you can definitely have love happiness. This is a year in which you could marry and be happy. June and July bring some afflictions that might be felt in health or the home. August and September are good months for signing papers, investing money, corresponding with those in distant places, or travelling to other cities. Avoid dangers during October, November and December, and be cautious in business and finances. The year is progressive, and marks the turning point of a cycle. Make the most of it.

Most gifted sign in the Zodiac, yet strangely the most afflicted, Aquarius stars also face some upsets during 1941. I advise our Hollywood movie friends born in this sign to watch for hidden dangers and beware of scandal, secret enemies and adverse publicity. I see no particular danger in their individual horoscopes but their sign enters a strange period. Success and disaster may walk hand in hand. I advise Clark Gable to attend to his career and marriage carefully, because with care they can both last indefinitely. I shall issue no future warning to John Barrymore. Let him have his fun, I say. Wayne Morris I am sure has profited by his mistakes and will return to his public a chastened and slimmer boy in 1941. I predict that Ronald Reagan's heir will be a boy and that his career will pick up in 1941. I urge Lana Turner to remember that you cannot live like a café society débutante and be an actress, too, and warn her that she must choose in 1941 which life it is she wants. I also see a male heir looming over the horizon for Aquarius-born Tim Holt.

Pisces—February 20 to March 20

Your sign is deserving of some good breaks in 1941, and according to your solar horoscope you should get many of the things you have long wanted. Although love happiness is important to this sign, it is not the most important thing in the world. Success in business may mean much to you in 1941, for you like the better things of life and suffer when you are deprived of them. January, February and March can be red letter months, for the powerful Sun, Jupiter and Mercury conspire to bring you good fortune in business and finances. Money you may have spent and thought lost may come back to you, a good period in which to invest in real estate, also to go into business for yourself. April, May, and June bring you culmination to some outstanding romance. Choose those born in Cancer, Scorpio, or Taurus for real love happiness. If you marry let it be well toward the end of 1941. During July and August avoid indebtedness and family involvements. In September you can travel or move your place of residence. October and November hold warnings about your health. Also, be cautious of fires, losses, thefts, etc. December brings you a sum of money unexpectedly, a business opportunity, and surprises in romance. Those married and unhappy must not wait longer to find love happiness. Take action in any of the following months: March, July, or October, for then Saturn does not afflict the department of love. The New Year is generally agreeable and offers you more than 1940.

A Pisces person being his own worst enemy, our movie persons born under this sign did not realize for themselves the full blessing of their stellar breaks in 1940. I

must warn John Garfield particularly that he had better concentrate on his career this year if he does not wish to lose the public favor his very fine talent has won him. This goes for Ann Sheridan, too. La Sheridan has gone on strike because she feels that her talents are begging at a thousand dollars a week. I suggest that if she does get the raise she split it with Bob Taplinger who coined the phrase that made her famous. Look to your laurels in 1941, Clara Lou, because there is tough sledding ahead. Madeleine Carroll, loveliest lady born in Pisces, has had more than her share of hard knocks lately in keeping with the various afflictions of her stars. There are better times ahead for her in 1941, however, and by the end of the year she should find the one person who can give her the love and peace she so badly needs.

Look At Me! I'm Carolyn Lee

Continued from page 59

age, Carolyn emerged from White Cross Hospital, Columbus, Ohio, ready to start her training as an adult. The birth had not been an easy one. It took two more weeks for Carolyn Copp (she had no middle name) and her mother to feel fit for their first trip with husband and father, Warren Copp. The weather was fine. Carolyn had been born in June. Snug as a bug in a rug was the baby as she rode in her wicker basket placed on the ledge of the window at the back of the family coupé. . . . When she was three months old, she attended her first football game. She drove over a hundred miles with her mother and father to watch Ohio State (the alma mater of her father) play Michigan at the huge stadium in Columbus. . . . At the age of nine months she had won the right to wear white ruffled panties. . . . And at one year she could have been seen in hotel dining rooms sitting upright, eating with knife, fork and spoon. Any mother can tell you that the average baby doesn't begin to hit his mouth until he is 16 or 18 months, and then his only utensil is a baby-spoon. It is no wonder that year-old Carolyn, using a knife and fork as well, always called-forth gasps from nearby diners. And like Orson Welles, the worst form of rebuke you can give Carolyn is to tell her she is not behaving like a grown-up.

A recent series of magazine articles on the young Orson Welles mentioned his acute hearing. Carolyn's parents had to dispense with late parties at their home when they discovered that Carolyn slept not a wink until the last guest had departed. The Copp home in Martins Ferry is a one-floor-plan apartment. Carolyn's room is at the end of the hall, at least four doors from the living room. Her bedroom door is always closed. Yet the next morning it was not unusual to have a sleepy Carolyn mumble over her orange juice about the conversations of the night before. Often her complaint was, not the noise, but "your friends didn't say one interesting thing."

In print, these adult traits sound objectionable, but to know the child is to be completely sold on her as the most enchanting of creatures. She is far from perfectly behaved, but after she has been bad she is remorseful in the extreme. Like the time she visited Bill Cunningham, clever movie critic of the *Columbus Citizen*, following her first trip to Hollywood. As Mr. Cunningham reported it, Carolyn perched on his desk while he asked questions. The interview began beautifully enough. "How

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DAILY LUX SOAP
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL.
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Now YOU can give your
skin screen star care—
right in your own home

Lovely Loretta Young shows you just
how screen stars protect million-dollar
complexions. Now you can give *your*
skin regular beauty facials just as they
do. You'll find Active-Lather Facials
with Lux Toilet Soap remove dust,
dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—
help you keep skin *smooth!*

RINSE WITH
WARM WATER
THEN A DASH OF
COOL

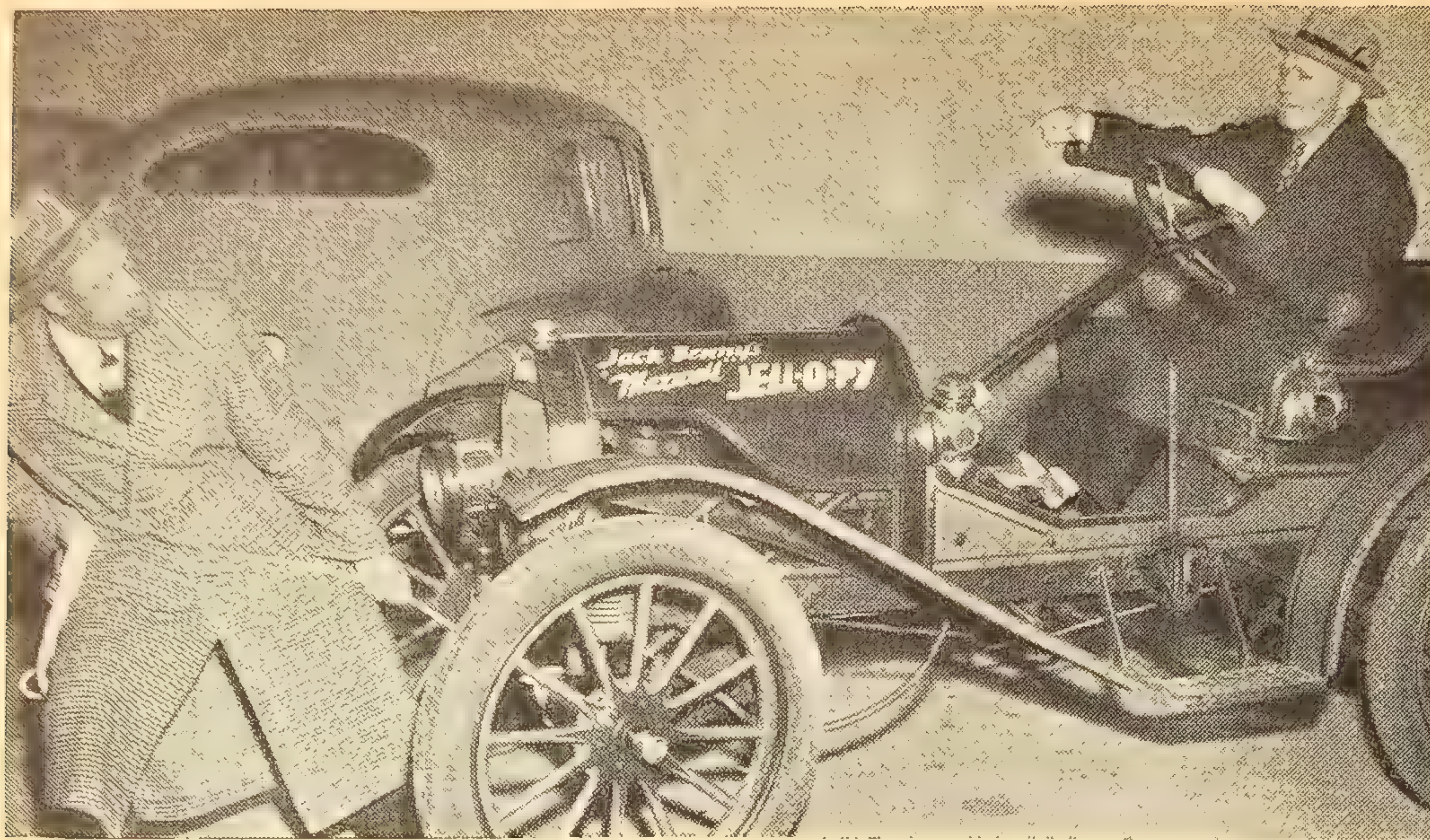
PAT THE FACE
LIGHTLY TO DRY. NOW
IT FEELS **SMOOTHER.**
SOFTER!

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars—clever women everywhere—use it to protect loveliness



Len Weissman

Pity poor Rochester, Jack Benny's valet, who had to get out and pull the old "jell-o-py" with a tow-rope while Jack sat back and gave orders. They were on their way to the opening of Santa Claus Lane when the "car" refused to budge.

do you like Hollywood?" Bill asked.

"O.K. but not so good," said Carolyn.

"Why didn't you like it?" the drama critic pursued.

"They make me work too hard," she replied with a heart-warming directness that startled the critic, "and who is this?" she had picked up a movie photo from his desk.

"That's Virginia Bruce."

"I don't like it," and the picture went sailing on the floor.

"This working business," interjected Mr. Cunningham. "How long do you have to work?"

Her eyes got big. "Ten hours a day."

"Not ten?"

"No, twelve—how many hours are there in a day?" She had hold of Bill's necktie by this time and was giving it mighty jerks which nearly made his eyes bug out. So he showed her a publicity photo of herself.

"I don't want to see *my* pictures," she said, "Let me see those others."

They looked at photos. One was of Madeleine Carroll. "I liked Miss Carroll a lot," she said.

"Did you like Mr. MacMurray?"

"Yes, but I liked Miss Carroll better."

Meanwhile according to the account of Mr. Cunningham she had discovered a desk ruler and was alternating between poking it in the general direction of his eyes and pounding it on his arms. "In fact we were getting along famously," remembers Mr. Cunningham. "Next Miss Lee thought of a new game," he continues. "She scooped up several piles of photos and threw them at me. In a desperate attempt to preserve what I laughingly call a semblance of order on my desk, I asked her to stop tossing the pictures around before they became hopelessly mixed. But Carolyn only laughed and another batch went sailing through the air. So," remembers Mr. Cunningham, "I thought of a master-stroke. Granted I know nothing of child psychology, I decided I knew the weaknesses of movie stars. 'If you get those all mixed up,' I exclaimed, 'I won't be able to find your photo and put it in the paper when your picture comes to town.' That I thought smugly was pure genius. But I had misjudged the amazing Miss Lee. 'I don't care,' she said with the flat finality of one who means just that. So whipped but delighted I succumbed to one girl who has been exposed to Hollywood and escaped unscathed. She has self-confidence and a will of her own, this Lee child. Lots of it. And poise. And a warm and winning smile. She's natural. She hasn't the cold artificiality that too many children of the

screen acquire or their temperamental tantrums or their too polite polish. She's just a youngster who's full of life and curiosity; she likes people and quite logically, is delighted that so many people seem to pay attention to her," concludes this critic.

Bill wrote a wow of a story about this interview. He didn't miss a thing. He didn't spare her. Her parents thought it was the best story that had ever been written about her and they gave it first place in the scrap book which they will present to their daughter after she is grown up.

But Carolyn saw nothing amusing about her behavior. Months afterward when working on the "Virginia" set she met another reporter from the *Columbus Citizen*. "The *Citizen* is where I acted bad once," she confessed, her brown eyes deeply serious. "There is a man called Bill there. He wrote a story about me once, and I acted bad and he didn't know enough but to put it in the paper." Pursuing the subject, she asked if the reporter could take dictation and would write a letter for her to Mr. Cunningham.

Here is the letter: "Dear Mr. Cunningham. I am sorry I acted like that the last time I was with you. I was just a little girl then. Now I am a great big girl. You would enjoy having me around now because I wouldn't try to poke your eyes out or throw anything on the floor. Love, Carolyn." She really meant it, and was overjoyed to learn later that Mr. Cunningham accepted her apology.

Carolyn knows the value of money. "She's practically a miser," her mother explains, "yet she's generous on occasion. I always allow her to spend 10 cents when we are in the dime store. One day I knew she had a dime of her own in her pocket, so I told her to just use it. She didn't even risk a look at the toys. She marched to the front of the store and waited for me to complete my purchases. She said not a word but I noticed her dime was still clutched safely in her hand as we went out. Recently her grandfather died and she asked me to send a letter immediately to her grandmother, stating that she would make an extra picture each year and send every penny of it to her."

One day during the making of her first picture, "Honeymoon in Bali," Carolyn stopped in the middle of work and informed her mother that she was through with the picture business and that she was going home to Martins Ferry. "I found out something today that I didn't like," she said. "Did you know that every actor in this picture is making money but me?"

Mrs. Copp tried to explain that she was making money but that she just couldn't see it. "I get a nickel a day or I go home," said Carolyn.

Carolyn would not be satisfied with nickels from her mother. That Mrs. Copp knew. So she tipped off Mr. Griffith, the director, that an interview on financial matters with Carolyn was in order. "Charlie McCarthy gets 75¢ a week," Carolyn informed Mr. Griffith. "I know I'm not a star like Charlie McCarthy but I think I deserve five cents a day."

The director, appreciating the situation, told Carolyn that she must see Mr. Freeman, the Vice-president of Paramount, about a raise. "I just direct you," said Mr. Griffith. "Mr. Freeman decides about salaries."

Mr. Freeman was so overwhelmed at his visit from the very serious youngster that he offered her 10¢ a day. "No," said Carolyn, "Five cents is enough. When I think I'm worth more I'll come back and ask you for more." At the end of each day during the making of "Honeymoon in Bali" she called at the cashier's office for her day's salary.

Before agreeing to sign up for "Virginia" she demanded and received a salary of 13 cents a day, and raised it to 25¢ a day when she found the picture was to be made in Technicolor. (This latter embarrassed her mother to such an extent that she paid Paramount the quarters to be handed to Carolyn.)

Carolyn is perfectly proportioned, 42 inches tall and 41 pounds in weight. She has a tiny pudgy foot size 8½ D. Carolyn is six now. She never forgets her lines and knows those of every other actor on the set as well as her own. She has to be reminded that she isn't to prompt them. When she was four and a half she was tested by Boston psychiatrists who stopped testing after she had successfully passed the tests for children twice her age. The stop may have been made by her parents who dislike having her labeled a prodigy. A famous Albany physician declared recently that Carolyn had the finest bone structure, the straightest arms and back that he had ever seen in a youngster of her age.

Besides regular eating and sleeping habits her mother gives credit for her bone development to onions (many baby doctors warn against them), which she began eating in soup when she was several months old, and the marrow of soup bones. Mrs. Copp gets soup bones at least three times a week, boils them for hours, and puts the marrow through a sieve. A generous portion of the marrow is added to various kinds of soup. This soup forms a part of Carolyn's lunch each day. "She will only eat four or five bites of meat, and I have to bribe her to eat that," says Mrs. Copp.

Here is a day's diet for Carolyn:

One glass of water on arising at 8:00 A.M. followed by fruit juice. (Orange juice is her favorite, occasionally she has prune juice, pineapple, grapefruit.)

8:30. Whole grain cooked cereal or egg (usually scrambled) and toast and milk. (She has one egg at some time every day.)

12:30 lunch. Consommé or vegetable soup, with marrow (Mrs. Copp keeps marrow in ice-box) added. Bread (she prefers white) and plenty of butter. Milk (one glass Grade A pasteurized.) If her weight is down a bit, cream is added to the milk. Chocolate ice cream or pudding usually. Other favorite desserts are, cup custard, graham cracker pie and gelatine.

5:30. Dinner is practically vegetarian, due to Carolyn herself. She likes fish and cheese dishes. She eats lettuce and loves French dressing with it. Mashed potatoes are her favorite, with hot mashed potato salad running a close second. Milk—some-

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Mrs. T----- handles a Difficult Case



Billy raised an awful fuss today when I tried to give him a laxative. I even promised him new skates - but he just wouldn't take the stuff.



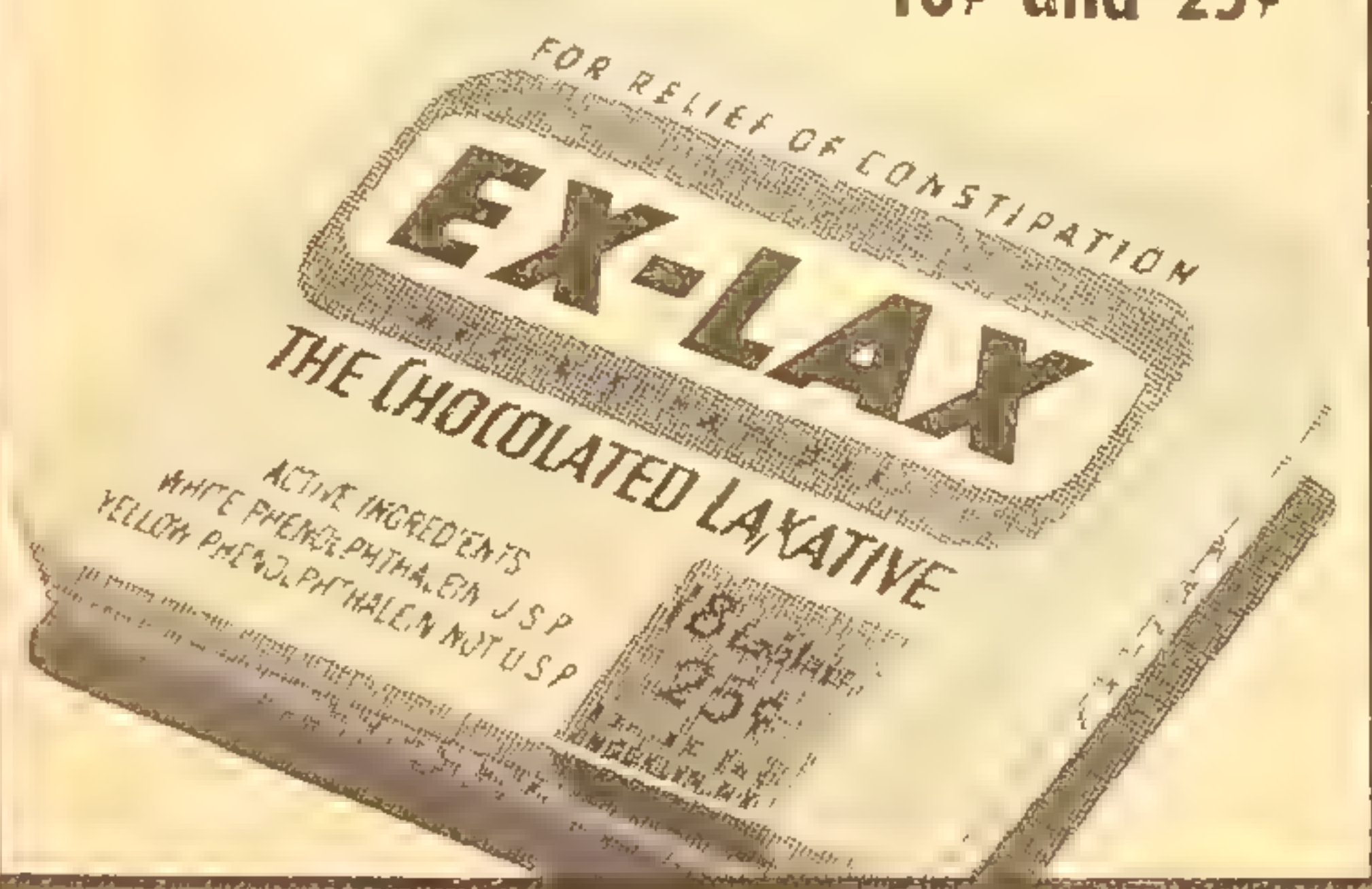
Mother had a bright idea. Told me to try giving Billy some Ex-Lax. He balked at first, but one bite and he was all smiles! Simply loved that chocolate taste!



Billy slept quietly all night. This morning Ex-Lax worked fine - didn't upset him a bit. I'll never have to bribe him to take a laxative again!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



times two glasses. Bread and butter. Her favorite green vegetable is buttered broccoli. She likes carrots and asparagus, and can smell an onion a mile off. She may have dessert if she wants it, which she seldom does.

Except for an occasional cold, Carolyn has never had any sickness in her life. While still a toddler she had her tonsils removed. That's all that's ever happened to her.

Carolyn can't boast any of the accomplishments of the usual Hollywood child. She can't sing; she can't dance. Yet, believe it or not, that's just what helped her make the grade.

"I was never so embarrassed in my life," says Mrs. Copp, "as the day they gave her her first test. We got to the studio at 10:25 A.M. and they took us to the Test Stage. The executives of Paramount were all down in front. Carolyn had to walk on the stage all by herself. The talking part of it went all right. 'Well I'll tell you,' she began, making up a long string of stuff just like she does at home, 'I decided I wanted to get married and I knew a fellow by the name of George Edward Gatts, so I decided to drag him over to court and marry him so by and by we had 19 children and one of them was so bad I sent her to the orphans' home. But I visited her every Sunday.' I could tell by the chuckles that the Paramount people didn't think she was too bad," continues Mrs. Copp. "But then," she cries, "came the embarrassing part. 'We'd now like to have you sing and dance,' I could hear a voice instructing Carolyn. I could feel my face getting red in the darkness as I wondered what she would reply. She can't carry a tune, you know, and the only time I tried to send her to dancing school the teacher sent her home saying that she didn't want to waste my money. I thought I wouldn't live as Carolyn broke into an off key version of *Jingle Bells* followed by a sort of clogging which is indescribable it was so awful. It's a shuffle which she learned from the negroes down South."

Yet the singing and dancing were what cinched the bargain. While the executives had chuckled in amusement at her original story telling, they nearly took the roof off with their hilarity at her singing and dancing. One executive, it is reliably reported, actually fell off the chair onto the floor as she hit one especially sour note.

While the baby entranced studio executives who cautiously predicted a fairly bright future in pictures, those same executives were overjoyed when "Honeymoon in Bali" was released to the public. Playing *Rosie*, the orphan child of the picture, Carolyn melted the most hardboiled critics from coast to coast. "I know you'll love her as much as I did," confessed the critic of the *Herald* in Miami, Florida. "The most unaffected, genuine and charming movie star I've ever seen," praised John T. Carleton of the *Atlanta Journal*. "I wanted to grab her right off the screen and squeeze her," broke down a third. So it went from East to West from North to South, and even in her own Middle West State of Ohio where you have already heard what the martyred Bill Cunningham of the *Columbus Citizen* had to say about this most lovable and natural of children.

No, Hollywood will never change her. One of the movie biggies on the West Coast recently asked her if she ever got lonesome for her home town of Martins Ferry, Ohio. "Oh, Hollywood's all right," conceded Carolyn.

"What's Martins Ferry got that we haven't got?" demanded the biggie.

The Ohio baby hesitated just for a moment and then, "You haven't got a nine o'clock curfew, that's what!" she shot back.

The Real Truth About Robert Preston's Surprise Marriage!

Continued from page 21

Bob nodded his head. "I knew her friends were telling her that, now I had a break, I'd be like a lot of these Hollywood guys—forget the girl who stuck by me when I was broke, go out only with the big names. Every time a story would break in the papers about the 'newest Preston romance' I'd wire Kay an explanation.

"Recently when I was in New York I ran into Kay Stewart at the Stork Club. Naturally, she being my Kay's best friend, I took her out. And boom—! Winchell said we were engaged.

"My Kay wired: 'Better say it isn't so, Bob!' I saw Winchell and asked him how about fixing it up for me—and he said, 'Your name was in the column. What more do you want. The rest is up to you!' He was thinking I should be grateful for the publicity break. I was thinking about my girl's feelings—and what her friends were saying.

"A fellow in pictures doesn't have a chance to really propose or win a girl decently. There's too much opportunity for misunderstandings over things that are not your own doing. That's why, all this last year, I've been urging Kay to marry me—before something more serious comes along and breaks us up. Besides, the public doesn't care if an actor's married or not any more. Look at Gary Cooper, Clark Gable and Bob Taylor. And look at Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland at my own studio. They married the girls they knew before they got a break—and look at the following they've got. When I can convince Kay, we'll probably dash for Yuma on the spur of the moment."

On the spur of the moment it was! Bob had been back four days from his personal appearance tour with Cecil DeMille for "North West Mounted Police." Kay was out of town the first two days of his return (explaining how I merited his attention) but when she came back to town Bob met her at the train, helped her into his car—and kept right on to Yuma.

"I made up both of our minds," he told me on the telephone when I called to congratulate them. Yes, they were honeymooning at home the first few days in the new house Bob had just recently bought and furnished in Beverly Hills.

"Kay's signed a contract for pictures at Paramount," Bob reported over the wire. "Funny thing, she was signed just a couple of days before the Yum-a-nation! She'll be in 'New York Town' with me—then I hope she'll be just Mrs. Preston at home.

"I didn't know myself until the last minute," he replied when I asked him why he hadn't told me he was going to be married.

I think Kay Stewart's marriage the month before to William Langdon Proctor, the Pasadena socialite and polo player, might have influenced both Kay and Bob. The two girls having lived together for three years, were very close friends. When Kay and Bob saw how happy Kay and Bill were, they said to themselves, "Let's."

Being probably the last girl in Bob Preston's life, before his amazing elopement, it becomes my lot to chronicle his last words and testament as a bachelor. I first knew Bob three years ago, when we were both on location at Cedar City, Utah. I've always said, that just because Bob Preston is potentially another Clark Gable, being the rough-daring-reckless-rugged-win'em by sheer masculinity type—was clearly no rea-

son for my falling for him—sixteen steps worth on first sight! But that's what I did—right at his feet!

"Young woman, are you broken or permanently injured?" he'd inquired, reaching down a steel-muscled bare brown arm—delving about my entanglement of multitudinous pioneer lady skirts—to find a hand or an arm in an effort to upright me.

I'd been running up and down sixteen steps all day from the Indians—when I was a bit-pioneer girl in "Union Pacific"—and Bob the hero. He'd come dashing to the rescue of Barbara Stanwyck, but in my direction. I'd taken one look and promptly tripped myself on my swirling voluminous skirts, and—well, he'd had to rescue me instead!

Bob said I looked absolutely scared to death when I saw Mr. DeMille's face and realized I'd ruined a scene. Bob's devil-may-care attitude didn't help any either.

It was his first big picture. Yet he'd whispered, "Don't be scared. DeMille won't bite!" Mr. DeMille had said, "If the young lady can keep on her feet long enough, we'll try and get the picture finished!"

I perched in the mailing room at Paramount the day Bob returned from the premiere of "North West Mounted Police." He was milling through stacks of fan mail. A majority were left over from last year and contained proposals and such from feminine suitors who'd used their Leap Year prerogative. Bob, who intended being a prizefighter until a dramatic coach insisted his profile, while still intact, would look better on the stage or on the screen, received three-fourths of the L.Y. missives—he then being one of the very, very few and painfully scarce bachelor actors—who'd never been married once, twice or thrice; who still had his youthful illusions (Bob being 23) and dreams of finding the "one girl for a permanent life partner."

"You have a single date with a girl when you're in a picture—and boom! You're engaged," Bob had said.

"Then you were never really engaged to Dorothy Lamour?"

"No," said Bob. "That got completely out of hand with too much publicity. Besides I was seeing Kay right along. Someone dreamed up a story that we were about to marry—someone else made matters worse by saying I said we weren't. Dottie was plenty burned up. She was one frosty little girl when, right in the middle of it all, I had love scenes with her in 'Moon Over Burma.' Someone else gave out a retaliation story in her name which hit me harder than the other two combined. Suddenly we realized we'd both been taken for a grand ride on a press merry-go-round. We got off feeling dizzy, but we patched up what was left of our friendship. That's the last time I ever engage in any romance that has any publicity angles."

"Some of these kids who read they're freshly engaged in some column say well, why not? Off to Yuma they hop," Bob continued. "But not Preston. I'm taking my time in choosing Mrs. Bob. In fact, I'll confess I've already picked her out."

"She's the sort of girl who likes funny things—like driving all over creation and loving horses and me! When the right time comes, I'm going to sweep her right off her feet and convince her I am the one and only man in her life—and that she can do nothing better than devoting herself to me!"

"Then why don't you?" I encouraged.

"When she thinks it won't hurt my career, I will," he said. "One day I will."

Little did either of us suspect the day would be the very next!

"How'd you like to drive out and see my new house?" Bob asked. He seemed in a lonely mood. Kay was out of town. "I've



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TAKE THAT HORRID
JANE BROWN
TO THE DINNER?

WELL, SUE,—
JANE HAS SUCH
SOFT, SMOOTH
HANDS.

THAT SAME DAY



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I HAVE TO WASH
THEM A DOZEN
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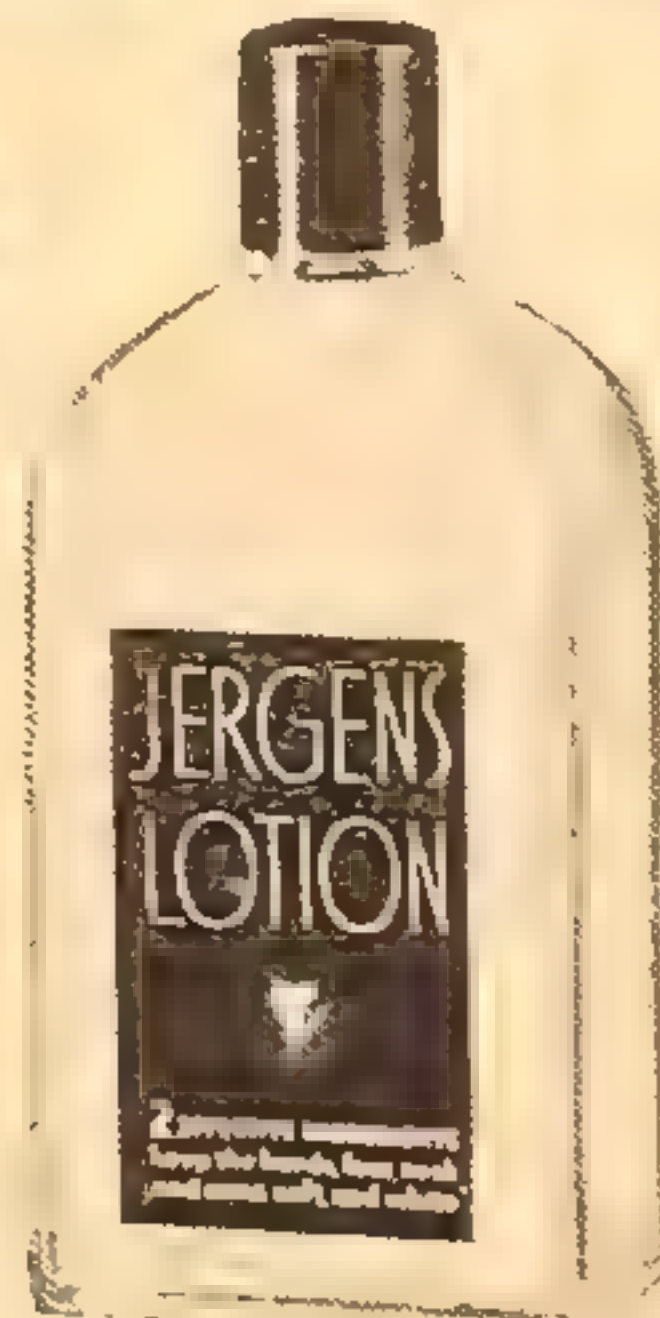
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just moved in. All bought and paid for. Lock, stock and barrel. Here we are talking about matrimony! You come along and see how I fit into the picture of domesticity. I've got a swell collection of rumba records—and we can dance and talk where it is comfortable."

I didn't prove difficult to convince.

"I'd make some girl a swell husband," Bob said with super-confidence after we'd left the studio in his green sports convertible. "Because I can cook," he grinned. "It hasn't been very long ago that I was cooking for a livelihood. My father and I were out of jobs so we went out demonstrating cookers—the kind where you put the roast and vegetables and even the dessert all under one lid—and in an hour you serve a complete seven course dinner. I've cooked for as many as forty people at neighborhood demonstrations. Nothing burned or even scorched, and every bite gobbled up!"

"I've done lots of things. Up until about now my life's been a hard scramble, but it's been good and healthy. I was raised and educated on the wrong side of the tracks. My father and mother came out here from Massachusetts with my brother and me—both of us under two years of age. Dad was in poor health. We lived where rent was cheapest over in East Los Angeles. My kid brother and I were the only two white kids in our schoolroom in the first elementary grades. The rest were Mexicans. Dad worked in a dry goods store. Mother sold records in a music store. It was my young dream to make enough money so my mother wouldn't have to work. She worked right up until a year ago.

"It was plenty tough in our neighborhood. A kid had to learn early to punctuate his words with his fists—to get any attention or respect. I went in for professional prize-fighting. Thought maybe I'd be a champ someday.

"My high school teacher persuaded me to take part in a high school play. I became interested and signed for the dramatic art course. When I drew a lead, I needed a new suit to wear badly. I'd gotten along with trousers and sweaters—but as a leading man I needed a new layout.

"You can use your mitts, can't ya, kid?" one of the gym trainers had said. That was one way to get quick money. I let myself be matched with a fighter called 'Chocolate Soldier' for fifty bucks. He left me with two black eyes and a busted chin which took all of the fifty getting myself repaired by a doctor.

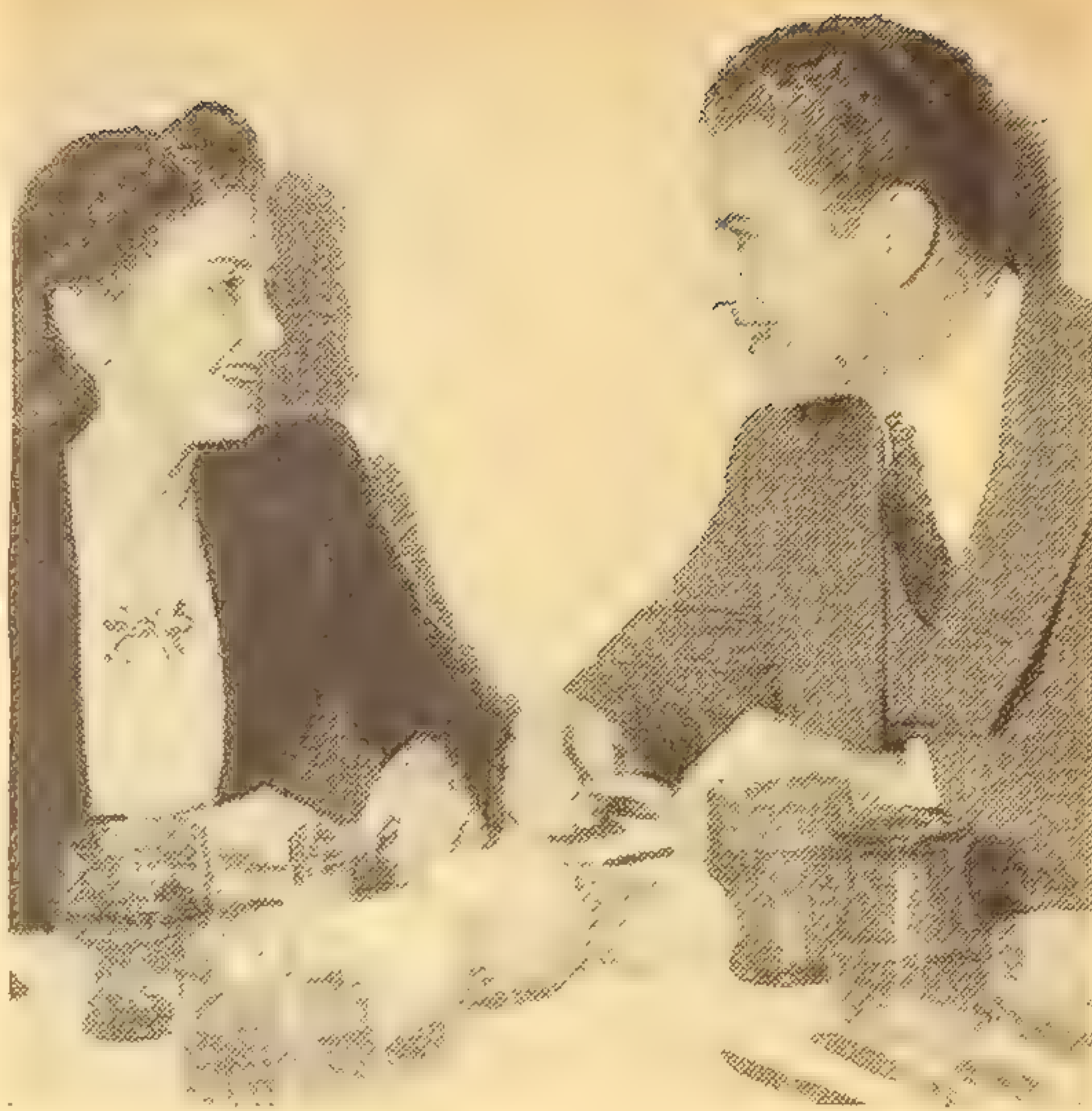
"The school drama coach suggested that being a champ was being a plain chump—and there were less painful ways of earning suits. One was acting!"

"When I was sixteen I got a job on the cleaning crew at Santa Anita Park," Bob continued as we drove from Hollywood to Beverly Hills. "I used to see DeMille and Gary Cooper and Dorothy Lamour at the races. I never thought that in a few months I'd be in pictures with them.

"I'd had a lot of acting experience in school. One day I barged up to Mr. DeMille when he was parking his car and asked him for a job. I'll never forget his words. 'So you've been doing a lot of amateur acting, young fellow! Well, that never hurt anyone. Keep right on acting.'

"Mr. DeMille was kind enough to suggest that I should join a stock company and go over to the Pasadena Community Playhouse for experience. I didn't have a car and couldn't pay the transportation back and forth—so the only thing to do was to move over there.

"Seven of us boys, who were trying to become actors, bunked together in one room, sharing food and fortune. One of the boys got me into the stock company



Robert Preston and his lovely bride, who's signed a film contract with Paramount, the company that has Bob under contract, too.

directed by Ty Power's mother. I played *Julius Caesar* in Shakespeare's immortal epic"—Bob recalled, tracing his career from its inception to now, "and my voice was changing. I worried constantly that it would crack right in the middle of the death scene. It would soar up from a deep level to a high-pitched treble squawk. I almost gave up in disgust. In the most tragic scene, I shall never forget, I turned comedian and made the audience laugh with my intended solemn vows of 'Et tu, Brute.'"

For two years Bob played leads, heavies, and everything they offered him at the Community Playhouse. His voice finally became his best asset. Discovery came when a lawyer of the Paramount legal staff saw Bob in a play and asked a producer to give him a screen test. DeMille saw the test, remembered the boy and put him into "Union Pacific" after three minor pictures. The critics hailed Bob as "Gable's Successor" because of his engaging grin and extreme masculinity. But when I mentioned the Gable similarity Bob said thank-you-all-the-same—but he aspires to be a character actor like Spencer Tracy.

Bob suddenly swung the car off Sunset up toward the hills of fashionable Beverly. "I'm hungry," he said with a side glance from the wheel. "How about you? Or are you one of those dieting girls? Girls who can't eat this and can't eat that drive a fellow crazy! One thing about Kay, she eats anything."

"But what about the people who *have* to diet for pictures?" I introduced.

"Anyone who lives sensibly won't need to," Bob replied. "I'd hate to think I had to lose eight or ten pounds. I've seen some of the fellows in the gym having their flesh pounded red and their jowls taped for the camera. If they'd get in the ring once in a while like I do with Ray Milland and my kid brother, they wouldn't need to."

Bob turned the car up the drive of a pretty Spanish California house with a sweep of lawn and an enclosed front patio. We stepped on the porch arched in old California mission style. A massive carved oak door swung open and there was Bob's mother, Mrs. Meservey, a plumpish little woman with a young face, who welcomed us.

After taking my coat, Bob showed me through the house. There's a lovely entrance hall with a floor of colored tile, with steps leading down to the living room with its high beamed ceiling and huge fireplace and large comfortable chairs and divan. There's a balcony with an iron grill on the stairway—sort of "Romeo and Juliet-ish" as Bob calls it. On a small table in state is a small wooden figure—

Bob's good luck piece, sent him by an admirer on the day he signed his Paramount contract.

There was the study with the radio and book shelves and Bob's collection of miniature horses of china and ivory. Then a dressing room—a powder room for lady guests and French doors that swing out into a garden. We passed through the dining room done in oak and wine tones of red—with a huge bowl of chrysanthemums on the table—and through the service pantry into the kitchen. There we raided the refrigerator for milk and sandwiches.

"You know I like to go out to the bright lights once a week—but I like home, too," Bob said. "I like comfortable clothes and lounging about. Incidentally, I loathe neckties. Never wear 'em unless I have to. The guy who invented them should be hanged by one of 'em!"

"If and when I get married I expect to spend lots of time in this house," he mused. "One thing—my wife must be active and not spend two-thirds of her time sleeping, like some wives do—at least so their husbands say."

"That means you'll expect Mrs. Bob Preston to arise with you for breakfast—a fast-disappearing American custom," I ventured.

"She'll get up with me for breakfast or else!" said Bob with a threatening grin. "I eat a whale of a breakfast, fruit juice, two or three glasses of it, and eggs and bacon and sausages and toast and jelly.

"This may sound old-fashioned, but I admire domesticity and virtue in a girl. I can honestly say I have seen very few glamor girls in pictures that I could go for. Maybe two at the very most. They're too busy and self-centered on making a success of themselves to have time for a fellow."

"I seem to remember your headline romance with Alice Faye," I remarked.

"That was publicity," he replied. "Alice and I shared a couple of sandwiches together after a radio show—and the columnists were hailing us as a hot romance."

Perhaps because he was lonesome or to make an occasion of the day, Bob suggested that we dress and go stepping forth to Ciro's for a bit of dancing. Arriving there we found it was Monday night and no dancing, so we returned to his house and did our rumba-ing to the phonograph with Bob's mother as audience.

Discussing boys and girls and dates, Bob told about being invited to escort the campus queen of Northwestern University to the College Prom Ball when he was on his personal appearance tour in Chicago recently. When the papers published the news the frat boys were plenty disgruntled. Why should a phony movie hero steal their show? One said within hearing of a press reporter, "If he comes around here to grab off my girl I'll knock off his block."

The story was published and Bob was in a pretty spot. What did he do but forge over to the campus and call at the very fraternity house, asking to meet his would-be opponent. Bob's no coward and not afraid to use his fists. The fraternity men discovered they liked him. The disgruntled suitor, who after all had given his frat pin to the campus queen, decided to be as good a sport as Bob had proven himself to be. An armistice was effected. Bob called up Mary Brian, who was appearing at a local theater, and invited her to join them—making a foursome. Which made Mr. John College and Miss Betty Coed very happy.

The name of Kay Craig interspersed his conversation. Plainly she was in his thoughts. She has red hair, green eyes, is five-feet-five and just the right kind of a girl for him. He said he'd marry when he could convince her. The next night he did!

The Future Holds a Change For You

Continued from page 61

show you exactly how you would look before you touched one precious lock. To the situation was brought the magic of modern photography. And it is magic and much, much work. You submit a reasonably clear photograph of yourself. This photograph goes through much analysis, you having first furnished a few details as to hair color, age, height, etc. Your photograph is re-photographed with the perfect coiffure for you. The result is amazing. You see yourself as you can be. Your hair is smart and beautiful; the shape of your face is modified or accented according to your need; your personality is pointed up by this new coiffure. To see it all, true to life, is amazing. I spent a whole morning, utterly transfixed by the changes I saw in faces—faces of young girls, young matrons and older women. The face, of course, was the same, but what a difference change of hair did make!

You will find these coiffure creations by Mr. Senz and Miss Clair very wearable and adjustable. They represent the hair fashion focus of the moment but there is nothing tricky or bizarre about them. If your fingers are very clever, your hair very adaptable, you may be able to do the new style yourself. But the better course is to make an appointment with your hairdresser, go with your photograph in hand and say, "This is it!" Most hairdressers are very obliging and will gladly show you how to comb the new affair, how to put it to bed at night and how to reset it yourself, if you must. And the coiffure that you can take care of yourself, is the wearable one.

Every really good hair arrangement should have a double life. It should have its own special life for evening wear and for day wear. High, dramatic pompadours should be reserved for evening, the more modified ones reserved for day. Ginny Simms, for example, brushes hers high and handsome for evening, but when she turns up next morning at the studio for a recording, her hair is brushed into a simple, smooth roll. Patricia Morison has a famous hairline—it grows beautifully from her face. She reminds you that for this hairline a purse comb is invaluable. Carry it and use it. Use it when you remove your hat to keep that hair that goes away from the face as smooth and silky looking as a ribbon. You can realize more beauty from this hair directly about the face than from any other area, except the back. Or better even than the comb mentioned, is a tiny brush to carry in your purse, which is a great groomer for the curl that also needs smoothing.

For evening, every clear sweep of hair needs a little make-up. Brilliantine or some such product does this for you. But like a face make-up preparation, the hair make-up should also be used sparingly. Too much of even the finest product will give you a seal-sleek, patent leather gloss, very, very on the wrong side.

Jewels on combs or pins, fresh flowers, tiny ostrich plumes and ribbon all help to put your hair in a party mood. But never over-do. When in doubt, just don't.

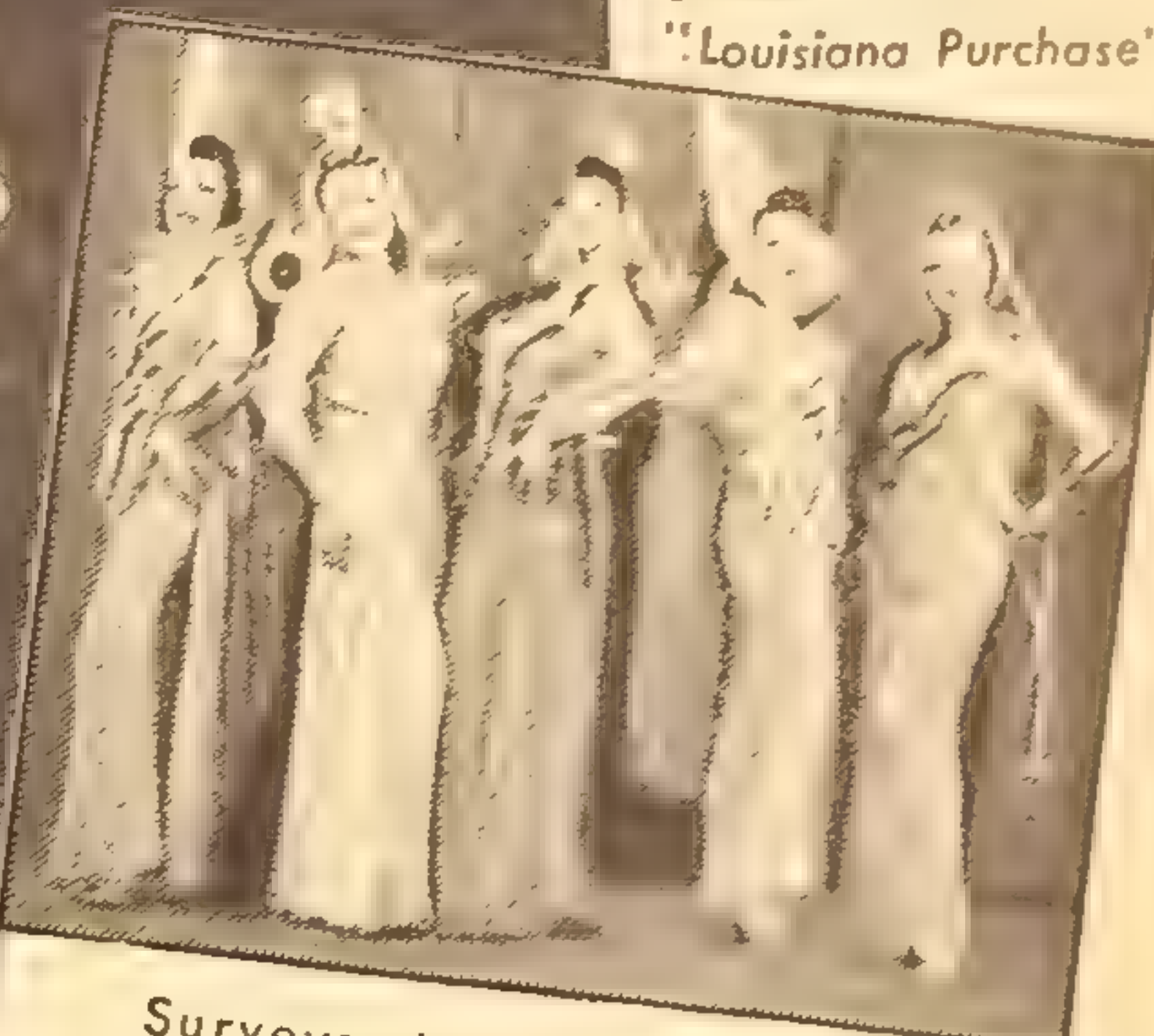
But do buy that new spring bonnet to go with your hair. Meanwhile, if you've had your hair restyled, as outlined in this story, you can be sure that your hair fits your face. Then if that new hat fits your hair-do, I think you will have a brilliant triple alliance. That first spring hat is a

THE "WONDER" CREAM THAT SURPRISED EVEN ITS MAKERS

✓ check these 7 ways it may help you



Scene from smash hit "Louisiana Purchase"



Surveys show that 4 out of 5 Broadway actresses—3 out of 4 of New York's professional models use Noxzema as a complexion aid or for skin relief.

ONLY a few years ago a new medicated cream was introduced to the public as a soothing, greaseless skin cream. Today it's known from one end of the country to the other; *over 150 million jars have been used!* It's startled even its makers, because of the many different uses found for it. The name of this cream is NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM.

READ HOW IT MAY HELP YOU!

✓ **AS A BEAUTY AID:** If your skin is *coarse, rough and dry*, use NOXZEMA as a night cream and as a protective powder base. It helps smooth and soften the skin, keep powder on for hours.

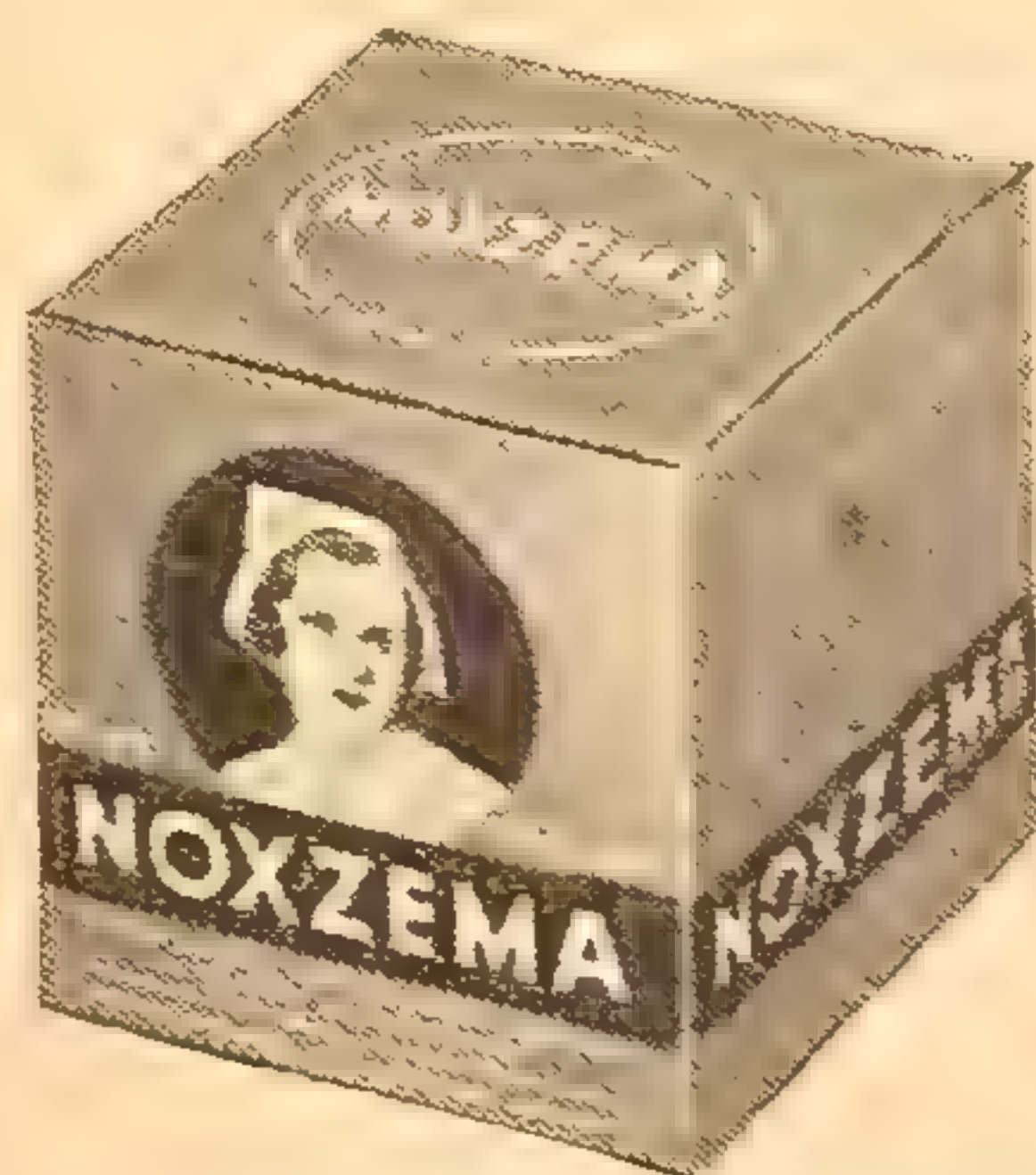
✓ **FOR POOR COMPLEXION:** NOXZEMA'S special medication helps heal externally-caused skin blemishes; its mildly astringent action helps reduce enlarged pore openings.

✓ **FOR CHAPPED HANDS AND LIPS:** Nurses were the first to discover how grand NOXZEMA is for chapped hands. Because chapped hands are CUT hands (tiny cracks in skin). NOXZEMA's medication aids healing. Try it at night; see how much softer, whiter your hands are next morning!

✓ **FOR SHAVING:** For *tough beards and tender skin*, apply soothing, medicated NOXZEMA before lathering or use as a brushless shave.

✓ **BABIES' CHAFED SKIN:** Mothers report it's remarkable how quickly NOXZEMA relieves "diaper rash"—aids in healing.

✓ **FOR SCALDS AND BURNS,** fever blisters, chilblains, Tired Aching feet, insect bites —KEEP NOXZEMA HANDY! It brings quick, grateful relief! Get a jar today!



Trial Offer

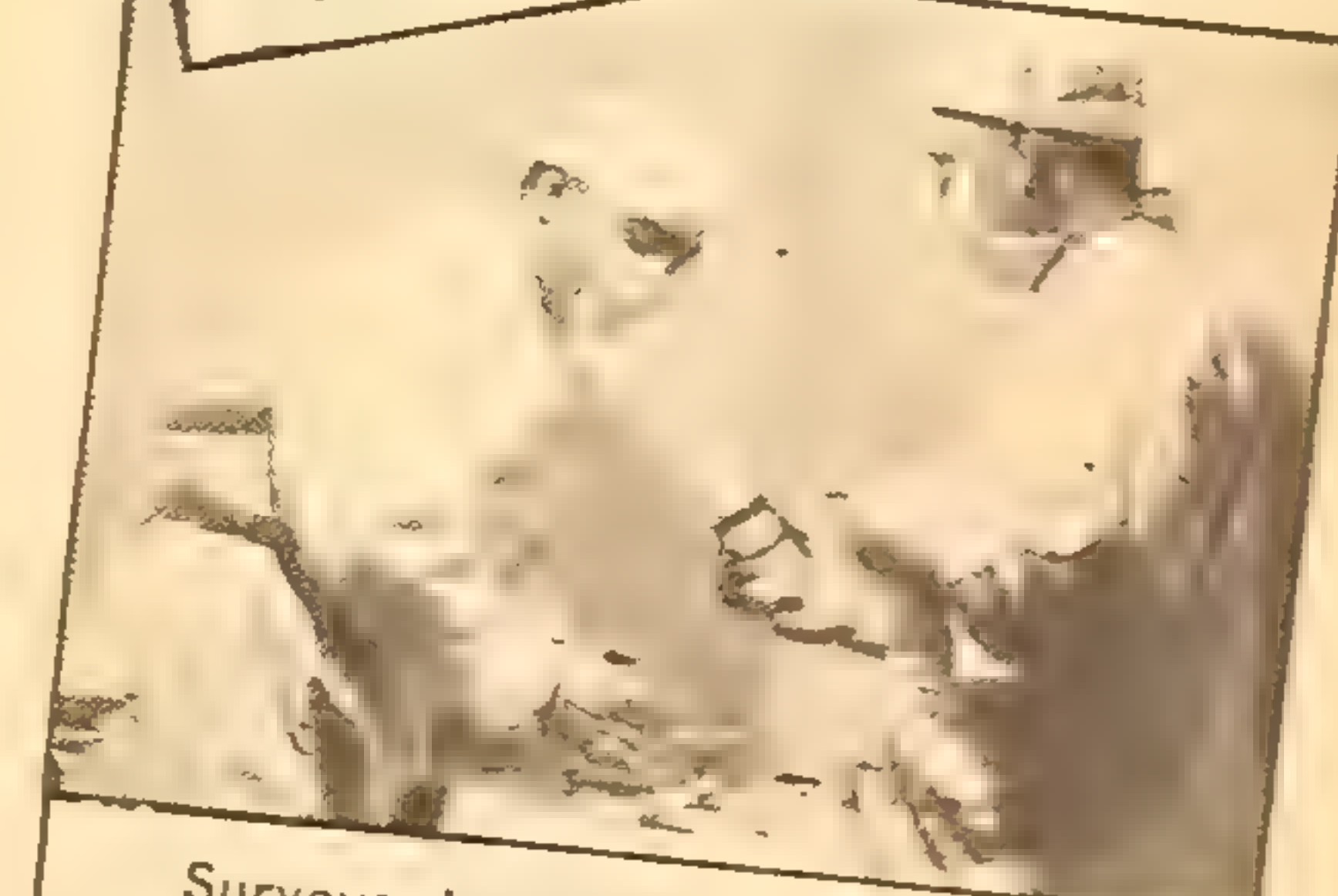
● For a limited time only, you can get the generous 25¢ jar of NOXZEMA for only 19¢. Get it today and use it for just 10 days. If you don't say it's helped make your skin *look* better and *feel* better, your money will be gladly refunded!



Many leading barber shops, like the famous Terminal Barber Shops in New York, use Noxzema as a beard softener and for soothing skin comfort.



At first-aid stations at Miami Beach, and many other famous beaches, Noxzema is used regularly for quick relief of sunburn.



Surveys show that many doctors, dentists and nurses use Noxzema regularly to help heal chapped hands, keep them smooth, soft.

Yours for Loveliness

Six good solutions for those personal puzzlers—
what to try! Some new, some old, they do a job



Halo for an angel

IF ANYTHING can get a girl down, it's the knowledge that she needs a shampoo. This lowers morale, inverts a smile. The solution is to equip yourself with a bottle of Halo Shampoo, and get right to work. Halo deserves its name, for it gives your hair a heavenly gloss and cleanliness. It dramatizes its highlights and makes its color clear and lovely, because it truly cleans every strand. You are silky-soft and manageable when you finish, too. Further, it leaves hair freshly fragrant, and you can use it in hard water with no after-rinse. Halo ends the good shampoo quest!

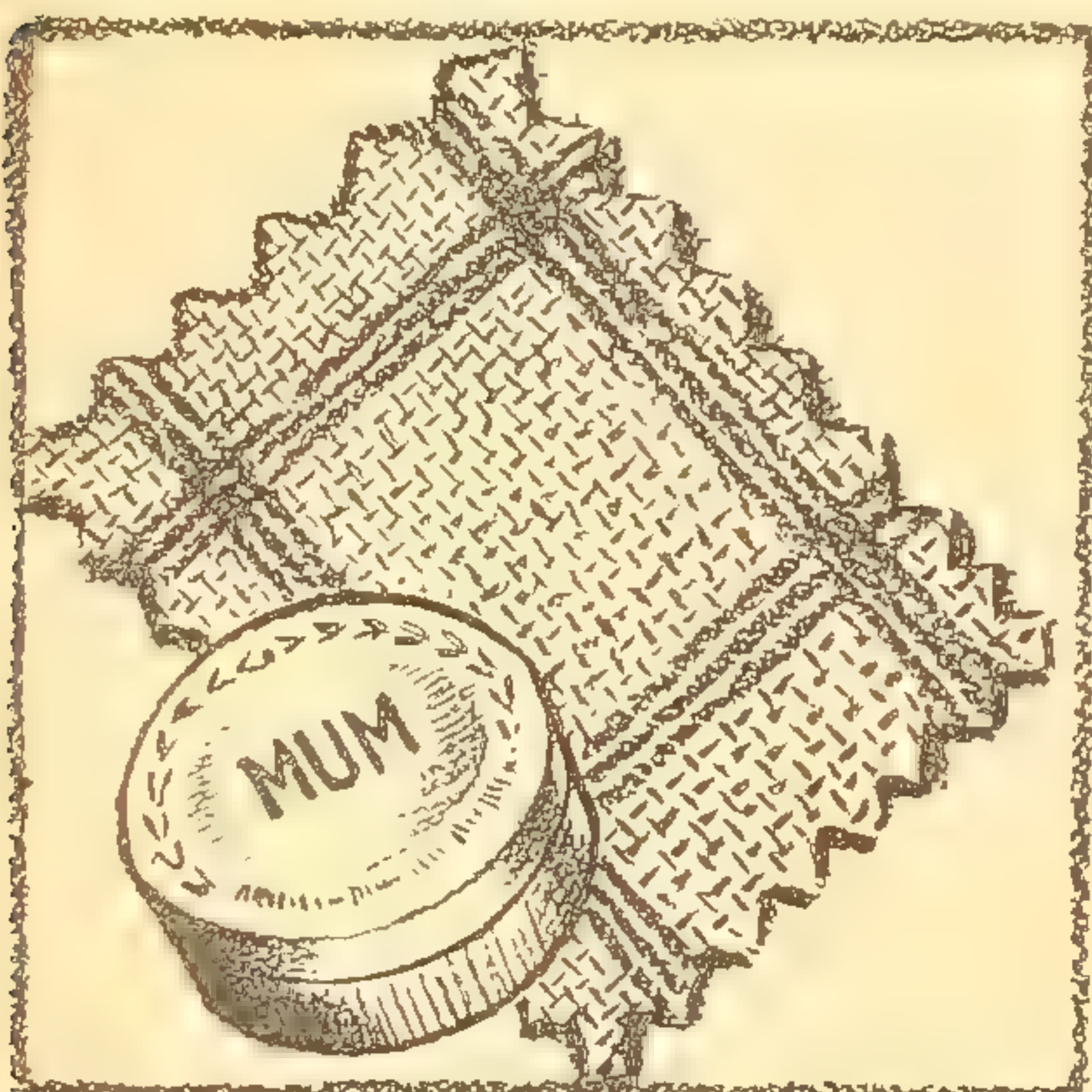


From the ancient Chinese

CHEN YU, the new chip-proof nail lacquer, has a reputation for lasting in perfect condition that makes you marvel! A modern secret borrowed from the art of making that Chinese lacquer that you see in museums, some of it thousands of years old. Tests seem to prove that Chen Yu at your fingertips means that they can take a great deal and still look beautiful. It's that enduring. There are fourteen beautiful tones, and a baby bottle accompanies the big bottle for purse or guest-room use. Chen Yu lasts, readers, it lasts and lasts! So now your cue is to try Chen Yu!

WE HAVE to be practical if we want to be pretty. Being practical means that you should keep a container of Poslam in your medicine cabinet for skin irritations. It's wonderful for surface skin trouble like a rash, those sudden bumps from too good a time, cold sores and all such temporary annoyances. For an acne condition, try bathing thoroughly with Poslam Soap, then apply Poslam Salve. This is an excellent temporary palliative. These are good, old, dependable aids. Note for your shopping list.

IF YOU want silkier body skin, if you want an added zing and zest in your bath, plus the fragrance of a garden bouquet or exhilarating pine, then a container of Bathasweet is for you. A cocktail for any bath to make you feel and look lovelier. It makes your tub as soft as rainwater, eliminates that disconcerting tub ring and is, all in all, a wonderful bath companion. Use the garden bouquet fragrance if you're a frilly girl, the pine, if you're stimulating! Hard-water areas, do remember Bathasweet.

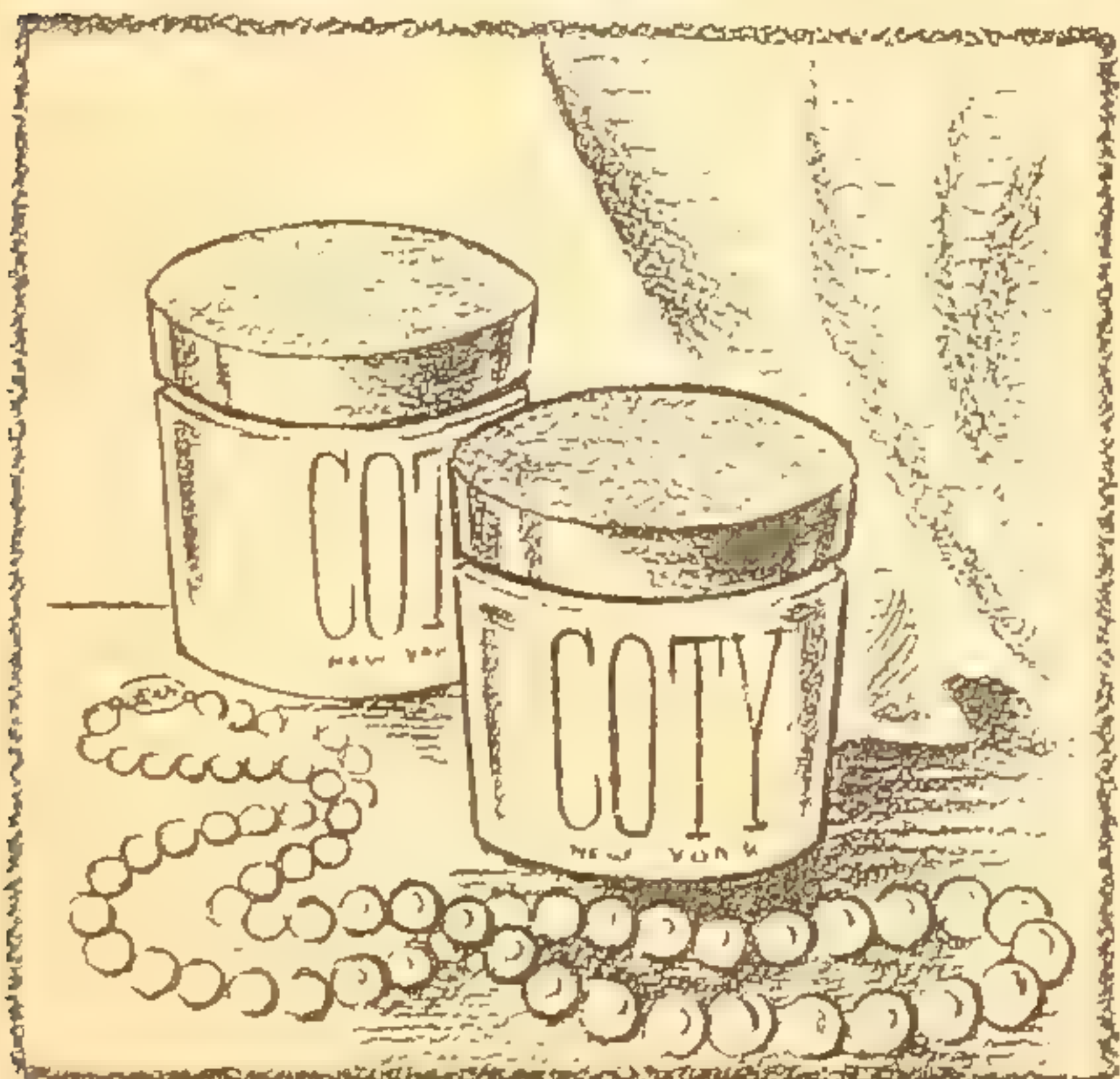


Woolens wait for Mum

THIS is a warning paragraph, a siren in the fog, a red light on the avenue! It's that important! Because—you're perspiring now, just as you did in July, but because your skin isn't damp, you may forget all about it. And your pastel sweater and your woolen frock are practically crying out, "Please use Mum. If perspiration odor gets in woollies, it's too bad." Perspiration clings to woolens. They need Mum, that sweet cream that keeps you sweet for hours. It neutralizes perspiration. School girls please note! You "actives" need it.

"The Simple Life"

COTY recently dedicated some exquisite skin aids to "the simple life" in beauty care. Highlighted, are two important creams, a cleanser and a cream for night use. The cleanser, for dry, or oily or normal skin, looks like a strawberry mousse, good enough to eat. Your skin will love it. The softener does its magic at night, revivifying you for the next day. Then there is a delightful skin freshener and a foundation lotion. True to their purpose quoted above, they are so easy to use, so quickly and so surely effective. C. M.



kind of emotional event. Somehow, we ever-hopefuls expect it to do things for us. Emerging from sombre winter, that hat is a kind of welcome to springtime. It honestly deserves your real interest when buying, and you will find your enthusiasm is high when you know your hair is right.

I think we ought to bring the men into this hair situation. They feel so definitely on the subject. They feel generally, so my scouts tell me, more emotional about hair that reveals you, rather than conceals you. Maybe the unmasking of our whole faces and necks has distinct appeal.

TO SEE YOURSELF WITH A NEW HAIR-DO

Send a clear photograph of your head with twenty-five cents to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. On back of photograph write your name, address, age, height and hair color. Allow three weeks for a photograph of you in a redesigned individual coiffure to reach you.

Life and Loves of Betty Grable

Continued from page 23

older now and is going with an older crowd. At other times, she and her friends take in the concessions at the beach and have themselves a time. Dignity is abandoned on these merry eves, pictures are forgotten. They become kids who are out to enjoy themselves.

At Betty's parties, you'll usually find more boys than you will girls, for she has never been one to be chummy and "darling this and darling that" with her own sex. This trait may be because she has never known many girls and because her work has usually thrown her in contact with men more than with the young gals. Whatever is the reason, Anne Shirley can tell you what it means to be the close friend of a girl who is choosy about her companions. There is no one more devoted to her friends than Betty Grable.

So Betty is enjoying the privileges of comfort and security because she has become a hit in the work she was not interested in. Yes, I know, everyone has said she has been so ambitious. But such is not the case. I asked Betty candidly about her great ambition. She smiled and looked at her mother who was sitting near-by. "I'm afraid mother's been my ambition," Betty said to me. "Frankly, I took whatever I was doing as a matter of course. I can't remember ever saying to myself, 'I must get that part, I must be a success.' When mother noticed that I had a certain amount of talent, she thought it was good enough to develop. So she became what you might call the stage-struck mother. She began to get engagements for me, to see that I met the right people. Not so I could earn money for her, please understand, but because she saw a future for me that I couldn't even visualize.

"Many times I would have thrown it all away for a life of ease and no responsibilities. I disliked so many things about my career. But mother would always keep my spirits up, encourage me. When I thought that Hollywood was through with me a year ago, I know it wouldn't have taken much to tell mother, 'I'm through with a career. I'm not the success you thought I would be.' But, somehow, the confidence that she had in me made that impossible. I couldn't let her down. So I plugged on, buried my pride and played stooge to Jack Haley in a personal appearance tour in San Francisco, all because mother believed in me so strongly. Well, that personal appearance tour, the event that I considered

the lowest ebb in my life, brought me to New York and back to Hollywood.

"I can truthfully say that this is the first time in my life when I ever had any real ambition, when I thought I had a chance in the theatrical world. My work has become terribly important to me now. My life is, in reality, the studio and my home. I don't have time to think of or even care much for pleasures."

The most amazing part of Betty's life today is that finally the careful guidance and help of her mother is being rewarded. What would seem to many as possessiveness, a devotion that would destroy independence and a sense of values has, in fact, been the factor that has moulded Betty Grable into the sensible young lady that she is today. The belief of her mother in everything she did has not weakened Betty; it has strengthened her.

Her mother is a quiet, unassuming person. Few people know much about her. To listen to her, you would not believe that she had a thing to do with Betty's success. She doesn't speak of her daughter with compelling adjectives. There is no hysterical note of "See what I've done for her" in her voice. She is a woman who has done her job as well as she knew how, who has not only managed a career but has moulded responsibility and common sense into a young girl who very easily might have been just a bored, disinterested lass with nothing to think about because she had everything.

Yet, in times of a crisis, Betty's mother has not interfered. When Betty was going with Jackie, for instance, her mother said nothing. Once when she was asked for an opinion, she merely said, "It's your life, Betty. You must live it as you see fit. You know what is right, and I believe you can take care of yourself." Yet, in her heart, she knew the marriage wouldn't last. She hoped against hope that it would not take place. But since her policy has been one of non-interference with Betty's problems, she kept still.

Betty recognized her mother's wish to remain aloof from her marital problems, so when she and Jackie were having difficulties, she didn't come to her mother with her woes. She knew she had to work everything out by herself. She had praise one minute for staying with Jackie during his court fight, and she had criticism the next for leaving him. Yet she fought her own battle. And all during this trouble, her mother knew nothing except that Betty and Jackie were having financial difficulties. She didn't know a thing about the imminent divorce until a few days before the news broke in the papers. Such is the peculiar paradox between a mother and her daughter—a mother who devoted her life to making a future for her daughter, even against the daughter's own ideas, and a girl who depended on her mother so much that she became independent of everyone and the judge of her own actions. Everything in Betty's life today and yesterday, then, has been directly related to her mother. The two were never separated a single night until Betty married Jackie. They are together again now and life has assumed an even course, at last, for them both.

Perhaps Betty's mother devoted so much attention to her because Betty's sister was so independent from the very beginning. Yes, I was surprised, too, to hear that there was another daughter, for so many reports have come out that Betty was the only child. Betty's sister, Marjorie Reynolds, lives in Kansas City and is the mother of a five-year-old son. They were never very close to each other, although there was a real love between them. Marjorie had a definite goal in mind whereas Betty didn't. Marjorie wanted the love of a husband, the security of a family and made up her mind that such was to be her



A girl's private life —

"I WANT TO BE ALONE!" There are special times when even the best of us have felt that way. But if you mope and feel sorry for yourself just because of "difficult days", you need a few easy lessons so you won't miss out on fun!

Perhaps you got off to a bad start. Tried being too good a sport . . . romped around a tennis court or hockey field when you should have been taking it easy.

Or maybe you never realized that *comfort* is more than half the battle! Meaning the kind of comfort Kotex* gives. Because Kotex sanitary napkins start soft, *stay* soft . . . help take your mind off your troubles!

What to do and not to do . . .

YES, you can go to dances! But sit one out now and then. To look at the stars . . . or hear a life story.

You'll have fun and you needn't be self-conscious, because the flat, pressed Kotex ends never give your secret away. You can be confident of comfort, too, because Kotex *stays* soft . . . doesn't bulk, bunch or chafe.

Put sleigh-rides on your okay list! Just bundle up extra warm and don't tumble in the snow. Instead, lead the singing and cheering . . . or perch up front and help drive the horses. You'll forget about you!

In fact, you won't have a moment's worry because the new Safety-Shield in Kotex provides added absorption. And with Junior, Regular, and Super Kotex, there's a right size for each day's needs.



'Tain't in Text Books!

Where's a girl to learn all about her "problem"? Where's she to get those little intimate hints she needs to know? The new book: "As One Girl To Another" gives you the answers. It's FREE. Address: Post Office Box 3434, Dept. S-2, Chicago, Illinois.



Feel its new softness . . .

Prove its new safety . . . Compare its new flatter ends

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



YOU'RE REAL "COMPETITION"

when hair gains highlights men admire

PERHAPS you have never seen the full-blown radiance of your hair, just because habit has enslaved you to old-style soap shampoos.

Then let one shampoo with Halo reveal amazing improvement in your appearance. Because Halo contains no soap, it cannot leave dulling film to hide the natural luster and color of your hair. Halo removes accumulations of dulling soap-curd from each tiny hair shaft, leaves your headress radiant with color and brilliance. What's more, with Halo you don't need a lemon or vinegar rinse.

See how Halo Shampoo leaves your hair sparkling, silky-soft, easy to curl. How it gives "eye appeal" to mousey hair. How it gently cleanses your scalp, leaves it fragrantly clean. And Halo, because of its new-type sudsing ingredient, makes oceans of lather, in hardest water.

Buy Halo Shampoo in generous 10¢ or larger sizes. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



HALO SHAMPOO

GIVEN AWAY!
SEND NO MONEY

—Guaranteed To Please—
Simulated Cameo set Ring with 1/30-14k rolled gold plate shank or simulated Cameo double picture Locket FOR selling 4 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c each. Order 4 salve. Post Card will do.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., BOX 169 WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

LEARN HOW TO DEVELOP A Beautiful BUST

Only 25c

Adorably rounded bust attracts friends, wins admiration! Inviting contours are often developed quickly with successful system used by famous glamour girls. Shown in complete Beauty Culture method demonstrated in 79 thrilling photos. Mail with 25c in coin to

Filmprint Co.
Dept. 112, 551 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

future. Betty wanted a family, too—she still does—but it wasn't all-important to her as it was to Marjorie.

One day, Marjorie was talking to her mother about her plans. She had been watching Betty do various things along the lines of a career and was proud of her sister. Her mother asked her if she didn't have any dramatic ambition. "I'm not in the least interested in acting," Marjorie said to her mother. "But I do know where I'm heading. As soon as I'm through college, I'm going to get married. That's my life. You and Betty can have the glamor!"

And as soon as she graduated, Marjorie did get married. Her mother knew then that her job was with Betty, for Marjorie had never relied on her to the extent that Betty had. Besides, she saw the contrast: one knew where she was going; the other had to be directed on some course. Betty and Marjorie only see each other about once or twice a year now. They are tied together by one thing only—the fact that they are sisters. It's anybody's guess, though, as who is the happier.

Betty's mother was spared one problem with her daughters—neither worried her when romance reared its head. Betty wasn't one to be concerned with romance to any extent, anyway. Boys interested her only to a small degree. In fact, she never went with a single boy until she was seventeen.

And so began the love life of Betty Grable! When Betty started to go out with boys, her mother created no set rules for her. Of course, she was supposed to be in at a certain time, but if the deadline could not be adhered to, her mother was quite lenient in extending the time, provided Betty called to let her know she would be late. Considering the unsettled life that Betty had to lead in her work, the varied contacts she made, it is remarkable that her mother has not had any headaches with young love. The truth of the matter is that Betty was simply too busy to have any time for romance.

Her first date was with a young man in Ted Fio-Rito's orchestra. Betty was singing with the band at the time. So, appropriately enough, at seventeen she had her first love affair. It was an adolescent romance, sincere and yet not vitally important. For over a year, Betty went only with this chap, for she always believed that she would never go with more than one boy at a time, a belief that she has somehow managed to stick to until recently.

That first romance ended when she met Jackie Coogan. Suddenly, her life entered a new phase. For three years and a half she went out only with him. She was practically the belle of the night clubs, for Jackie loved to go out. Betty didn't know what she wanted, except that whatever he liked was all right with her. When she married him, she took every precaution to make it last. She joined the Catholic Church to prove that she wanted to make it a success. And in that marriage came the turning point in Betty Grable's life.

I asked her about him and she frankly replied, "It was one of those things that couldn't be helped. Jackie's career was over. He had never had a chance to play when he was young, and life was just play to him. I was still trying to prove to myself that I had a place in pictures, and, as a result, I was more interested in working than in playing. Still," she added quietly, "I did what I could to make it go. I managed our home, did all of the ordering, supervised the housekeeping, and really took my duties seriously. I couldn't do as much as I wanted to because I was working a great deal of the time. I'd leave for the studio in the morning and Jackie would still be in bed. When I'd come home at night, I'd be dead tired and he'd want to go out. We couldn't get together.

CASH PRIZES

SCREENLAND'S FANS' FORUM

Watch for the first prize-winning letters which we will publish in the March issue of SCREENLAND. If you have not already written to us expressing your opinion on the movies and stars, sit right down and do so now and get in line for one of the Cash Prizes. Remember, we're offering, monthly, \$10.00 for the best letter; \$5.00 for the second best; and five awards of \$1.00 each for the next best five. Closing date for letters is the 25th of the month.

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"I stuck with him even when I wasn't in love with him any more, because I wanted to help. I didn't want to do anything that would jeopardize his chances in his court fight. I left him when it was all settled and not because I got any money out of the battle. I didn't. Not a red cent. I know everyone assumed that I did, but if that had been the case, I wouldn't have had to go on that personal appearance tour to get enough money to live on."

Betty hit her lowest ebb after her divorce from Jackie, for everything seemed lost to her. She had wanted a happy marriage so much and she had loved Jackie at one time. Naturally, the break-up was a blow to her and her preconceived ideas about the beauties of romance. Yet she had the stamina to keep from letting it throw her.

"I wasn't embittered about marriage. And Jackie and I aren't snarling at each other now. He has come over to my home for dinner several times. I believe, really, that what I learned from the experience matured me. And I know it has taught me more than ever how much marriage means to me. Certainly I'm not through with romance. My goal is still a chance to be a real wife and to have children."

When Betty was in New York in "Du Barry Was a Lady," she and her mother again went back to hotel life. They had thought, for a while, of selling their home here but decided against it, much to their relief now. History seemed to repeat itself in the return to the old life of a few years ago.

Betty began to take in the New York night life seriously. Her mother said nothing because she felt, instinctively, that they wouldn't be in the Big City for long and that Betty needed a complete change. So, to begin with, Betty began going out with Ethel Merman and other members of the cast. Then, one night, she received a big bouquet of orchids from a gentleman who signed himself "Alexis Thompson." The orchids arrived every night. Betty was unimpressed, for she has never been the kind to enjoy getting flowers. About two weeks after the first bouquet arrived, they met.

A romance began that got full coverage in the New York and Hollywood papers. It was a perfect set-up. He was a very wealthy young man, but a chap who believed in working for his living. He was the owner of a lucrative drug and chemical company. The romance received even more notice because it was reported that he and his socialite wife were planning to get a divorce.

When Betty began to go with him, her life took on staccato aspects. He'd pick her up at the hotel and take her to dinner. After the show, he'd meet her and they'd go to the night clubs where they danced for hours. Betty hardly ever got in before three or four in the morning. She'd sleep, then,

until three the next afternoon and get ready to go to the theater.

New York became Alexis Thompson. Both helped bury her past. "Alexis is one of the finest gentlemen I have ever met," Betty said to me as our chat continued. "Not only did he shower kindness on me, but he was so thoughtful of my mother. Three and four times a week, he would take her to dinner. And hardly a day went by that he didn't call her. When my sister and her family came to New York, he was equally considerate of them.

"When I came back to Hollywood, he came to see me. In fact, he made his fourth trip out here while I was off a week in between 'Down Argentine Way' and 'Tin Pan Alley.' We went out together as often as possible.

"Mother thought he was just about tops. He told her that he had seen every one of my pictures since 'Whoopee' that I made when I was with Goldwyn, and that he had been a fan of mine for years. He hadn't told me this, probably because he thought it might make me too pleased with myself—which it wouldn't.

"Now that he's back in New York, columnists here assume that our romance is over. Well, 3000 miles is a big obstacle in keeping up any interest between two parties, but I'm still very fond of him. As for marriage—neither one of us is in the position to talk about that."

Thompson had just written Betty's mother a letter. She proudly told me about it. It seems that he said "Down Argentine Way" was opening at the Roxy Theater in New York the next week. He, therefore, advised her to address all letters to him in care of the theater. Which hardly sounds as though the romance has puffed.

Betty is going out more now than she has since she came back to Hollywood. She had been working three weeks before she went out at all, and then she asked the studio's permission first. Her companion of late has been Count Cassini, a Russian who has only been here a short time. To the accompaniment of exclusive reports about Betty and the Count, she has this to add, "Certainly it's nothing serious. I like to go out with him because for a foreigner, he's the best jitterbug dancer I ever danced with!"

Then there was Desi Arnaz from RKO's "Too Many Girls." He had been seen with Betty quite often, before his marriage to Lucille Ball, but they were simply good friends, having known each other in New York. And again—he's a swell dancer, and dancing is a second life to Betty. As for Bob Shaw and Ken Murray, there is nothing serious. Ken has known Betty for a long time. He fits into her scheme of things. He's a man Betty can pal around with, and that's all she wants from any man now. So—the only serious romance since her marriage has been with Alexis Thompson. It may be the real thing. And again, it may not.

Betty is still being besieged by men, though. When she came home one night from the studio recently with her muscles in knots after doing a difficult dance number, she called a masseuse and told the maid, "If anyone calls, I'm out." The phone rang eight different times in fifteen minutes, all from men who wanted to be her escort that night. Betty was upstairs, relaxed, and asking her masseuse, "Do you think I'm getting muscle-bound?" You see, she's as proud of her legs as Darryl Zanuck is to exploit them.

For a girl who had an inferiority complex and pursued a career only because she thought she *had* to, Betty Grable is doing all right. Even Hollywood admits it now. An incident that took place in New York proves that.

Samuel Goldwyn came back stage to see Betty after a performance one night. His

eyes were popping with amazement when he asked her, "Why didn't you tell me you could do all those things? That you had so much ability?"

To which Betty replied, "I thought you knew. I was under contract to you, you know."

I doubt if Hollywood will say again, "Grable? No. She's been here too long."

You Modern Girls Lack Romance!

Continued from page 27

"breathlessly beautiful out of this world" now wrote of my appetite—the number of ice cream cones and coffee cakes I could consume in an afternoon. I should have been chagrined, I suppose, but I wasn't.

The two best "eating" stories about me that are going the rounds of Hollywood are, I might as well admit it, true. One concerns the time I was sitting on "The Lady of the Tropics" set and looking pretty exciting (this time thanks to Adrian) in an Oriental temple dancer costume. A young man, visiting the set, who had evidently read my romantic publicity, sat down in the chair beside me and started giving me the big time flattery. I have a strong aversion to people who are overly nice to me at a first meeting, and I wasn't paying much attention to him. Finally, he decided he was wasting his compliments on me, and not getting any place fast, so he rose and said, "Well, goodbye, Miss Lamarr. I guess I'll have to desert you now."

I am still a bit stupid about English, though I have worked awfully hard to master it. "Dessert!" I said, showing animation for the first time. "I think I'll walk over to the commissary and get a dish of ice cream." Good old romantic Hedy.

The other story concerns the day I had a toothache on the "Come Live With Me" set. Director Clarence Brown, a perfect dear, was on a reducing diet and he watched me enviously while I ate a huge piece of coffee cake. "Hedy," he said, "I don't see how a girl with your beautiful figure can eat so much."

And it seems that I answered, "It's very bad to have an empty stomach and a toothache too. But it's not so bad to have a full stomach and a toothache." Jimmy Stewart, Director Brown, and the boys on the set immediately called that "Hedy's Philosophy," and have teased me about it ever since.

So—as practically the number one lacker of romance in Hollywood I think I can start talking about us modern girls without anyone thinking I'm being smug and superior.

In these depressing times, with bloodshed and horror ever in the mind, I suppose it is only natural that girls should yearn for romance more than they have done in years. It's sort of an escapism. Whereas they used to be content to run down to the City Hall and marry the nice young man in the filing department during the noon hour, with a wedding luncheon consisting of a chocolate malted and a peanut butter sandwich at the Owl drug store, the girls of 1941 dream of veils and flower girls and a voice like Nelson Eddy's singing *Oh Promise Me*. As you've doubtless noticed more waltzes are played now at restaurants and night clubs than have been played since the Vienna (my birthplace) of Franz Joseph and the *Blue Danube*. There's nothing as romantic as a lovely lilting waltz—and a woman, who can dance at all, is certainly at her best when she is waltzing. Even the jitterbugs are wearying

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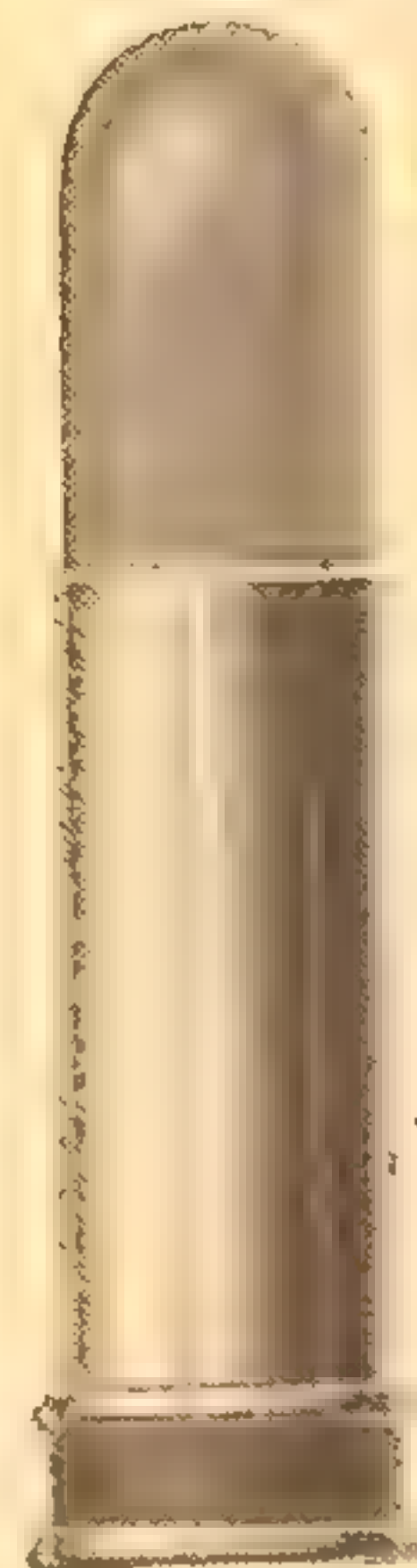


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of their peculiar gymnastics and succumbing to the beauty and grace of the waltz.

Still another sign of the modern girl's renewal of interest in Romance is this winter's fashions in evening clothes. That severely tailored evening gown that girls used to think so chic, and which made them look as if they were sitting at their desks about to take a letter, has been discarded in favor of something filmy and silly with a heart-shaped décolletage. Girls are definitely dressing this year to catch the eyes of the men. Even the most efficient of them, after eight o'clock, want to look fluttering, helpless, and alluring. Fewer and fewer girls are wearing slacks, even at resorts. I used to adore slacks, but a year ago I decided that peasant dresses are far more feminine. I suppose we have to thank this terrifying war for one thing: at least it's making us perk up and take an interest in romance again.

The way I see it the modern girl lacks romance chiefly because she lost her mystery. Men are very intrigued by mystery. They had rather see a chorus girl who is beautifully gowned than one who is practically nude. I have been told that your American Ziegfeld played up the mystery of woman, and never in the theater, before or since, have men gone so mad over show girls. The Ziegfeld girls were in the habit of picking off the cream of the crop of millionaires every year. Wasn't it about the Ziegfeld girls the song was written, *A Pretty Girl is like a Melody*? The song writer of today would write that a pretty girl is like a typewriter, or an adding machine, or a bra and shorts.

Take the situation in Hollywood. There is only one star with any mystery—Garbo, of course. Every fan writer in town would give his eye-teeth to have an interview with—not Bette Davis, not Claudette Colbert, not Jeanette MacDonald, and certainly not Hedy Lamarr—Greta Garbo. Bette, Claudette, Jeanette, Hedy can be lunched with, talked to, and watched on the set any old time. But not Garbo. So when a writer sits down to his typewriter he gives his beautiful five dollar words to Garbo, woman of mystery—those two bits a hundred words are good enough for nice palsy Bette, Claudette, Jeanette, and Hedy. I bet if someone took a poll of the men of America, and asked them: "What woman would you like to take to dinner on February the 14th," I bet that Garbo would win in a walkaway. Ah, that mystery, it gets 'em every time. Sweet mystery of love. Sweet mystery of romance.

We have to blame our mothers and grandmothers, I guess, for this lost mystery. When they won equal rights for women, and women were allowed to leave their piano stools, their needle-point, and their tulip beds, and invade business offices, man's holy of holies, they certainly destroyed romance. But I must say the daughters and granddaughters haven't helped matters any. The modern girl wants to do everything the modern boy does. She drives a car, pilots a plane, and runs an office just as well as he does. Her efficiency is so depressing to the male that nine times out of ten he rushes out of his office, or his classroom, and marries the first bit of fluffy clinging vine that he can find. Nothing slaps down male conceit quite so fast as cool efficiency.

And while the modern girl has been vying with the modern man in everything from training lions to prizefighting she has been becoming more and more comfortable. Her present state of comfort would certainly have shocked Queen Victoria. Gone are girdles, bustles, petticoats, and almost gone are stockings. Even a strip tease artist on Main Street wouldn't dare take off quite as much as a modern girl does when she relaxes on the beaches at Santa Monica. Flo Ziegfeld would never have approved of that.

The modern girl lacks romance because she has become much too independent. Girls of today often make a larger salary than the boys they go with. Therefore when they go out with their boy friends they insist upon paying half the check. Which makes it very nice indeed for the young man, but at the same time robs him of a certain male protectiveness, or perhaps superiority, which he has enjoyed for years. He can't tell a girl that tonight we'll do thus and so when he is expecting her to come across with a five dollar bill. That definitely puts a crimp in his style. Men were annoyed at first when the White Collar girls insisted upon paying for their part of the evening's entertainment, but now I am afraid they sort of accept it as a matter of course. I hadn't realized this quite so much until a recent evening I spent at Ciro's. Upon her invitation my escort and I joined a very wealthy girl I know from the East. She was with a young actor who had been on lay-off for quite some time. During the evening other people joined the table, and finally when the check was presented, and quite a check too, the young actor paid it. As we were leaving, a young man who had just dropped by for a minute but who had stayed the entire evening and ordered dinner besides, said to me, "Hasn't she got a lot of nerve, letting her escort pay the check!" Well, now really!

The modern girl doesn't expect the man to wait on her any more, and so naturally he doesn't. The old-fashioned miss with her constant, "Darling, bring me a shawl," and "Darling, please close the window," and "Darling, get me a glass of water," must have been a terrible pain in the neck, but from what I can gather the menfolk simply ate it up. They were being big and masculine. They were looking after the poor helpless little woman. Not only did they bring a shawl through a lengthy courtship, but also through a lengthy marriage, and loved it. But the modern girl doesn't ask favors. She jolly well gets up and closes her own window and goes to the kitchen for her own glass of water. I have noticed lately that very few girls sit in a car and wait for the man to open the door for them. I spoke to a friend about it just the other day. "Why do you always jump out of a car as soon as it stops?" I asked. "Henry will open the door for you if you'll only give him a chance." She gave me a merry laugh. "You don't know Henry," she said. "The first date I had with him I sat demurely in the car waiting for him to help me out. The car was parked on a hillside, the brakes weren't tight, and the car started rolling backwards down the hill with me in it—and with Henry oblivious to everything standing at my door waiting for me to come up the walk. I'm perfectly capable of opening car doors, and from now on I open them, fast."

Romance is something that can't be hurried. It's like the waltzes and the layers of filmy chiffon I spoke of before. The modern girl wants to do everything in a hurry. It's sort of a keynote of the times: hurry, hurry, hurry. She hurries to put her make-up on, not bothering to see that her lipstick and nail polish match, she hurries to the movies with her boy friend, she hurries home so that she can get a few hours sleep before she has to hurry to her office, or studio, or classroom. Modern girls and boys are so busy hurrying places that they have completely forgotten how to live a casual, leisurely life. Beauty and simplicity are practically as obsolete as the dodo. Everything must be done breathlessly. Naturally, you can't be very romantic with one eye on your wrist-watch.

Every girl's birthright is romance. A man in Biblical times once sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. I'm afraid the modern girl has sold hers for a pay check and a time-clock.

Playground of the Stars

Continued from page 57

reporters and gossip writers, movie stars feel that in Honolulu they can climb out of their goldfish bowls and let go their inhibitions. Here they can live and let live, love and let love, without anyone paying the slightest attention. They are so wrong!

In Rome, many of the movie stars say, do as the Romans do. In Hawaii do as the Hawaiians do. But what they don't seem to realize is that there are very few pure Hawaiians left, it is practically an extinct race. Once there were 300,000 Polynesians in the Islands; today there are less than 20,000, and a few of them are found in Honolulu. Also they don't seem to realize that the grandchildren and great grandchildren of the New England missionaries who arrived there in 1820—and persuaded a gentle, fun-loving people to discard their ti-leaf skirts in favor of the most unbecoming and all-enveloping Mother Hubbards—are just as prudish and disapproving as were their gospel-preaching grandparents. New England ideas of right and wrong still haunt the atmosphere, and there are more sturdy white churches set in green lawns on the island of Oahu than there are honky-tonk night spots. The kamaainas (white people who have lived there a long time) do not like the malahinis (white people who have recently arrived.) They resent Doris Duke and Jimmy Cromwell, the Henry Toppings, the George Vanderbilts and others, who restlessly Clipper to and from their palatial homes they have built on Diamond Head. And they particularly resent Hollywood movie stars. Do as the Hawaiians do in Honolulu? You poor dreamy darlings! Do as the Hawaiians do in Honolulu and you'll be talked about within an inch of your lives.

After several weeks of mingling with the Islanders I discovered that the Island of Oahu has four pests, all beginning with the letter "M," to wit, (1) the mongoose, (2) the minor-birds, (3) the mosquitoes, and (4) the moochers. The mongoose was imported to eat the rats in the cane fields, but instead merged with the rats, and retained the worst qualities of both. The minor-birds seem to take particular pleasure in gathering in groups under your window at four in the morning and jabbering away like mad for hours. The mosquitoes are the welt-raising type, and evidently are first cousins to those in New Jersey. And the moochers, mostly agreeable young men from the mainland with most agreeable manners, who prey upon the wealthy widows. To these four pests I heard that the Islanders were thinking of adding another, also beginning with "M," the movie star.

Now I thought that rather unkind, and just when the movie stars had "discovered" Honolulu and had decided to make it their favorite relaxing place and playground. Well, really, why all this carping about movie stars, the embodiment of romance, in the last stronghold of romance? Irked no end by the sly innuendoes I determined to go in for a bit of research. I talked with the great grandsons and granddaughters of the missionaries who are the "backbone" of the Island. I talked with the people who represent the "melting pot" of twenty-two races. I talked with a few natives, the sweetest, most hospitable folk I've ever met. I talked with members of the Pan Pacific Press, who do a wonderful job of publicizing the Hawaiian Islands. I talked with the Press, a most intelligent gang, who

write much better than their fellow reporters back on the mainland. And I talked with the playboys and heiresses of Diamond Head. And I have arrived at the conclusion that there is much to be said on both sides. The Islanders themselves do not agree about movie stars. The newspaper boys and girls adored So-and-So because he was a good sport; but the old families couldn't bear him because he drank too much. The Pan Pacific Press couldn't tolerate So-and-So because she was rude and disagreeable; but the Diamond Head bunch thought her one of the nicest stars ever to come from Hollywood. The Islanders as a unit were in perfect accord on only one movie star who has visited there during the last two years—Bette Davis. Which didn't surprise me in the least. Bette has that knack of being able to get along with all types of people. Wholesome and friendly, fun-loving and sophisticated, Bette was liked by every group. Some day in my travels I am going to find somebody who doesn't like Bette Davis—and that will be news.

Pro the Islanders (majority rules): There is no doubt but what certain movie stars, usually very well-behaved in Hollywood where they work, have gone completely "pupule" in Honolulu when on vacation, and "pupule" means crazy. They have thrown all discretion to the winds and acted like characters in those cheap, phony stories that are being continually written about Hollywood. Naturally the Islanders, and especially the descendents of the missionaries, don't approve of this. They raise their eyebrows in holy horror, and sneer, "That's Hollywood for you." Other stars, whose manners are impeccable in Hollywood where they live, have become insultingly rude, and cold as frigidaire in Honolulu, refusing to participate in any of the charming old Polynesian customs,



Kay Francis, with a flower lei around her neck, drinking refreshing pineapple juice while vacationing in Hawaii.

thereby hurting feelings right and left. Yes, the Islanders have plenty of cause for complaint.

Pro the Hollywood stars (majority rules): The Islanders have been a little too eager to take offense at things that were not intended to offend. That old chip on the shoulder, you know. Movie stars, worn and weary, after months of production in nerve-wracking studios, do not want to be bothered, but the Islanders want to make a fuss. If we make public spectacles of ourselves, the movie stars contend, the Islanders call us wild. If we don't make public spectacles of ourselves they call us

rude. You can't win. So—don't blame the movie stars too much, and don't blame the Islanders too much. Every story has two sides. Let's take the case of Ginger Rogers.

Case of Ginger Rogers. Ginger, a serious-minded girl, who takes herself much too seriously, went to Honolulu to rest. Pooped out after a heavy picture schedule she just wanted to rest, that's all. She put on a dark-colored wig to disguise herself, and left the boat in Honolulu Harbor by the cabin gangplank. Ginger today, is the most hated movie star in Honolulu. Business at one of the theaters where her latest picture was being shown fell off fifty percent the day following her arrival. No photographer in Honolulu will ever take a picture of her again. The Islanders simply couldn't wait to tell me how they loathed Ginger Rogers. "All right," I said, "I happen to like her. What did she do? Murder somebody?" Boiled down, it seems that Ginger would not come out of her stateroom on the boat to meet the Press, and the photographers, and the professional greeters who, as a part of the Honolulu hospitality committee, meet all the boats and drape beautiful and fragrant leis around the necks of the malahinis. Ginger would not accept a lei, nor would she say "Aloha," and in that way she insulted a fine old Hawaiian tradition. Personally, I think Ginger should have entered into the spirit of the thing, especially on her arrival—it's a nice friendly custom. But she wanted rest. And rest, according to the Islanders, was exactly what she got as no one would come within a ten-foot pole of her. When an Islander gets his feelings hurt, he gets his feelings hurt good, and his memory somewhat resembles that of the elephant. According to the Press, when Ginger had had enough rest, and caught a boat to take her back to Hollywood, instead of being covered with leis, as is the custom, she was Aloha-ed

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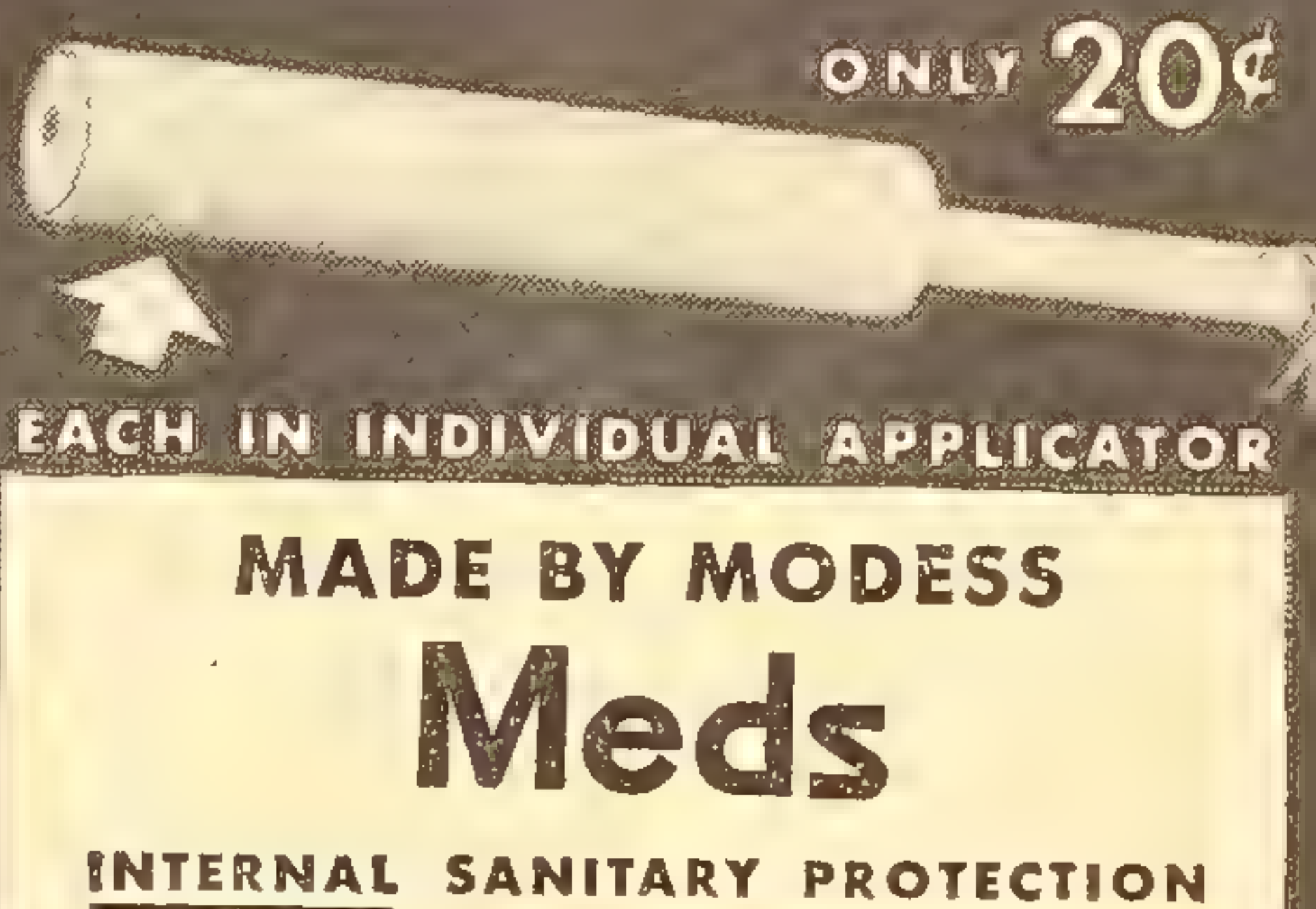
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with a ripe papaya, hurled by a native just as she ran up the gangplank.

Case of Robert Burns. When Bob Burns arrived in Honolulu the Islanders thought he would be like the characters he plays in his pictures, wholesome, friendly, and Will Rogers-ish. But, according to the talk on the Islands, Bob wasn't giving out with homespun philosophy the morning of his arrival. When several Islanders knocked at his stateroom and tried to put a lei around his neck, he said, and none too pleasantly, "Don't put that thing around my neck. What do you think I am—a horse?" And Mrs. Burns is said to have brushed off Hawaiian hospitality with a brusque, "Go away. My husband and I don't want to buy anything."

Case of Shirley Temple. The Islanders, with few exceptions, were crazy about little Miss Temple. The photographers had a slight beef—it seems that Shirley was in a playful mood and would stick her tongue out just in time to ruin their best shots. But, they added, better a playful star than a pouting one. The Islanders took Shirley right to their hearts, and didn't even resent it when she leveled a barbed crack at Joseph B. Poindexter, Governor of the Territory of Hawaii. "Are you the Governor, really?" she inquired following the official introduction. "You don't look smart enough to be a Governor." Even though they liked Shirley the Islanders did not like Mrs. Temple at all.

Case of Dorothy Lamour. There isn't an actress in Hollywood who is more cooperative than Dorothy Lamour. And Dorothy in Honolulu was just as obliging as she could be—whatever the publicity people would tell her to do, Dorothy would do it, without a complaint. She was cordial, she was palsy, she entered into all the fun, and the more leis and Alohas the better. A publicity guy thought it would be a good idea to have Dorothy kiss the Army, which Dorothy not wanting to be a Problem Child, did. That was too much for certain of the Islanders, especially the old family groups. "Why does she make such a spectacle of herself?" they asked. "Must she go around kissing everybody? Well, that's Hollywood for you." Poor Dottie, she was just trying to be a good sport. If she had refused to kiss the Army they doubtless would have called her rude and unfriendly.

Dorothy, quite innocently, gave the Island a juicy tidbit while she was there, and months afterwards I found that they were still rolling it around on their tongues. I had lunch with Dorothy at the Beverly Brown Derby, shortly after her visit to Honolulu, and she told me of the "most embarrassing moment in my life" that had caught up with her on the beach of Waikiki. She quickly mastered the art of riding a surfboard, so one afternoon she was lolling around on her board trying to get

an even tan before she had to leave. Pretty far off the beach, she untied her bra so that her back would tan without leaving any white stripes. All went well until suddenly a big wave rose from nowhere, and knocked her off the board right into the ocean. When she got the water out of her mouth and eyes she saw a gruesome sight—her bra was sailing with alarming speed right out to sea. Dorothy had to leap across the beach, without benefit of bra. Well, I don't have to tell you that the Islanders made the most of *that*. When it was told to me again, several months later in Honolulu, it had a different twist entirely.

Case of Irene Dunne. When Irene Dunne arrived in Honolulu she did everything just right—Irene would. She kissed the nice people who put leis around her neck, that's part of the Hawaiian tradition, she shook hands cordially with Duke Kahana-moku, the official greeter of the Islands, and posed with him for innumerable pictures. She admired the leis, so beautifully and artistically made, and asked to meet some of the lei makers. The women went mad over Irene, and piled her down with their leis, and she was just as friendly and cordial as she could be. "Oh, boy," said a lot of the Islanders, "here's a grand person, a real lady and at the same time a good sport. We must see more of her." And then—presto—Irene did her famous disappearing act. Reporters, photographers, and people who wanted to invite her to dinner couldn't find her high or low. "So," they sneered when Miss Dunne failed to answer her phone, "Snooty, eh!"

Irene, like Ginger, went to Honolulu for a rest. She took sunbaths, played golf at the famous Waialae Golf Club, and went for long rides around the island admiring sunsets, mountain ranges, and sugar plantations. The only bit of excitement she participated in while there was the first Honolulu "blackout." Honolulu, in case you are a dreamer, is all prepared for war. Irene had the spine-tingling thrill of witnessing her first "blackout" from the roof of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

Irene, as you can well imagine, went over big with the descendants of the missionaries who pronounced her a lady of perfect taste and breeding. But other Islanders pronounced her one of the most stand-offish stars ever to visit Honolulu. See—you can't win.

Case of Lana Turner. After her erratic divorce following her erratic marriage Lana Turner visited Honolulu and continued to be, shall we say, erratic. Lana took to the famous Waikiki sports like a duck to water, and under the tutelage of a beach boy she quickly learned how to ride a surfboard and how to manage an outrigger canoe going at sixty miles an hour. Young, pert, and extremely athletic, Lana was adored by the beach boys who

Rudy Vallee persuaded Rosemary Coleman, whom he escorted to the Roy Rogers Barn Dance at the Cocoanut Grove, to try on a ten-gallon hat.



Len Weissman

fight each other for the privilege of going out on a surfboard with her. Most of the Islanders approved of Lana—until they learned that her nights were almost as athletic as her days. Lana, child of the Hollywood night clubs, couldn't be expected to go to bed early in Honolulu, just because it happened to be a ten o'clock town. Any place you could find a dance orchestra, and a group of gay young stay-up-lates there you could find Lana whooping it up. And why not? She was on vacation and wanted to have fun, so why should she go to bed with the chickens? "Well," said the Islanders with a shrug, "that's Hollywood for you."

If Honolulu is going to be Hollywood's favorite playground, and it is definitely, something will just have to be done in the way of making the Islanders understand the movie stars, and *vice versa*. Me, I can't undertake it because I'm much too busy gossiping about *both* the Islanders and the movie stars. Perhaps you have some suggestions. Or shall we just drop the whole thing and let them fight it out themselves? Anyway, I'm certain the great-grandsons of the missionaries would like Lana Turner if they'd just bother to sit up with her some night. And I'm certain the natives would like Ginger Rogers if they could just see her sometimes when she is rested, and giving out with their favorite song, "The Princess Pupule has plenty papaya, she likes to give it away, I mean—papaya."

We'll be one big happy family yet!

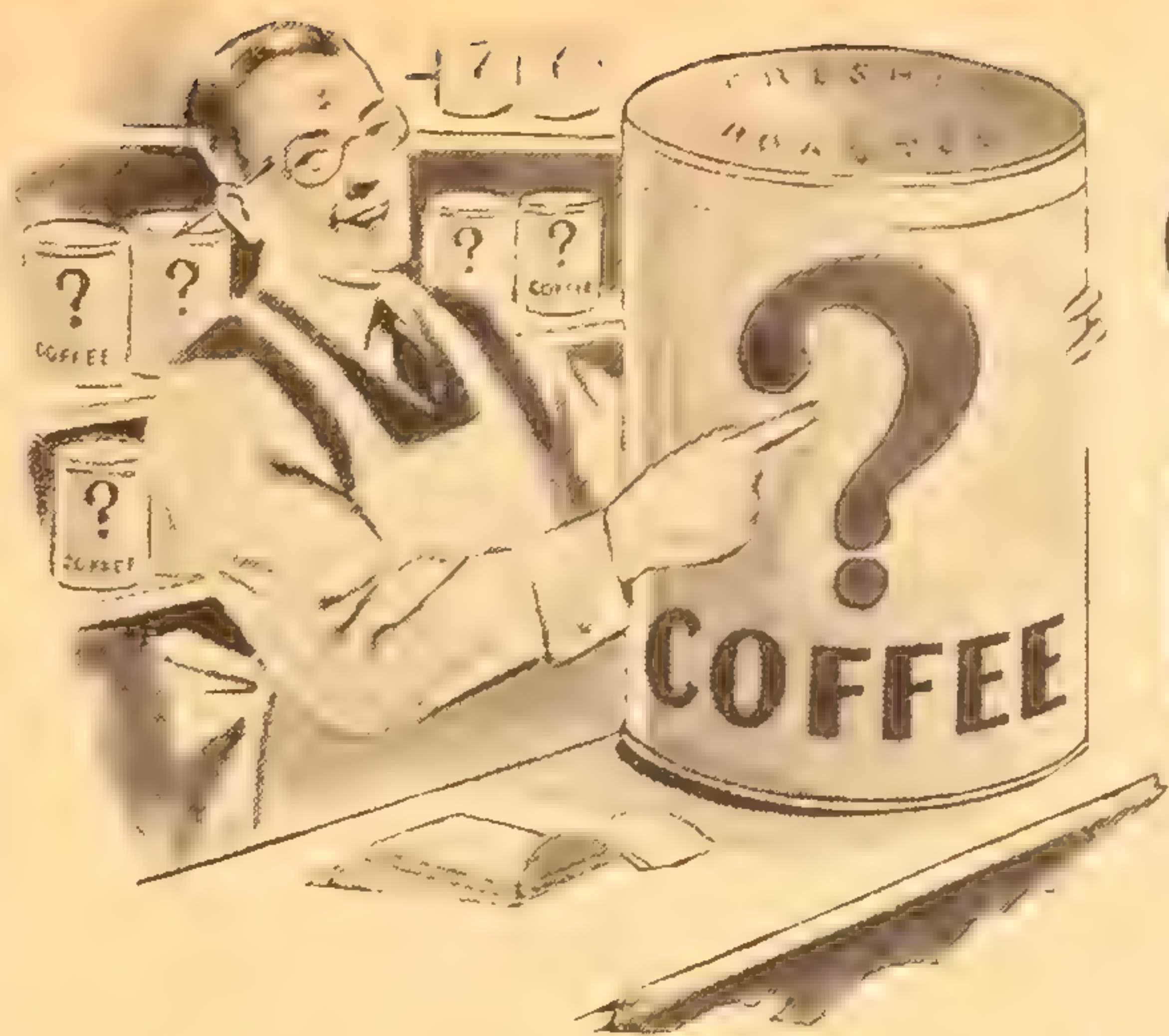
Maureen O'Sullivan Writes a Letter from Canada

Continued from page 28

I was born and brought up in the Army, so to speak. My Dad is a Major, you know, in the Connaught Rangers; my uncles have all served in the Rangers; my brother is in Egypt, now, with the English Army. And as a child in Dublin, I lived through the Irish Rebellion. Perhaps I am "conditioned," if you know what I mean. So that when John told me he would have to go, I knew that he would have to go, that's all.

He left Hollywood, as I have said, a few months before we did, the baby and I. He was on convoy patrol at first—yes, of course, of *course* you worry when your husband is halfway to sea, in days and seas like these! He was going out of Halifax on convoy patrol and I began, then, to learn the lesson of *comparative* things. I mean, before we were married, whenever we were apart, I can remember thinking I would surely die if the postman didn't bring me a letter from John; on the days I expected letters, it would be more than I could bear, I'd think, if I didn't get one. And then I had to learn to wait to get a few lines from John saying that he was back in port, was safe as of that day, and I learned that if I didn't get those lines, I wouldn't die, I'd keep right on living. Do you see what I mean? There's iron in war, as well as steel, and some of that iron enters women, too.

Well, after a few months he wrote me that he was to be stationed in Ottawa for a time. He was off the convoy patrol and had been made Comptroller of Naval Information which means that he controls censorship—everything that happens, ships coming in and going out, casualties, everything pertaining to naval matters must go through him. How long he will be stationed in Ottawa, he didn't know then and doesn't know now. But instantly he wrote that he was there, however temporarily, I got busy.



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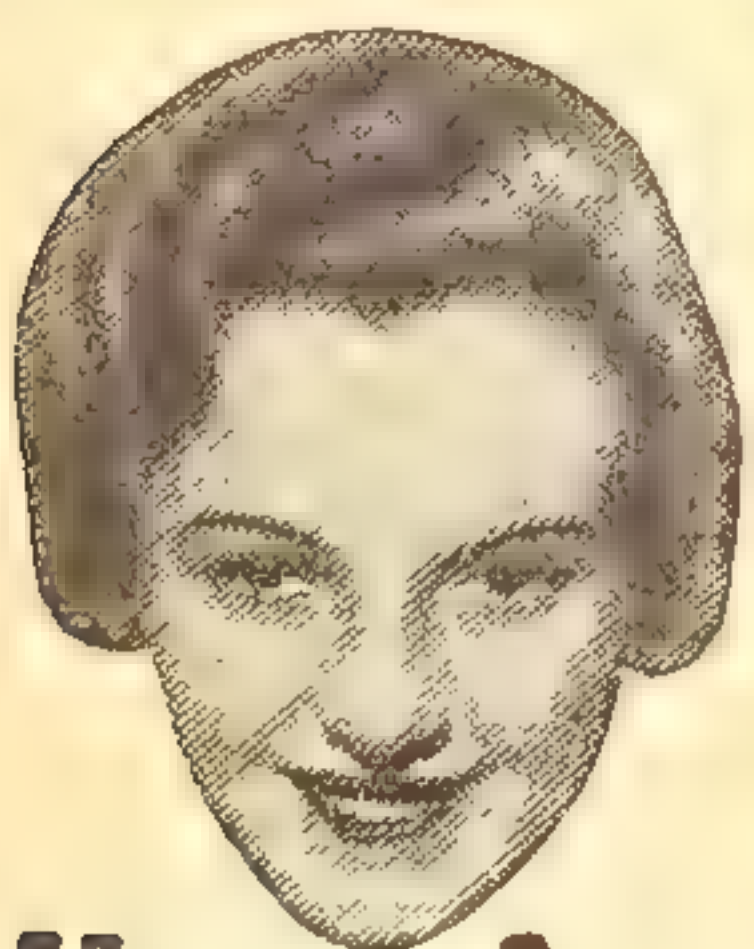
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I'd had all sorts and kinds of visions that I might not see him again for—for some time. So I went to work to get to him. I sold the house. I packed up the baby and the dog and the couple who took care of us and we boarded a plane and flew to John.

This will amuse you, Gladys—we had an awful trip and, somewhere between Los Angeles and Ottawa, the baby came through with *three teeth!* Bumped in by the airpockets, no doubt. And absolutely painlessly which, it seems to me, is a new thought in advertising for aviation! We arrived, sound if shaken, and there was John looking very handsome in his uniform—and there was the darling, little house he had rented for us, on the banks of the river, only ten minutes from Ottawa, in the Province of Quebec.

You ask how I felt about selling our house—you say "the way you loved it, didn't it break you all up?"—it *was* hard, of course it was! It was the house we planned and built when we were first married, thinking it would be our home through the years to come. I like roots, you know, I like the feeling of permanency. I never have been one to redecorate and refurnish my house every six months or so. I *like* the feeling of growing old in the same, mellowing rooms, in the same garden. But conditions tear up roots, you know—world conditions make short shift of little, individual roots—it was, too, the house in which we waited for Michael to be born, (yes, you're right, he's sixteen months old now)—the house to which we brought him home. The house we thought he would call home all through his school days, his college days, until he left it for a home of his own—for the three of us, it was our first home.

But it was such an infinitesimal sacrifice, Gladys, compared to what other people are giving up and losing and suffering—the *amount* they are putting into this War, up here in Canada! You have to live here to have any idea. They are giving their men and their money, their time and their courage, and you can't give more. And no dramatics about it! "my husband is at War" . . . "I had a letter from my son this morning—where from? Oh, I don't know, of course, *where* he is" . . . such remarks as these are staple parts of the daily fare up here in Canada, words that must come up and out of the deepest recesses of the heart and yet are said as casually as some remark about marketing or the weather. That's why I don't want to sound dramatic, or self-pitying or emotional, even in a letter. It would be a poor thing to swoon with self-pity over the loss of a house and a few pieces of furniture, wouldn't it, when there are—*irreplaceable things*.

In Montreal, Gladys, I saw one of the refugee ships come in. I *saw the children* . . . sometimes there aren't any words at all to match an experience.

I went up to Halifax and was there for the turning over of the American destroyers to the English—(and apropos of Halifax, it was wonderful to me to see how England is continuing her trade. There were about a hundred merchant ships in the harbor, more ships than were there three years ago. There is something splendidly dogged and determined about that)—the town was full of English soldiers, 4500 of them, and the band was playing "There'll Always Be An England." We dined aboard *The Churchill* which, before it sailed, at some unknown hour of the dawn, had been named the *Aaron Ward*—the former captain was there, the new captain, several members of the American crew, and when the toast was given "To the future!" I knew they were wondering into what distant ports and into what distant waters their ship would sail. My throat was tight all that day, as tight as the drums that

played. I *really* couldn't feel it mattered very much, Gladys, the little I'd sacrificed!

I won't say I haven't had my private moments of homesickness. I don't want to sound too noble. I wouldn't be human, well, I wouldn't be *me*, anyway, if I hadn't. I discovered, up here, how much I do miss my things. I have discovered there are certain things you love, just like people, perhaps because you have used them or shared them with someone you love very deeply or because they have been parts of moments deeply lived.

I miss my teapot very much, for example, my old, fat cosy china teapot; I miss my lace things, my Irish lace; I miss my Irish linen sheets with the little shamrocks embroidered on them; I miss the way the old pepper tree moved across my bedroom windows in the morning, like green lace arms. I also miss my paintings and my pieces of silver and the fireplace in my bedroom, in front of which John and I so often had dinner together. When I come to Hollywood, I am going to have a field day—I am going to get all my little things out of storage and spread them all around me in my room at the Beverly Hills Hotel where we shall stay; I'm going to polish my silver myself and gloat over everything—and then I'm going to ask one of the prop men at the studio to make me a trunk and I'll carry my things back to Ottawa with me. I'll take my house with me, in a trunk, wherever I go. The only things I took with me when we left were Michael's toys—children, I feel, must take their little roots with them, they can't stand transplanting—that comes later.

But on the whole, I saw my house go with surprisingly little pain. My eagerness to be with John again overcame any pangs I might have felt. And I figured that if John is away ten months, ten years, for however long, well, I couldn't figure *me* sitting there in the house in Bel-Air. I didn't want to be saddled with things, Gladys, things I'd have to keep up. I didn't want to have to keep up a lot of face I couldn't afford. Because we can't, of course, afford a lot of things now. John has given up all his picture money, you see, and doesn't know when he will have it again. And I am the only one in the family earning now. We are doing without any help at all, except for Michael's nurse. I haven't even a studio maid any longer. I have never been extravagant about clothes but I am, if possible, less so than ever now.

Then, too, if John is ordered elsewhere, I wanted to feel free to go with him. You asked me about that, Gladys, about whether I would go with John wherever he might be sent. If I had only myself to consider, yes, I would go anywhere with him. But if he should be ordered somewhere unsafe for Michael or if we should add to his responsibility if we were with him, then, of course, I wouldn't go. After all, with all the children who are leaving England, it wouldn't do for me to take a child *into* England.

You asked me how I felt about leaving Hollywood, about leaving my 'career,' being away from the studio and all. I didn't miss my career at all when I first came to Ottawa. Or so I thought. I hadn't, as a matter of fact, made up my mind whether I'd ever go back to Hollywood again, even if asked. My career, I told myself, was only as good as my next option. And besides, I didn't marry my career "with bell and book," I married John. But when I got the call to come back and make "Maisie Was a Lady," I was surprised to find how happy it made me. My nostrils actually dilated at the anticipated smell of greasepaint, wardrobe, and the old, dusty sound stages. I reacted just as an actress is supposed to, in books! I loved my part, too, and John felt I should do it. It's the first time I've

got away from those awful ingénues or from shinnying up a banana palm! I don't have to be sweet and nice in this one, I don't have to look 'pretty'! So you'll be seeing me, Gladys, almost any moment now!

For the rest, I've been living the life of a Lieutenant's wife, here in Ottawa, in my darling, little house on the banks of the river—and, my dear, I have made some of the *funniest* mistakes! A gal from Hollywood and the formalities make strange bed-fellows, I mean! Like I had to go calling on John's superior officers' wives always between four and five in the afternoons, all dressed up in my Sunday best! I had to leave calling cards, too, one of my own for the officer's wife, two of John's for the officer's wife *and* the officer. It wouldn't do, you see, for *me* to leave a card for an officer! Well, I always did the wrong thing—I called on a man who had been demoted so that I needn't have called on him. In fact, it was embarrassing to him that I *did* call on him. I called on the wife of a very high-up officer and, after I'd been sipping tea and conversation for an hour, found that I was in the *wrong house*! Someday someone should write an article about a little, old movie actress Doing the Elegant in an Army Post. It's a thought for a "Maisie" story!

I can't get over how kind they are to me, here in Canada, mistakes and all—they *couldn't* be kinder. And everybody is so interested in pictures. Much to my surprise, not to say delight, everybody seems interested in *me*, too. They all know who I *am*! I must confess that I've often been discouraged about my parts in pictures, have often thought I wasn't getting anywhere, didn't amount to much. But I must say that somehow, by some means, people do seem to know who I am and do seem to like what I have done. And it's certainly one of the wonderful things about being an actress, that people are so interested in what you do, how you do it and the people with whom you work.

I have tea at the Governor General's (the Earl of Athlone, you know) with Princess Alice and her daughter, the Lady Abel-Smith.

One night at Government House, they ran "Pride and Prejudice" and everyone loved it. They liked "Mortal Storm," too. I find they like the pictures some of the critics have turned their noses up at on the grounds of "propaganda."

Almost every day I take Michael to the Country Club in Ottawa. The Princess Juliana of Holland takes her two children, too, the Princesses Beatrix and Irene. Darling little things, they are, Gladys, pets. Michael plays with them and we take turns ordering orange juice for them. One day it is Michael's treat, the next day the little Princesses' treat. A few days ago, after orange juice, the little Princess Beatrix came over to Michael and kissed him. *It was Michael's first kiss* from anyone outside the family. Which sort of makes history for Michael and sort of made hysterics for me. Because when the Princess Juliana said, "Michael, will you kiss Trixie now?" and—"NOPE!" said my unconscious-of-royal-favor-conferred son, you may imagine the color of my face!

But I haven't finished telling you about some of the O'Sullivan boners—well, for instance, there's quite a lot of difference between the way one dresses up here and the way we dress, or don't dress, in Hollywood. We always dress for dinner here, when we are entertaining or are being entertained. The men wear their uniforms and we girls wear dinner gowns. There are no slacks, sun-suits or pajamas worn in Canada. One day, I was asked to come over to Government House for some tennis. I picked up a pair of shorts and off I went. And there was the Princess Alice in a nice,

pink linen dress, the Lady Abel-Smith in a nice, beige linen dress and the Princess Juliana in a nice, white linen dress. Suddenly I realized how *short* my shorts were, developed an instantaneous migraine and—did not play tennis that day!

I've been busy in other ways, too, of course; I've done a lot of personal appearances to help finance the War; I've made trailers and shorts. I've knitted and I've KNITTED. Why, we'd as soon think of leaving our shoes at home as leaving our knitting bags at home when we go anywhere. There are other movie people up here, too, you know—Robert Coote is with the R. A. F., getting his training here in Canada; Patric Knowles is here, Colin Tapley, too.

But essentially, Gladys, I live very little differently from the way I lived in Hollywood, except, perhaps, for the shorts and sun-suits! I seem to live the same wherever I am, completely unswayed by my surroundings. Dull of me, isn't it? But, you see, John and Michael are my 'surroundings' and where they are, I am at home, that's all. I never did much partying around in Hollywood, you know. Our best friends are the John McCormacks, the Merian Coopers, the Archbishop of Los Angeles, and a very few others and when we got together it was mostly at rather formal little dinners such as we have here. And here, too, as in Hollywood, when John comes home he is too fagged to do much of anything. We have dinner, talk a little, go to bed. There is no talk of the war, everyone here is of the same opinion, so there is nothing to discuss, which means that our talk is much the same as at home.

I have learned to live from day to day. I've learned a great many things since I left Hollywood. But that, I think, is the most important—that *never again shall I know concern for Tomorrow!*

Living from day to day is something we are all learning now—that *we can't plan nowadays*, or only from breakfast to dinner, at most and longest. And it seems to me that it makes one vastly more appreciative of Today and less questioning about Tomorrow. It makes living more intense. It teaches one a tremendous gratitude for today and for the safety of today. Loving John and Michael as I do, as I always have, I nevertheless know that I have never loved them *quite like this*.

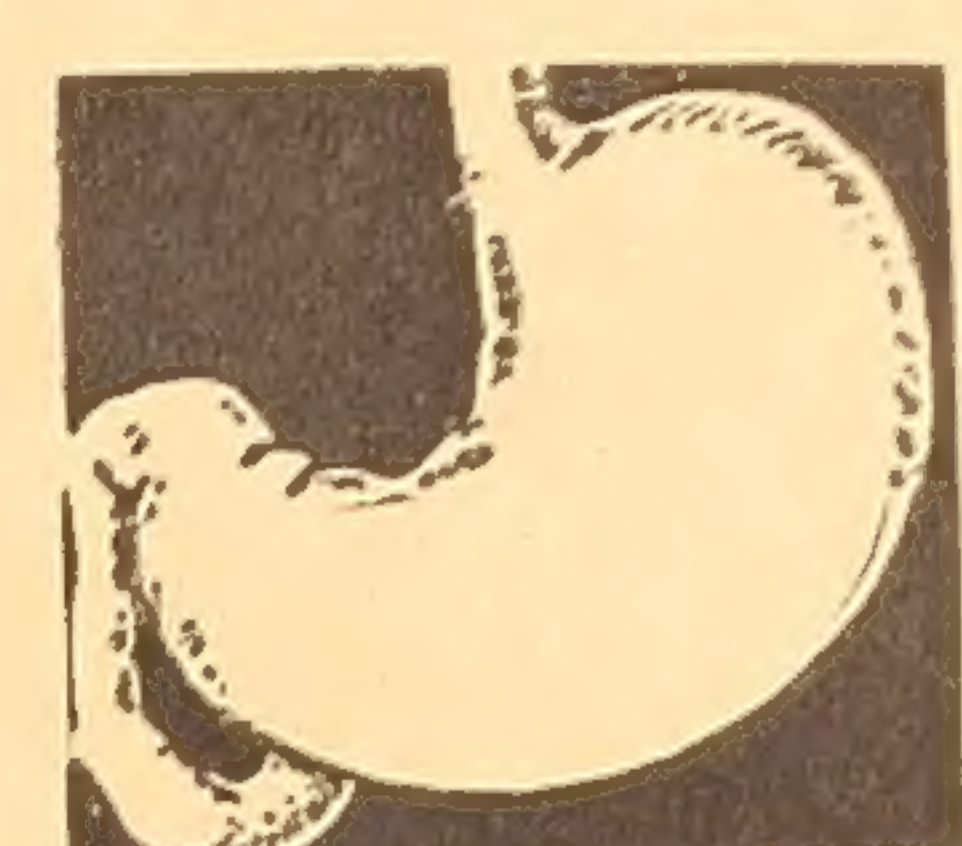
It's a curious thing how, in War, which makes so cruelly little of human life, of the individual, it's *very* curious how precious the individual becomes to those who love him—so much more precious than houses and gardens and sound stages and careers and the things that have 'furnished' your life before. So that I know I have never looked at them, at Michael and John, snug and safe by the fireside or at the breakfast table, with just this special, passionate sense of gratitude for them and for their safety. "They are safe," I find myself whispering to myself, "here and now, *this minute*, they are safe!"

I'll see you soon, Gladys—and say "Hello" to Hollywood for me, won't you?

Affectionately,
Jane Hathaway

P. S.—John has just told me that he is being ordered back on convoy patrol. Peace of mind does not last long in time of war. And I have just had word that after "Maisie Was a Lady" is finished, I am wanted for a good part in "Billy, the Kid." So I shall fly to Hollywood for "Maisie," fly back to Canada after it is over, stay with John for as long as I can, fly back to Hollywood again for "Billy, the Kid"—there are no such things as plans, as I said.

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 2. Requires no heat or practice.
 3. Upcurled lashes let more light shine in, making your eyes appear larger and more sparkling.
 4. Note, too, lashes appear darker, longer, more luxuriant . . . \$1.00

IMPORTANT: Get acquainted with KURLENE, the oily base cream that makes lashes appear darker, more luxuriant! Used with KURLASH, KURLENE makes your lash-curl last longer, too 50c

KURLASH

The Only Complete Eye-Beauty Line
THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.

Rochester, New York • New York City • Toronto, Canada

Send 10c in coin or stamps to Jane Heath, Dept. 2D, Kurlash Co., Inc., Rochester N. Y. for trial tube of Kurlene. Receive *free* chart analysis of your eyes.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color: Eyes _____ Hair _____ Skin _____

Instead of Another Black Crêpe—

"So red the rose" must have inspired the fabric makers this season. For you are beginning to see Hollywood emerging in all variety of rose prints. At right, are roses and more roses in predominantly fuchsia and violet tones. A neckline that is a foil for pearls; sleeves meant to be worn with bracelets. The bodice is moulded and the skirt is circular. Wear this frock to lunch in, to dance in, and for a generally devastating effect upon the males. They will like everything about it, and they say, flowers never fail!



You will find a winsome print a welcome late-winter tonic! And if you choose these types, you will have an edge on spring. They go with coats, without coats, and are good all-timers



By courtesy of
Fashion Frocks, Inc.

Left: Demure white daffodils pepper a crêpe of dusty-rose, and put you in a springtime mood. The puffed, shirred sleeves are matched in the shirred cone pockets, and the skirt has double inverted pleats. This frock has that interesting, new two-piece look because of the wide tie fabric belt, but is really an all-in-one with a slide fastener. It's pretty; it's practical, and a good standby for many an occasion.

Right: You've heard much talk of yokes and you've heard much talk of spring colors. Here you have both. Aqua and grey zig-zag stripes are used for a semi-shirtmaker model, the kind of frock that goes everywhere and seems right for almost everything. The trim belt has a metal frame, and you can depend upon the fitted blouse and smooth hipband to do very nice things for your figure. A modish color splash under that sombre coat.



Women Earn ^{UP TO} \$23 Weekly!

HERE'S a wonderful offer that every ambitious woman should read—then act upon. If you can spare a few hours daily or weekly from your regular duties, this offer gives you the opportunity to add many dollars to your family's earnings. Or, if you can devote all your time, you can make up to \$23.00 weekly—and even more. Either way, you can earn a substantial regular income and in addition get all your own dresses without a penny of cost. Many women in all parts of the country are now enjoying this pleasant, easy and dignified way to make extra money. So can you. Just mail coupon below and complete particulars will be sent you free by return mail.

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No special experience, no regular canvassing necessary, and not a penny is required now, or any time. Accept this amazing offer. Become the direct factory representative for the glorious Fashion Frocks in your locality. Show the glamorous styles. Wear the stunning dresses furnished you free. Your friends and neighbors—in fact, all women—will be delighted to see these gorgeous dresses, and will gladly give you their orders. You not only show them the newest and most stunning dresses, but allow them to buy direct from the factory and save them money besides.

As Worn in HOLLYWOOD

Wear and show the latest Fashion Frocks as worn in Hollywood by many of the most prominent screen stars.

APPROVED 1941, AUTHENTIC STYLES

The Fashion Frock advanced styles for Spring and Summer, 1941, are the smartest and most beautiful in all our 33 years of dress manufacturing history. They are the last-minute approved styles from famed fashion centers, where our stylists rush the newest style trends to us to be made into Fashion Frocks.

WORN BY FAMOUS MOVIE STARS

Many prominent screen actresses wear Fashion Frocks. Some of the first of the new 1941 Spring Styles are shown here as worn by Binnie Barnes, Astrid Allwyn, Adrienne Ames, and June Storey. This Hollywood acceptance puts the stamp of approval on the styles, fabrics and colors of Fashion Frocks.

FASHION FROCKS IN NATIONAL DEMAND

Fashion Frocks are extensively advertised, are endorsed and approved by fashion editors of leading magazines. This superior line of gorgeous dresses is known to women everywhere who are eager to see the new spring Fashion Frocks. As they are never sold in stores but by direct factory representatives only, the demand for them is growing so fast we need more women to help us take care of it, so this glorious opportunity is open to you. You can make up to \$23.00 weekly—and in addition get all your own dresses free. It costs you nothing. No money is required now or any time. Just mail coupon for free particulars. Or write a letter—a postal will do. There is no obligation.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc., Dept. BB-135, Cincinnati, O.

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• I am interested in your offer. You may send me, without cost or obligation, the details of how I can make up to \$23 weekly and get my own dresses without a penny of cost.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Age..... Dress Size.....



Binnie Barnes
Looks adorable in this fitted, checked-and-monotone suit with turban to match!
Style 829

Astrid Allwyn
Her beauty is enhanced by the exquisite embroidery on the collar and cone pockets.
Style 819

Adrienne Ames
Wears this beautifully-tailored frock, featuring novelty wooden buttons, classic neckline, and simulated pockets
Style 861

June Storey
Is breath-taking in this checked-and-monotone frock, punctuated by smart pockets, with matching turban.
Style 862

Free!

This amazing offer is open to ambitious women everywhere, and is absolutely Free in every respect. There is nothing to pay now or at any time.

OUR 33rd YEAR IN BUSINESS



"I bought tobacco before you were born," says Alf Webster, tobacco warehouse owner of Durham, North Carolina.

"I figure I know good tobacco—that's why I smoke Luckies!"

INDEPENDENT tobacco experts like Alf Webster will tell you that in buying tobacco, as in buying most things—you get what you pay for. They'll also tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer leaf.

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All during the growing season, Lucky Strike analyzes tobacco samples—finds out just where and how much of this finer, naturally milder leaf is going up for sale—then pays the price to get it.

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